THE DIOTHAS

OR

A FAR LOOK AHEAD

BY

ISMAR THIUSEN

John Macnie

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
27 AND 29 WEST 23D STREET
1883

COPYRIGHT, 1883,
BY G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

523515

UTOPIA
RBR
M169D

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE.
I.	The Experiment	1
II.	The City and its People	8
III.	Reva	20
IV.	The Country	28
V.	The Home of Utis	38
VI.	Ismar	55
VII.	End of the First Day	69
VIII.	The Morning Task	73
IX.	A Proposal	81
X.	A Game at Chess	93
XI.	The Phonograph	101
XII.	De Rebus adhuc Caligine Mersis	108
XIII.	An Excursion	123
XIV.	Co-Education	129
XV.	A New Acquaintance	138
XVI.	The New Society	147
XVII.	The Zerdar	156
XVIII.	Utis and Ulmene	163
XIX.	Viora and Zerua	168
XX.	Niata's Request	177
XXI.	Social Arrangements	184

CHAP.		PAGE.
XXII.	Ismar meets his Cousins	193
XXIII.	A Public Dinner	199
XXIV.	Ánvar's Failure	207
XXV.	The Canada Thistle	214
XXVI.	Ismar and Reva	221
XXVII.	Music	230
XXVIII.	An Important Conversation	237
XXIX.	Metempsychosis	246
XXX.	A Curricle-Ride	260
XXXI.	Happy Hours	268
XXXII.	The Guest-Chamber	279
XXXIII.	Ismar sees an Old Acquaintance	288
XXXIV.	Boston	298
XXXV.	Reva's Lecture	306
XXXVI.	A Kiss and its Consequences	312
XXXVII.	An Unforeseen Discovery	321
XXXVIII.	The Espousals	332
XXXIX.	The Letter	343
XL.	Conclusion	349

THE DIOTHAS;

OR,

A FAR LOOK AHEAD.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPERIMENT.

"WHAT you assert is as incomprehensible as it is strange."

My old friend, usually so earnestly matter-of-fact, now so mysteriously earnest, regarded me with a quiet smile, much as an elder listens to the objections of a child.

"You have it in your power to judge for yourself, subject to the conditions already mentioned."

As I gazed at my interlocutor, his serene confidence began to dispel my incredulity, and produce that condition of trusting belief in his power demanded as an indispensable prerequisite for the purpose in view. What we intensely desire to be true, we strongly, almost inevitably, tend to accept as true.

"I am willing to try the experiment," said I, after a long pause.

"Remember the conditions," was the response. "Your

mind is imaginative and poetical; mine logical, and fairly stored with science and history. It is necessary to the success of our experiment, that your mind submit entirely to the guidance of mine."

"I consent," was my reply. "Let us begin at once."

Rising without a word from his seat on the opposite side of the fireplace, he turned down the lamp, so as to leave only a subdued light. Then, standing on the rug before me, he began to make the peculiar passes employed by mesmerists, — to whose influence, I may remark in passing, I have always been highly susceptible.

Gradually the objects before me grew indistinct: the multitudinous noises of the busy street below died away to a gentle murmur, like the sound of distant waves. That, too, ceased. I was wrapped in a profound and dreamless sleep.

Suddenly I awoke. My friend was standing in the same position as before, and was regarding me intently, not without some appearance of anxiety. The apartment presented its usual appearance, as I could well see, the lamp being now turned up. Full of disappointment, I supposed the experiment to have failed. For there I was, as wide awake, apparently, as ever I had been, with no sign of any thing unusual in my surroundings.

Evidently reading my feelings in my countenance, he said, pointing toward the door, —

"Beyond that slight partition you will find that future society upon which you have so often curiously speculated. It is now in your power to see and judge for yourself."

While speaking he had approached the door. After a

momentary hesitation, I followed, and passed through. Outside, instead of the familiar landing and the stairs up which I had so often wearily plodded, extended, far as I could see, a fairly lighted corridor of handsome proportions. In surprise I turned involuntarily toward the door through which I had just passed; but that, too, had vanished. The corridor extended, apparently, as far in that direction as in the other. For the moment, at least, we two seemed to be the only occupants of this seemingly endless gallery. Smiling at my look of amazement, my companion said, —

"You seem surprised; but are you quite certain of never having seen this place before?"

"Absolutely certain!" was my emphatic reply.

My companion regarded me with a look of keen inquiry, seemed to repress some observation that rose to his lips, but went on to say, —

"On passing at a step from the nineteenth to the ninety-sixth century, you must naturally expect to find many changes. The New York you knew and dwelt in crumbled into dust almost eighty centuries ago, in the ages that are now regarded as the twilight of history. Its fragments form only the lowermost layer of the five fathoms deep of detritus on which the present city stands, the accumulated remains of a succession of cities, each more magnificent than its predecessor."

Meanwhile we had reached and entered one of the recesses from which the corridor seemed to receive its light. This recess was closed toward the street by a single sheet of glass, presenting no visible outlet. It yielded, however, to a gentle push from my companion,

and, turning on a central pivot, offered a means of exit by which we passed to the open air.

We now found ourselves in a colonnade, or, rather, arcade, which I supposed to be on the level of the street. Its width might be about that of our Broadway sidewalk. Here I saw shops, indeed, and numbers of people passing in both directions, but could not see the throng of vehicles indicated by the sounds that reached my ears. I stepped over to the balustrade that bounded the farther side of the arcade, and found that I was by no means on the level of the street, but in a sort of balcony two stories above it. The room I had left but a moment before was fully sixty feet above the sidewalk. New York had truly risen, in the course of ages, upon the ruins of its former self.

I was struck with amazement at the spectacle before me. How different this from the Broadway up which I had sauntered but a few hours before!

The buildings, it is true, were not much taller than those to which I had been accustomed; but their effect was indescribably grand and strange. Imagine the present sidewalk covered by an arcade supported on arches and pillars of polished granite. The architecture was of a style to me utterly unknown, but combined in a remarkable degree the characteristics of lightness and solidity. Above the lower arcade rose others, one for each story, each slightly receding within the other, and of correspondingly lighter construction. The material of only the lowest arcade was of stone; that of the upper ones was a metal, incrusted with a peculiar oxide of stone color. So similar was it, indeed, to stone, that it was only by

accident I discovered the real material of the delicate carved work, surpassing in airy grace and exuberant variety of detail the far-famed wonders of the Alhambra. The whole, though pervaded by a controlling unity of design, varied in details from story to story and from block to block; while color, sparingly and judiciously introduced, relieved the monotony of the stony-hued masses.

No intersecting streets were apparent, but their position was indicated by the wide and massive archways that pierced at intervals the otherwise unbroken lines of colonnade stretching toward the distant horizon. Over each archway, semi-recessed in a niche, stood a statue, each a work of genius. These statues, portraits as regards the features, but otherwise emblematic, served to indicate the names of the cross-streets. I was looking down upon the Wavoltha, or Avenue of Nations, the main artery of the great city. Of the figures above the archways, each pair symbolized one of the great nations of the earth in the persons of its most distinguished son and most distinguished daughter.

I was allowed to remain only a short time at the spot from which I caught my first glimpse of these wonders. Obedient to a gesture from my companion, I followed him a short distance along the arcade. He led me to the middle of one of the light bridges, that, thrown across at convenient intervals, afforded passage from one side to the other without the necessity of descending to the street.

From this spot I could pursue with my eyes the far-receding ranges of building to where, in the distant perspective, what loomed up so huge close by, seemed reduced

posed them to sun or rain. When temporarily exposed to the sun, they would protect their heads by throwing over them a fold of the scarf.

This elegant, and to me novel, costume did not strike me with any great surprise. Even in the course of a lifetime feminine attire is, among us, subject to such extreme, and at times whimsical, changes, that we are not easily surprised by any vagary of fashion in the array of the fair sex. What did surprise me, however, was the information, that, with additions and changes of material for colder weather, this fashion had but slightly varied during hundreds of generations.

The male costume consisted of a short tunic, reaching not quite to the knee, and sandals. The latter were similar to those worn by the women, but of somewhat stronger make, and having the upper leather of a plain buff or brown, instead of red or yellow. These articles, tunic and sandals, with underclothing consisting of a thin woollen shirt and short drawers, constituted the entire summer clothing of the men. Neither hat nor glove was worn, except for actual protection against the rigor of the seasons.

The practice of keeping the head almost always uncovered seemed to have the best effect upon the covering provided by nature. Men wore their hair about as long as at present, but in no case could I detect any tendency to baldness. Even in those of advanced years, the hair, however white with age, clustered in thick, crisp locks about their temples. A noble race, truly, they appeared to me, this people of the far-distant future, — the men well made and vigorous, though somewhat sun-browned; the

women beautiful and graceful beyond any of their distant ancestresses of the present. Their beauty arose, not from any mere regularity of feature: countenances as fair may even now be seen among us. But long ages of intellectual culture had imparted a character to their beauty that rendered it as superior to mere insipid perfection of feature as a living flower is to a waxen imitation. Many a fashionable belle may display hands and feet more diminutive than those I there saw, but certainly rarely so perfect in form, so graceful in movement. Could they but see for once the free, elastic step of those rationally shod dames and damsels of the future, they would cast aside forever the unsightly casings in which they now consent to torture and distort their feet.

So interesting to me was the observation of the features and costumes of this magnificent race, that we proceeded for some distance before I had eyes for any thing else, or found leisure for questioning my companion.

"How is it," I inquired at last, "that we meet but one class of the population? These, I suppose, belong to the aristocracy of your city, — a noble and handsome race indeed. But where are the working-classes? For some time I have been looking around for a specimen, but in vain. All seem to belong to a superior class."

"We have no aristocracy," was the reply, "if by that you mean a class living in idleness by the toil of others. Nor have we any working-class, if you mean a class that spends its life in toil that leaves no leisure for their development as intellectual beings. Such as these you so greatly admire compose the only class among us. You may call them an aristocracy if by that you mean

a cultivated and ruling class, for such they are. You may also call them the working-class, for all support themselves by their own exertions."

"What!" I exclaimed. "That must imply Communism, or something like it."

"No: Communism, in the sense you mean, does not exist among us. Each is the owner of whatever property he acquires, whether by gift or his own exertions. But public opinion stigmatizes idleness as the meanest of vices, the fruitful parent of other vices, and of crime also. Now, it has been ascertained, by careful computation and by experiment, that if every able-bodied person in a community works between three and four hours every day, at some productive employment, the result will supply all with every necessary and comfort of life, with something to spare. Allowing other ten hours for sleep and refreshment, there remain still other ten for mental improvement, and such unproductive pursuits as individual taste may prefer.

"If any live in idleness, it is evident that others must toil to support them. Time-honored custom, therefore, requires that all children, whether boys or girls, shall acquire some handicraft. For the present, I must defer a full account of our social arrangements to some other occasion. I shall merely remark, that we consider the body as well as the mind to stand in need of due exercise to preserve it in sound condition. It has been found, that no physical exercise is so beneficial and pleasing as labor skilfully directed toward some definite object. All, therefore, whether possessing much or little, men and women, young and old, spend a certain number of hours each day

in some productive employment, and no more dream of having their work done by others than of having eating, sleeping, or digestion performed by deputy. In universal industry has been found a panacea for the worst of the evils that for long ages were the curse of society and the despair of legislators. Our labor, however, is not drudgery. A few steps will take us to a window where you may see and judge for yourself to what perfection machinery has been brought. We merely guide: the real work is performed by forces once allowed to go to waste."

Had I been one of that sex whose special delight is shopping, I should ere this, no doubt, have begun my observations on the shop-windows. But man has ever been to me of greater interest than things. What attention, therefore, I could spare from my companion's explanations, was directed to the persons that, by these very explanations, became objects of yet greater interest than before. Meanwhile we had been passing along, whither I had time neither to think nor inquire. As my companion ceased speaking, he brought me to a stand before a large window, formed, like the rest, of what appeared to be one immense sheet of plate-glass.

Within was displayed machinery, whose workmanship I could not help admiring, though I could form not the slightest idea of its purpose. My attention was first arrested by the fact, that those parts of the mechanism that now would be made of iron or steel appeared to be of polished silver. Glass, too, was employed to an extent that surprised me, considering the brittle nature of that material. In answer to my inquiry, I learned that

what seemed to me silver was, in reality, a peculiar variety of steel, coated with an extremely hard alloy of aluminum.

"Even in your day," said my informant, "the ores of this metal were known to be more abundant than those of iron even. But, as none but expensive methods were known for extracting it from its ores, aluminum remained of slight practical importance. Since then processes have been discovered that render aluminum and other kindred metals as abundant as iron. On account of its lightness, and the slowness with which it tarnishes in the air, this metal is now preferred to iron for numberless purposes. Even when iron is employed, it is generally coated with this alloy, which preserves it from rust, and makes the use of machinery much cleanlier, — a matter of no slight importance, as machines are used for every purpose.

"That machine you see before you is a regulator, an indispensable article of household furniture. It supplies, or, rather, distributes, the motive-power required for any purpose to which machinery is applicable."

"But why is so much glass employed in these machines?" said I. "The mere vibration should be sufficient to utterly destroy it."

"Here is the explanation," he replied, and struck with all the power of his arm a heavy blow against the immense window-pane.

I started in consternation, expecting to see the splendid sheet of glass shattered, with all sorts of unpleasant consequences. The only result, however, was a dull, muffled sound, as if he had struck the side of a boiler.

Attracted by the sound, a pleasant, white-haired gentleman appeared in the door-way. Without a symptom of concern in regard to his costly window, he greeted my companion with a smile of recognition.

"I see, Utis," — for so he addressed my friend, — "you, too, are interested by my window. The new system of packing works well. You notice there is scarcely any vibration."

After a few more words he retired; and my friend, seeing me still eying the window with astonishment, said, as he tapped the pane, —

"You might strike this with all the force you can put into a hammer. Dent it you possibly might, but shatter it you cannot."

"In the name of wonder!" exclaimed I, "what substance is this that appears to combine such incongruous properties? Is it glass, or iron?"

"This is malleable glass," was the reply, "perhaps the most useful invention of the last fifty centuries. Had a single man brought it to perfection, he would deservedly be reckoned among the chief benefactors of mankind. As it is, however, the name of the first inventor is unknown, or at least disputed; for this invaluable material is produced in its present perfection, only by the improvements slowly effected in the course of many ages.

"As now made, this material possesses most of the useful properties of a metal, combined with the important advantages of being transparent and practicably indestructible. We could spare almost any other of our inventions better than this. On the other side of the street is a range of buildings where nothing else is sold but *ualin*,

as we call it, in its various applications. Our present civilization is founded to such an extent upon our possession of this material, that you cannot better begin your study of the one than by noting the manifold applications of the other."

Now that mention was made of crossing the street, I cast a look over the balustrade, and wondered how the crossing was to be effected. The surface of the street, I well saw, was occupied by four tracks. Upon the inner pair of these careered, at frequent intervals, vehicles of strange appearance, at a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour. To cross between these was evidently a matter of great risk, nor did I see any one attempting the passage. My guide solved the difficulty by simply leading me across one of the bridges already mentioned.

The arcades on this side presented as numerous a throng as those on the side we had just left. Here, too, the current of traffic showed a decided set toward the north. The windows of the various stores, which I now began to examine with more attention, displayed behind their glittering panes a vast array of objects, of whose names and uses I was as ignorant as a savage. One strange object after another met my view in such rapid succession that there was no time for asking questions.

Soon we had reached the place we were seeking. It would be useless to attempt a detailed description of the bewildering variety of crystal ware there displayed. The first store we visited was devoted to the sale of glass for doors and windows. There it lay, piled up in endless profusion, — plain, or curved, or curiously bent, colorless, or tinted in various hues; not tenderly packed in straw, but

heaped up much as we see tin or boiler-plate. Here I had the satisfaction of convincing myself, by actual experiment with a hammer, that I could not break even a thin piece of this malleable glass that was given me. I was able to beat it out of shape, but not to break it. In other stores I saw all sorts of culinary and other domestic utensils, all made of this glass. Elsewhere, again, were found baths, wardrobes, water-pipes, all kinds of ware, indeed, now usually made of wood, terra-cotta, or metal. In another place the chemical apparatus specially excited my interest. I had been somewhat of a dabbler in that science, but here I found my knowledge of small avail. I could not even guess at the uses of the great variety of articles displayed before my bewildered eyes. Some few instruments had, in some degree, preserved their present forms throughout the long series of intervening ages. But, with a sigh of humiliation, I felt within me that I belonged to the dark ages of the far past.

My friend took as much pleasure in explaining as I in questioning. Yet, as he remarked, many things are impossible of clear explanation to even the acutest intellect that lacks the requisite preliminary information. Science had taken immense strides, and many of them; and I had yet to acquire the rudiments of the new system of knowledge.

"It is about time to leave the city," said my companion, when we again found ourselves outdoors. "My home is fully thirty miles outside the city, and we must not be late for dinner. Punctuality, in even the minor affairs of life, is, with us, less a virtue than a mental habit."

Up to this moment, strange to say, I had given not a thought to my own dress. I had been too absorbed in observing that of others. But, at this most unexpected invitation to dinner, an alarming thought suggested itself. How was I to present myself before strangers, perhaps ladies, in the dressing-gown and slippers that formed my array before I left my chamber on this eventful journey? What a spectacle had I been presenting! With alarm I cast a hasty glance over my habiliments, and observed, for the first time, that the same influence that had translated me to a distant age had effected a corresponding alteration in my outward appearance. I found myself arrayed, as far as I could judge, in the prevailing style of the period. It now occurred to me, that, among the great variety of glass-ware, I had noticed no mirrors, among us so important. On expressing my surprise, I was informed that the habits and costume of men were so simple that they rarely found occasion for such an article.

"But their wives and daughters?" I suggested.

He acknowledged, with a smile, that mirrors were in use among the fair sex.

"It is their privilege," said he, "to be beautiful, and, in some measure, a social obligation to keep themselves so. The arrangement of their hair, especially, though simple, requires the aid of a mirror. I understand, however, why you wish to see one; and, as it may put you more at your ease, I will take you to where you can view yourself at full length."

After a few moments' reflection, he bethought himself of a place where such articles were for sale, and took me there. Though of excellent quality, the glasses were

generally of medium size. In one of the largest I surveyed my personal appearance in as serious earnest as ever did a young beauty arrayed for her first ball, or, indeed, as I myself had felt when about to — But that story has no business here.

Though not endowed with more than the average share of vanity that falls to my sex, I was certainly in some anxiety as to the appearance I presented in my novel garb. The inspection was satisfactory. Not only my clothing, but also my *physique*, had slightly changed, and for the better, so as to correspond with that of the new race among whom I found myself.

My somewhat prominent beak was toned down to a gentle aquiline. My eyes, for which I had lately been obliged to procure glasses, had recovered all the brightness of the days before they had been tried by much reading of poor print. They, as well as my hair, had also assumed a darker hue, — a tendency prevalent among the new race. My friend's surmise proved correct. This glance at the mirror had removed all uneasiness as to my personal appearance. Cheerfully I turned to announce my readiness to proceed, and remarked, for the first time, that a similar change had taken place in the well-known features of my companion. It might not unaptly be compared to the peculiar phonetic change that had softened to Utis Estai the name by which he had been known to me in that former life of mine.

to comparative insignificance. These long arcades, I was informed, as also the interior corridors, extended the whole length of the avenue for six miles without a break. As a natural consequence of this peculiar style of building, the respective location of shops and offices was exactly the reverse of that now seen. The lower story was assigned to offices and warerooms: the shops were in the upper stories. Each arcade, in fact, was equivalent to a whole street-front, possessing the great advantages of complete shelter from rain, sun, and dust, besides being free from the interruption of cross-streets in all above the lowest.

Manhattan Island, as might have been expected, had, long ages before, become, so to say, one enormous warehouse, — the chief port of entry for a population of more than a thousand millions. Space was far too valuable to be occupied with dwelling-houses. Besides, with their wonderful facilities for locomotion, a distance of fifty miles from the centre of business was of less consequence than five at present.

All this, of course, was not learned during the few minutes I devoted to gazing at the buildings. They so engrossed my attention for the moment, that I bestowed scarcely a glance on the busy traffic at my feet. I not only asked no questions, but forgot even the presence of my companion, who stood by in silence.

Soon, however, my eyes wandered from the works of man to man himself. From where I stood, only imperfect glimpses could be obtained of the numerous throng passing along the arcades. I readily assented, therefore, to my companion's proposal to descend to the busiest

arcade, that a story below. A short walk along the colonnade on which we had first emerged brought us to a contrivance subserving the same purpose as our elevators. This, like all the similar contrivances throughout the city, — and they were found everywhere at short intervals, — worked automatically, by an ingenious application of force derived from the rise and fall of the tide in the harbor.

CHAPTER II.

THE CITY AND ITS PEOPLE.

On reaching the main arcade, I found ample occupation for eye and mind in noting the person and costume of the handsome race whose representatives, of both sexes, were passing along with an elastic step that gave token rather of repressed energy than of feverish haste.

The feminine costume, the most simple as well as graceful that had ever met my eye, appeared to me, unversed in such matters, to consist, as regards the upper portion, of a loose tunic of some white or grayish material. This was confined round the waist by a silken sash or girdle, and, when thus girded up, reached to about midway between knee and ankle. The tunic was, however, of such a length as to reach the instep when not sustained by the girdle. Such was, indeed, the usual way of wearing this garment indoors; it being then allowed to flow to the feet, unless the wearer was engaged in some active occupation. The lower part of the costume consisted of a sort of Turkish trousers confined round the ankles.

The feet were not imprisoned in the uncomfortable and unsightly coverings of the present, which seem designed

to compel the human foot, naturally so beautiful, to resemble a hideous hoof. Here I saw the feet protected by a sandal carefully adapted to its purpose. This sandal might aptly be compared to a shoe with only a vestige of a heel, and having the upper leather cut away to below the instep. The sole consisted of a thin layer of some highly elastic material, protected beneath by a harder substance, the latter not in one piece, but arranged in strips, so as to allow the foot to bend as freely as when unshod.

Over the shoulders was worn a sort of light scarf or mantilla, fastened in front, or over one shoulder, by a simple clasp of artistic design, the only article of jewellery that seemed to be worn. The scarf was worn of various hues, though of much fainter tones than the borders of the tunic, which were usually of some bright color, scarlet, blue, or pink. It was the girdle, however, that especially lent richness to the whole, by its brilliant color and elaborate embroidery.

The wearers of this costume displayed no other covering on their heads than their luxuriant masses of wavy hair, gathered into a graceful knot, with or without braids; or allowed to flow freely behind, confined, at most, by a ribbon. This fashion of allowing the hair to hang down was confined, as I afterwards learned, to maidens not betrothed. Matrons and betrothed maidens were, again, distinguished by other peculiarities in the arrangement of their hair. This was both prescribed by express law, and established by what is yet stronger, — the custom of immemorial ages. Coverings for the head were not worn except when gardening, or other outdoor exercise, ex-

accelerating its speed, soon reached the hinder car of the train before it. Beneath the platforms of the cars were powerful electro-magnets, which could be made to act, either as buffers or couplers. As soon as connection was formed, most of the passengers in our car rose, and passed into the forward cars; while others passed from those into the hind-car. As we approached the next station, this hindmost car detached itself, lingered behind, and ran into the siding to discharge passengers; while, at the same time, a car that had been filling up at the station began to move, and presently joined on to the train, as ours had done before. By this system of taking up and discharging passengers, the train once started from the terminus did not need to halt or slacken speed till it reached the end of its route.

Presently, as we drew near the upper terminus, and rose preparatory to leaving the car, my friend, in a few courteous words, introduced me to the fair maiden that had so highly excited my interest. This introduction he had thus far omitted, — as it seemed to me, — that, being under no necessity of joining in the conversation, I might the more freely make my observations.

She was introduced under the name of Reva Diotha; I, as Ismar Thiusen. This name, which I did not recognize at the time as having any similitude to that I had hitherto borne, was really its legitimate descendant, according to the same law of phonetic change that had transformed my friend's name to Utis Estai. In accordance with the simple though courteous manners of the period, no prefixes or titles of any kind were in use, each person being addressed in society by his or her first name

merely. The idea of showing respect to any one by means of an unmeaning prefix to his name would to them have seemed as ridiculous as does to us the Oriental custom of showing regard to a guest by cramming his mouth with some supposed dainty.

It may be as well to explain, in this connection, the peculiar system of family nŏmenclature I found to prevail. The family name, simple before marriage, became compound after. Thus, the parents of Reva, known as Niata Diotha and Hulmar Edial before their marriage, then assumed the names Niata Diotha-Edial and Hulmar Diotha-Edial respectively. Of this compound family name girls assumed only the part derived from their mother; boys, that derived from their father. Thus, Reva's legal name was Reva Diotha, and would remain so till marriage. Her brother's name, again, was Olav Edial.

One manifest result of this system of nomenclature was, that women preserved their distinctive family names from generation to generation, as only men do at present. A girl like Reva, indeed, was as proud to trace her lineage through a long line of Diothas as is any Guelph or Rohan to trace his to an ancestor dimly discernible in the twilight of history.

On being introduced to Reva as Ismar Thiusen, I could plainly perceive that the name was not that of a stranger, but seemingly of one well known by report, at least, though never before seen. She turned upon me, with a look of frank interest, those eyes to which the long, curling lashes lent an indescribable charm. If there was a trace of shyness, it was rather that of a high-bred lad, when presented to a personage of some interest, than the ordinary self-consciousness of a girl.

At the moment, however, there was no time for conversation. We had reached the end of the city route; and, amid the crowd of new impressions, I found ample occupation for eye and thought. Before us, across a broad, open space of smooth concrete, rose the grand terminus. Toward this converged, not only all the city railroads, but also roads from every part of the Northern Hemisphere. Behring's Strait, long since bridged over, no longer opposed an obstacle to the passage of the rolling car. Lines of road from every part of the American continent converged toward that bridge, and carried on communication between ancient and famous cities having, as yet, neither name nor existence. From the spot where I stood I could be carried, without a break, to any part of the New World or the Old.

The terminus of such a traffic was, as may be imagined, of immense extent, the concourse prodigious. When it is stated, that comparatively few people remained in that great and crowded city overnight, it may be inferred how great was the multitude. Yet there was no hurry, no confusion. Each knew where to go: every thing was provided for. The immense throng was as courteous and self-possessed as the guests at a select reception.

Within a few minutes we were again speeding on our way, over a track as greatly surpassing in smoothness those of the present as these do the roads of our forefathers. The carriages differed, in many respects, from those now in use. For one thing, they were much wider, reminding me somewhat of the saloon of a river-boat. Yet these enormous cars were not of such unwieldy weight as might have been inferred from their

dimensions. Scientific construction and excellent material caused the metallic framework to be relatively light; while the upper portion was almost entirely constructed of *ualin*, — a material specially adapted for such purposes from its strength, lightness, and durability.

The wonderful smoothness of the motion was largely due to the peculiar construction and arrangement of the wheels. These ran four abreast, the inner pair on a track somewhat lower than the broad metallic plates on which the outer pair ran. Derailment was thus rendered impossible. Collision from behind was obviated by means of an automatic telegraph, which kept the engineer exactly informed of the distance ahead of the preceding train. Of other ingenious contrivances for the prevention of accident I will say nothing, lest I become tedious; nor will I mention the speed attained, lest I should be accused of exaggeration.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTRY.

THE beautiful Reva had entered the same car with Utis and me. In spite of my admiration, however, it was with somewhat mixed feelings that I contemplated the possibility of a conversation with her. If she would only be content to do all the talking herself, how gladly would I listen. But should she refer — as naturally she would — to whence I came, and what I had seen, how in the world was I to reply? What, indeed, could I say at all, without seeming to have taken leave of my senses? A wild idea occurred to me. I might assume the *rôle* of a deaf-mute. But besides placing me in a false position, from which extrication would be difficult, the *rôle* was not a brilliant one. A moment's reflection, too, convinced me that it was too late: she must have seen me conversing with Utis.

Even should she defray the whole expense of the conversation, leaving me at liberty to assume the *rôle* of listener, matters would be but slightly bettered. I recalled with dismay the *mauvais quart d'heure* I once had passed, while a fair Bostonian demonstrated to me the thesis of the interconvertibility of the thingness of noth-

ingness, and the nothingness of thingness. My alarms, however, were in vain. Scarcely had we entered the car when Reva perceived a bevy of girls of her own age. She forsook us at once, with a smile and a bow, and hastened over to her fair friends, where presently I saw her exhibiting, to an apparently appreciative audience, the piece of mechanism to me such a mystery.

Utis became engaged in conversation with some friends; and I was left, for a while, to my own reflections. It might be the re-action after the mental strain involved in the reception of so many novel ideas, but seldom have I felt so intensely depressed. I felt humiliated in my own esteem. I, the college-trained, the much-travelled man, the leading spirit of my set; I, whose knowledge was regarded by a fond mother and admiring sister as almost encyclopediac, — I to shrink from the conversation of a young girl, through fear of betraying my gross ignorance!

My meditations were broken in upon, at this point, by a silvery laugh proceeding from the corner to which Reva had betaken herself. Could they be laughing at me? Had she discovered my ignorance, even through my veil of silence, and was showing me up to her companions? A furtive glance in that direction re-assured me. They evidently were paying no attention to me. Such is the inconsistency of man, that, for a moment, I actually felt aggrieved at what at first gave me such relief, — Reva's discovery of more interesting companionship than mine.

Just then the train slackened its pace. Utis and I alighted amid a crowd of passengers, among whom I lost sight of Reva; and presently we two were left alone on the platform, giving a last glance to the train as it vanished round a distant curve.

"You may look about here for a few moments," said Utis, "but do not wander far. I will not be long absent."

Left to myself, I first turned my eyes toward the river. The broad Hudson glittered in the rays of the sun, now descending toward the hills on the farther shore. River-craft of strange appearance were gliding over the faintly rippled surface, while from them strains of distant music fell with a caressing cadence upon my ear. These vessels were evidently set in motion by some internal machinery. Yet no hideous smoke-stack disfigured their decks, no pitchy train of smoke hung heavily behind. The outline of the western hills seemed familiar, though altered, like the lineaments of the friend we meet after a separation of years.

The changes were greatest in the form of the Palisades, as I subsequently had occasion to observe. The lapse of nearly eighty centuries would alone have produced considerable alteration in their outline, but the ever-active hand of man had effected far more. Instead of the bold, precipitous wall now dominating the river, like the rock-built ramparts of a Titan race, gentle slopes, in a state of high cultivation, extended to the water's edge. Only isolated fragments, rising at intervals in solitary grandeur, lent a savage grace to the otherwise, perhaps, too placid scene.

What chiefly had led to the extensive disappearance of the rock, was the discovery of the valuable properties of trap as the basis of certain fertilizers. First the talus, now so extensive, had been carried away for that purpose; when that was exhausted, the rock itself had been

quarried and ground down; till, in the course of ages, further discoveries in agricultural chemistry had led to the disuse of trap in favor of other rocks.

The light being unfavorable for the view in that direction, I soon turned away from the river in order to examine objects nearer at hand. Having gained some insight into the changes effected by time in the city, I felt some curiosity to discover whether corresponding changes had taken place in the slow-moving country. I was soon to learn, that the alterations in the aspect of the city were but slight compared with the utter change in the conditions of rural life. Cities, after all, remain much the same, as to their main characteristics, in all ages. The difference between Babylon and London must be much less than the difference between the aspect of the country around London as it appeared to Cæsar and as it appears to us now. Changes of equal extent had been wrought here.

We had left the train at what appeared to be a small village. Yet nowhere was to be seen any trace of that pervading lack of neatness and finish which, in our day, usually characterizes the country. The smooth concrete of the platform where I stood was continued in one unbroken sweep to the houses seen on the farther side of the broad, open space surrounding the station. The buildings visible, though inferior in size to those of the city, were as solidly constructed, and of similar materials. Broad verandas, extending completely round each story, imparted, by their broken lines and deep shadows, a peculiarly picturesque character to the architecture.

My attention was specially drawn toward the house-

tops. On these could be seen masses of dense foliage, which, seeming to overflow, draped the battlement-shaped cornices. This, to me, novel architectural embellishment was, as I afterwards found, in general use, even in the city. The height of the city buildings had prevented me from noting there the presence of these elevated gardens, an account of which I must defer to a future occasion. For the present I will merely state, that, whether in city or country, the houses are so solidly constructed, that, on their flat roofs covered with malleable glass, they are able to support a thickness of several feet of soil. On this are grown flowers, and various species of arborescent shrubs, especially such as afford good shade. During the warm season these roof-gardens are a favorite resort; since, from their elevation, they are comparatively free from dust, and are apt to catch any wandering breeze. The thick roof, too, is found no slight advantage, both in summer and winter.

Nor was that on the house-tops the only verdure to be seen. A double row of magnificent elms, seemingly of great age, surrounded the whole square, and could be seen extending along the streets, as far as these were visible from my point of view.

I was in the midst of these observations when Utis reappeared. He was seated on a vehicle, which, under his guidance, glided noiselessly as a canoe over the smooth concrete. I now remarked for the first time, that not a wheel-track, not a dent of iron-shod hoofs, was to be seen on its surface. It seemed never to be trodden by aught heavier than the foot of man. It now also occurred to me, that, though many passengers had alighted with us,

no vehicles of any kind had met my eye, nor had I heard any sound indicating their presence. The vehicle in which Utis now approached was, in form and construction, not unlike a two-seated tricycle. The motive-power, however, was not supplied by the muscles of the rider, but by a compact electric motor, placed beneath the seat.

First starting at a moderate speed, we crossed the open square, then proceeded at a rapidly increasing rate down the main street of the village. A clear note, like that from a silver horn, and emitted from an instrument governed by a key inserted in the tiller, served to give warning of our approach. This was the more necessary, because, the entire roadway being laid with a concrete as smooth and hard as stone, our curricle — as I may freely render the native appellation of our vehicle — sped on its course as noiselessly as a shadow.

Like all the main roads, this roadway was divided into three nearly equal divisions by four rows of trees. The central, somewhat broader division, was reserved for curricles. The outer divisions were assigned to the vehicles that carried on the heavy traffic. These were of about the dimensions of a farmer's wagon, and had each its own motor, capable of exerting a force of five or six horse-power. Their low wheels were provided with exceedingly broad tires, so as not to injure the roadway. About six miles an hour was their permitted limit of speed, and they were not allowed to cross the central road without special precautions.

Human life was not held so cheap as now, when a brakeman or two a day is considered a slight sacrifice to

CHAPTER III.

REVA.

On descending to the level of the street, I found myself for the first time under the lowest arcade. Serving, as it did, for a substructure to the upper ones, it was built of corresponding strength in hewn granite. Though infinitely superior in grace and lightness, it reminded me of the somewhat similar structures found in certain of the streets of Berne.

Following my guide, I entered a vehicle standing near the curbstone on a sort of siding. The car was of light build and elegant appearance; the extensive use of aluminum and tinted *ualin* rendering it possible, in their construction, to combine great beauty of form with extraordinary lightness and strength. A separate seat was provided for each person, and every thing was scrupulously clean. Before stepping on the neat matting, I imitated my companion in carefully dusting my sandals upon the revolving brush provided for the purpose on the platform.

Perceiving neither horses nor any indication of the presence of steam, I asked what motive-power was employed. Steam, I learned, was seldom employed for any

purpose. Electric motors of various kinds had been brought to a high degree of perfection, and were preferred for many reasons. Each of these cars, it seems, had its own motor. This was placed under the body of the car, between the wheels, and was so compact as to escape notice at a first glance.

"Electrical as well as chemical science," said my companion, "has made such progress since your period, that many things then regarded as difficult or impossible have become matters of every-day use. It requires, indeed, some effort on our part to conceive how the way to their discovery was so long missed. The great discovery of the principle that enables us to store a large amount of electric force in a small space was long missed by a hair's-breadth, as it were. Yet this discovery brought about even greater changes in the social condition of mankind than did the improvement of the steam-engine. Electricity completed, in some cases, what steam had begun. Such, for example, was the gradual disuse of animal power, first for draught, at last for any purpose whatever. In other cases, electricity reversed the effect of steam. Such was the utter abolition of the factory system, with all its attendant evils."

We had been the first to enter the car, which, during the short time since our entrance, had been rapidly filling. Just before the car started, another passenger entered, — a lovely girl. I chanced to turn my eyes that way, as she momentarily paused in the doorway, — the pause of a dove about to alight; and my attention was irrevocably distracted from the concluding remarks of my companion. Many beautiful faces had come under my observation

during our progress along the arcades: none, indeed, but beautiful faces were to be seen. But none had for me such an inexplicable attraction as that of the fair girl now appearing at the entrance.

It was not her mere beauty and grace; though she was surpassingly lovely, and in the first blush of youth. The arrangement of her beautiful hair, of a rich brown, as glossy, and seemingly as soft, as floss silk, indicated a maid still unbetrothed. With a graceful gesture of recognition she smilingly greeted my companion, took a seat beside him, and entered into an animated conversation. From this I gathered that she was a near neighbor of my friend's, and that she had been in the city on a shopping excursion. The result of her visit she carried in a small reticule, and, at my friend's request, produced the article for his inspection. When produced, it proved to be neither dry-goods, jewellery, nor even light literature. It was a piece of mechanism of high finish. In size and weight it might be compared with, say, a navy-revolver, though, of course, differing greatly, both in form and purpose, from that amiable instrument.

How tenderly she handled this strange-looking toy! With what admiration did she regard it, while, almost fondly, she turned it this way and that in her shapely hands! How her dark violet eyes sparkled, while, with youthful animation, she explained some peculiarity or advantage in the mechanism!

From what I could understand, it was some ingenious mechanical contrivance of improved construction, connected with some of the manifold applications of electricity. As for myself, my position did not differ greatly

from that in which a fairly educated contemporary of Cicero would find himself while listening to, and trying to follow, a bright Vassar girl's explanation of the purpose and working of an improved telegraph instrument or photographic camera.

Some such ideas were passing through my mind; but, after all, they constituted only the sub-current of thought. My attention was mainly occupied in following the changes of expression on a lovely face, in listening to the varying tones of a melodious voice. As I said before, the face had, for some reason quite apart from its beauty, exercised a mysterious attraction on me, even before the owner began to speak. The sound of her voice completed the charm, producing in me a state of feeling in which predominated a sort of puzzled bewilderment. Why did that face at one moment vividly recall the expression of some one whose name ought to be familiar, yet could not be recalled? Suddenly, again, as in a flash, the expression would change to one quite different, though equally familiar. How was it that certain intonations of that voice seemed to waken some slumbering chords of memory, disconnected, however, and strangely baffling; as when, from some stray notes floating in the memory, we vainly endeavor to complete the melody of which they formed a part?

These pre-occupations so filled my mind, that I gave heed neither to our starting nor to our mode of progression. The account must, accordingly, be filled from my subsequent observations. First, the car began to move slowly along the siding, till, just as a train of cars had passed on the inner track, our car glided out on that same track, and,

CHAPTER V.

THE HOME OF UTIS.

"THIS is my home," said Utis, as we alighted, "and yours, too, till you weary of it."

At the sound of the dog's bark, two lovely children came rushing forth to welcome their father. The girl of about twelve summers, and the eight-year-old boy, were clad in costumes closely resembling those of their elders. To the boy was intrusted the task of wheeling the curricle to its quarters. The girl took charge of the packages my friend had brought from the city.

Two ladies met us as we entered the house. These were my host's wife and her sister. The latter was engaged, as I could tell by the arrangement of her hair. The ladies, introduced to me as Ulmene and Ialma, received me with cordiality as a kinsman for some time expected, but seen for the first time.

Some chance expressions let fall by them informed me that I was supposed to have arrived that day by the Australian mail-ship; and, strangest of all, I received the information that my baggage had already arrived, and awaited me in my room. Somewhat bewildered by this astounding information, I followed my host to the apart-

ment assigned me. There, sure enough, were two sizable portmanteaus. Strong they were, but travel-stained, and bearing those unmistakable marks by which we recognize the veterans of their kind that have passed through the hands and seen the cities of many-languaged men. Upon the sides was marked, in the plain lettering of the period, the name, —

ISMAR THIUSEN,

under which I had now been introduced to a number of persons. That might pass; but to take possession of a stranger's baggage, as well as of his name, was too much. When, therefore, Utis, seeing me stand gazing stupidly at the trunks, suggested my opening them in order to dress for dinner, I decidedly objected.

"This baggage does not belong to me. Nor, if it did," I added, as a clincher, "have I the means of opening those strong locks."

"Perhaps you will find the means in there," said Utis, smiling as if at my forgetfulness, and pointing to a pocket in my tunic.

It was almost without surprise that I actually did produce a pocket-book from that hitherto unnoticed receptacle. This pocket-book contained, among many other things, a key of peculiar form; and this key, upon trial, was found to open the trunk. My host, seeing me still hesitate, unpacked some of the clothing, shook it out, and placed it over the back of a chair, saying as he did so, —

"As there are no servants, every family now does its own work, each member, from infancy, learning to take a due share. This is the suit you will put on after bathing," he continued, while he laid out some underclothing,

and an outer suit of much the same style as that I had on, but of finer material and richer coloring. "Here is the bath," he next said, leading to where a low partition cut off about a third of the apartment.

The bath did not greatly differ, either in size or shape, from those now in use, except that the glass of which it, with all its fittings and accessories, was composed, imparted an aspect of most inviting purity. He turned on the water, pointed out the rose of the shower-bath, promising to return in twenty minutes.

"We consider twenty minutes as amply sufficient for a man's toilet, including bath, rubbing dry, and putting on the simple costume we wear."

Braced and invigorated by the bath, I hastened to don the simple evening suit. While doing so, I could not but appreciate the good sense that had adopted a costume so rational. Both comfortable and elegant, it required little more than two minutes for its putting on, instead of the weary and sometimes exasperating time demanded for the due assumption of our tasteless garb, the joint invention of brainless idlers, and their well-matched purveyors.

I soon became aware of a want. Was there no mirror? I looked round me. The room was of moderate size, had polished floor and walls, high ceiling, and a door-window opening on the upper veranda. It was furnished with severe simplicity. A silken hammock suspended in one corner, a chair, a small table, and a large wardrobe of *ualin*, comprised the entire list of movables. Evidently a place for sleep only. Next I perceived a door. Passing through it, I found myself in what was evidently the sitting-room, or study, to which the bedroom was an append-

age. Walls and ceiling were neatly panelled in maple of different colors. Two windows opening on the veranda took up a large part of two sides of the apartment. Besides chairs, a table, book-case, and other articles whose nature I readily recognized, there were many the purpose of which I could only guess.

That object resembling a small harmonium was an electric tachygraph, by which I afterwards learned to commit my thoughts to paper with the rapidity of a shorthand writer. Those other objects were, as I correctly guessed, a telephone and a telegraph apparatus. In another corner was a calculating-machine, an instrument in general use. Opposite the window hung what I sought, — a mirror, — apparently placed there rather for ornament than for use. A hasty survey of my person proved satisfactory. Accordingly, when my host appeared, to conduct me to the dining-room, I followed without diffidence.

The dining-room was decorated in much the same style as the apartment I have described above, with the important addition of a few oil-paintings of some age and great merit, but of a school of art entirely strange to me. We took our seats at a round table, the centre of which resembled a parterre, so copiously was it adorned with flowers of various kinds, mostly unknown to me. In the midst of the flowers was a stand containing *carafes* of water, and what, from the colors, I thought might be wine, but proved to be sherbets.

After the utterance of a short prayer by the head of the household, he pressed on a small knob before him. The parterre in the centre of the table rose slowly before my eyes, in obedience to some concealed mechanism, and

proved to be the top of a sort of dumb-waiter. I imitated the rest by taking from the compartment before me a snowy napkin, a roll, and also several forks and spoons. These were not of silver, but — imagine my surprise — of solid gold. Ulmene produced, besides, from her compartment, a tureen and set of plates. When she had placed these things before her, the *cebin*, as the dumb-waiter was called, immediately descended to its former position; and the lady helped us to some excellent *potage*. That disposed of, the *cebin* again rose, tureen and plates were replaced in their receptacle, and Utis produced from his compartment a covered dish and plates. This proved to be fish. A third rise of the *cebin*, to a greater height than before, yielded another course, consisting of exquisitely cooked vegetables, *compotes*, and a roast, but from what animal I was not able to decide. In color, flavor, and tenderness, it was not unlike venison at its best. What puzzled me was the peculiar shape in which it came to table, and the fact that it was not carved, but helped with an instrument somewhat resembling a fish-slice.

I may here mention, in passing, that knives were never used at table, all viands being so well cooked as to require no such aid for their division. The sight of a steel blade at table would have there produced as great a sensation as would, among us, the spectacle of a gallant knight drawing his trusty dagger to carve for self and lady. I remarked also the comparatively small amount of each dish that appeared at table. There was enough, and no more. Each *convive*, too, — and I was careful to imitate them, — made a point not to leave any thing on

the plate. This, it appears, was a point of etiquette, and, like most such points, was founded upon general convenience. In regard to the apparent economy of food, I received from Utis, in a subsequent conversation, the following explanation.

"You know enough of the culinary art to see that the due preparation of such a dinner as we have every day would absorb fully the time and energies of one or more persons during a large part of the day, besides entailing a great waste of material. All cooking, therefore, is done on the co-operative plan. About the centre of this district is a building, carefully fitted up with every appliance and convenience for the preparation of food that science or experience has suggested.

"Bills of fare for each day are carefully drawn up, for some time in advance, by a special committee. The prescribed dishes are prepared with care. You have had opportunity to judge how skilfully and scientifically our artists can work. For we justly regard the skilful preparation of food as a fine art, contributing in no small degree to the health and happiness of our race. Waste of all kinds our training causes us to shrink from with a dislike almost instinctive. The telephone sends in the orders of each household on the preceding evening, so that the quantity required of each dish can be estimated with scientific exactitude.

"The culinary essentials of only two meals are provided. The slight noon refection involves no cooking. Punctually at the appointed hour each day, dinner-trains leave the culinary depot to carry to each household the meal ordered on the preceding day. At the well-known

signal, a member of the household receives at the gate the dinner-case, ingeniously contrived for carrying, without loss of heat, the enclosed meal. Of each dish we order only a carefully estimated amount. This is partly from dislike of waste, but still more in order to avoid the constant tendency to excess in the use of rich foods. This we specially avoid, though permitting the appetite more freedom in the use of such things as bread, fruit, etc."

To return to the dinner, the last course comprised fruits, especially strawberries of delicious flavor. Grapes were always present, — a fruit that their science enables them to keep in perfection throughout the year.

The meal, enjoyed with much deliberation, was enlivened by such conversation as might be expected among people of cultivation and high breeding. Their manners, though simple and unaffected, were yet controlled by a well-defined system of etiquette, if I may so term it, which I found universally prevalent. "Etiquette is to true politeness," said their proverb, "what the rind is to the fruit." In putting into practice the principle contained in this saying, they were careful to avoid extremes. On the one hand, the rind was not made too heavy and unelastic for the purpose it was intended to subserve; yet just as the envelopes of some fruits are in themselves beautiful, so they invested many acts of their ceremonial politeness with a grace that would not willingly be spared.

It was not customary, I remarked, for children to address their elders at table unless in reply. At the same time, it was equally incumbent on the elders not to overlook the children, but to draw them into conversation by

suitable questions. The remarks of the young, thus drawn out, were listened to with as serious attention as the words of the wisest. Their opinions, if not coincided in, were met, not by ridicule, but by a few words of comment intended less to convey the elder's opinion than to suggest the correct line of thought. Conversation thus became an important, if not the most important, means of education, in so far as the training of the moral perceptions, and the exercise of the judgment, is of greater importance than the mere imparting of information.

If required to state the pervading characteristic of the manners of these people, I should say self-control. In proportion as man had become master of nature, it had become needful to become master of himself. Calm self-respect was there, such as might be expected in a class conscious of high powers, and knowing no superior: arrogance was wanting, that in which it originates being wanting, — a supposed inferior class or classes.

I have already adverted to the general prevalence of personal beauty among the population. To this rule the hostess and her sister were no exceptions. Ulmene, though the mother of a twelve-year-old girl, and, as I learned, in her thirty-fourth year, was in the pride of her beauty. She differed from her sister, some twelve years younger, chiefly in the Juno-like dignity befitting the mother of two children.

Ialma was soon to be a bride, — as soon, indeed, as she should reach the legal age, — twenty-three. She was now receiving from her sister some final instruction in the practical details of housekeeping. Though within a few weeks of her wedding-day, she was entirely free from the

petty cares now attending a position such as hers. The delights and worries associated with the words *milliner* and *shopping* were to her equally unknown. Her simple *trousseau*, though comprising nearly all the clothing she would require during the rest of her life, had long since been prepared by her own fair hands. The collection of china, plate, and similar articles comprised in the customary contribution of the bride to the common stock, had been a labor of love for her mother, ever since her daughter's birth, and had grown at each recurring anniversary. Not an article but was associated with some happy memory of her girlhood. By a pretty custom, each girl-friend contributed a piece of porcelain decorated by her own hands. The execution, of course, was very unequal in merit; but none fell below a fair standard. Drawing was practised by all from infancy, with even greater assiduity than writing; since there were many substitutes for the latter. Every stroke, therefore, was as characteristic of the donor as are to us the letters of a familiar handwriting.

As might, therefore, be expected, the most inferior, from an artistic point of view, was by no means the piece least prized. Once, when Ulmene was displaying to me her treasures, my eye was caught by a small case, which I supposed must contain some especially fine specimen. On pressing the spring, I found displayed within merely a small breakfast-plate. The decoration — but partly finished — reminded me, in its style, of a child's first laborious attempt at a letter. I looked up to make inquiry; but, instead, I reverently closed the case, and silently replaced it whence I had taken it. Man may do

much to relieve himself from the grosser evils of life, but that shadow will never pass from earth.

Of jewellery, except a few pins and clasps of the simplest form, Ialma had none. The notion of loading her person with pieces of metal or with glittering stones would have been as repugnant to her taste as tattooing, or the wearing of a nose-ring. A wreath, a few flowers in her hair, completed her costume for dinner or breakfast.

Gold, indeed, was far from being relatively so costly as at present, and was employed solely for purposes in which its utility was manifest. Its relative value might be about that of silver among us. The art of crystallizing gems had long been brought to perfection. The diamond, the ruby, in fine, every kind of precious stone known to us, and many we do not know, could be produced, of a size and beauty that would astonish the lapidaries of to-day. But facility of attainment and value are ever in inverse proportion. These gems, so precious among us, were valued only for the few practical uses to which they were applicable. The wearer of the most costly diamond *parure* ever produced would, among these people, have been regarded with the same good-natured contempt excited in us by the gaudy finery of the savage owner of some strings of bright-colored beads.

Ialma took matters so quietly, seemed so slightly agitated by the closely approaching change in her condition, that I came to the entirely wrong conclusion, that she cared but little for her betrothed husband, that hers was the calm of indifference. He was in a distant part of the world, had been absent nearly a year. Yet she would refer to him with as little hesitation, would utter his name

economize a few dollars. If any one by negligence caused the loss of a human life, his life was placed unreservedly at the disposal of the nearest relatives of the slain. It was in their option, either to exact life for life, or to accept a suitable ransom.

To me, a life-member of the Society for the Prevention of Justice to Assassins, and accustomed to regard the lives of homicides alone as specially sacred, — so sacred, indeed, that they must be preserved by any sacrifice of time, money, or justice, — the above-mentioned law seemed, at first, simply barbarous. Afterwards, however, I was obliged to admit that the law worked well in practice, however indefensible in theory. Homicides of any kind were extremely rare.

When we had fairly emerged into the country, the curricle, gradually increasing its speed, moved over the smooth track like a shadow, obedient to the slightest touch of its guide. Steering was effected much as in the tricycle of the present: the brakes were controlled by the feet. The forefinger, by means of a lever resembling the brake of a bicycle, regulated the amount of force allowed to issue from the reservoir.

"How do you like this?" said Utis, when our speed rose first to fifteen, then to twenty, miles an hour. "But now brace yourself!" he exclaimed, as we reached the brow of a long declivity. A glance, to assure himself of a clear roadway, a warning blast from the sounder, and down we flew with a velocity that reminded me of my once-enough experience on the cow-catcher of a locomotive. Such was the momentum imparted to the vehicle, that it carried us far up the opposite acclivity. Here,

somewhat to my surprise, my conductor reversed our direction, saying in explanation, —

"As we are not pressed for time, I have taken you some distance past our turning, so as to give you a fair idea of our ordinary means of locomotion."

"What speed can these machines attain?" I inquired, with a lively recollection of our recent spin down the slope we were now leisurely ascending.

"On a level they easily maintain a speed of twenty miles an hour: on a long descent, they are never allowed to attain the velocity they might reach, for obvious considerations."

At this moment the long, clear blast of the sounder was heard from behind. After a brief interval a single rider on his curricle dashed past us at a rapid rate that soon took him out of sight.

"You see the white line running along the centre of the road," resumed Utis. "The rule of the road requires that line to be kept on the left, except when passing a vehicle in front. Then the line may be crossed, provided the way on that side is clear."

It is not to be supposed the only vehicle seen was that above mentioned. Especially since we had turned, we continued to meet them at short intervals. All, evidently, were on their way home. Wagons, too, rumbled along steadily, or turned off on the road leading to the owner's abode. Glimpses I caught of them between the trees, as they moved along on the roads parallel with ours, made me wish for a nearer view. But for their dress, the drivers, seated in front on their saddle-shaped seats, would have strongly reminded me of brakesmen on wagons de-

scending an incline, a resemblance furthered by the shape of the tiller by which they guided their machines. But here the strange spectacle was to be seen of wagons running up acclivities without any visible motive-power.

A gesture from one of these drivers made Utis turn his curricle aside between two trees, — the usual halting-place. After exchanging a few words with the stranger, a man of noble appearance, with grizzled though abundant locks, Utis introduced him to me as his uncle. He greeted me with a cordiality quite unlooked for by me under the circumstances. His bearing, indeed, was that of an old family friend. What struck me as peculiar was the look of troubled scrutiny I detected when his eyes were turned upon me, as if he were in some anxiety on my account. So strong was this impression, that I might have made some remark on the subject, had not Utis begun to speak as soon as we resumed our journey.

"You now have seen our country-roads," was his first remark, "and all our means of conveyance."

"Have you no horses, then?" said I.

"None," was the reply, "except in zoölogical collections."

"How, then," said I, "are agricultural operations carried on?"

"By means of caloric engines, worked by the regulated escape of highly condensed gases. They are much used for such purposes, being somewhat more economical than electric power. Seated on a machine of appropriate construction, the farmer ploughs, sows, reaps, performs, in fine, all the labor of the farm, without more muscular effort than is required for guidance. Agriculture is now

a matter of brain-work, fully as much as the labors of the physician or analyst in your days."

Meanwhile we had turned into a by-road, narrower, indeed, than that by which we had travelled so far, but with quite as smooth a surface, and bordered by fine trees. At frequent intervals, — so frequent, indeed, as to suggest the idea of a populous suburban district, — pathways branched off, leading to villa-like abodes embosomed amid trees of secular age. Yet another turn, this time into a pathway little more than wide enough for the passage of our vehicle, and we come to a halt beneath a porch projecting from the spacious veranda that surrounded the house.

The appellation veranda must not suggest a flimsy structure of wood, constructed in a style of art that well matches the shabby material. Here slender moresque columns supported a light entablature of the same general style. On this, again, was reared a similar structure, the colonnade of the second story being of somewhat less width than that below. A parapet of open, carved work, surmounting the whole, enclosed the universal flat roof. All was of stone, which, though in perfect repair, presented marks of great antiquity.

On a mat near the door lay a magnificent Persian cat, which scarcely deigned to honor us with a glance from her sleepy eyes. But not so a small dog of breed unknown to me. At sight of his master he gave vent to a clamorous demonstration of joy that manifestly rendered needless any other announcement of our arrival.

color and design. As in the dining-room, one side of the apartment was entirely thrown open; so that it formed, as it were, a mere recess from the veranda. Guided by the insight already acquired, I could make a fair guess at the purpose of most of the furniture; though its appearance was, in most cases, extremely diverse from that of corresponding objects in our time. A chessboard alone seemed to greet me as an old familiar friend. That, at least, was not affected by the mutations of so many centuries. The pieces were so slightly altered in form as to be readily identified.

Esna, seeing me thus employed, good-naturedly challenged me. I accepted, not unwilling to discover what changes, if any, had taken place in the laws of the game. These I found to be of such minor importance as rarely to cause me embarrassment. My youthful antagonist opened with the Muzio Gambit, and played a surprisingly good game for her years. She was no match, however, for one of the best players of the Philidor. She looked up in surprise after studying my tenth move, and was mated after a few more.

"Ialma!" she exclaimed to her aunt, who happened to be passing, "Ismar plays much better than I, — almost as well as Olav."

Olav was Ialma's betrothed. Though five thousand miles away, he enjoyed the privilege of an hour's conversation with her every day by means of the telephone. They also carried on a game of chess, a move every day. According to the prevailing custom, both players were allowed to accept assistance from any acknowledged source. This both lessened the pain of defeat, and led

to the rapid interchange of new methods of play between widely separated localities. In this case Ialma, aided by Reva, her cousin and prospective sister, said to be an enthusiastic player, had gained one game, and Olav a second. Now the deciding game was in progress, Olav seeming to have a decided advantage. Reva was greatly mortified at the prospect of impending defeat. Just because she greatly admired her brother, she had enjoyed that first triumph. These details Ialma communicated to me in her animated way, coupled with an entreaty to render what assistance I could.

"I would show you the record now," she continued, "but we are about to have some music."

Ulmene had already seated herself before a sort of desk, on whose slope were several rows of small keys somewhat resembling those of a concertina. The slightest touch on one of these produced a note, the strength of which, as regulated by pedals, could be made to vary from a tone barely audible to the most powerful. Some series of notes were produced by the impact of hammers on stretched strings, as in the piano, or on metallic plates or small bells. The sweetest tones of all came from reeds, the mechanism and tuning of which had been brought to such perfection, that their tones rivalled those of a violin in the hands of a master.

On this instrument Ulmene, whose special talent was music, began an improvisation. Slowly at first, and in simple style, she played a music whose beauty depended chiefly on melody. Gradually, as the inspiration came on, the theme became more involved, till it culminated in the grandest and most complicated combinations of har-

mony. Now the white, shapely hands moved slowly and with deliberation over the face of the key-board, anon their movements became rapid and indistinct as the flitting of the storm-driven scud over the disk of the equinoctial moon. Again the music changed to a slow and stately movement of religious solemnity. Transported in spirit to a distant land, and a still more distant age, I thought I once more heard the grandly swelling strains that seemed, beneath that majestic dome, to give utterance to the upward aspirations of countless millions. When the music ceased, each seemed absorbed in revery; and, after little more conversation, we separated for the night.

CHAPTER VI.

ISMAR.

When the ladies left us, Utis and I passed out on the broad veranda, and looked for a while on the moon-lit scene. My host seemed so absorbed in meditation, that, though burning to ask an explanation on certain points, I did not venture to break in on his revery. He gave me the impression of one debating inwardly how to open a subject, and not able to resolve on the way. At last he said, half absently, —

"It is much pleasanter on the roof: there is more air."

We re-entered the house, and began to ascend the stair. Thinking he had forgotten the matter, I reminded him that all the doors and windows were wide open.

"Now that it is so warm," he replied, "we leave the house as open as possible."

"But," said I with some hesitation, "have you no fear of burglars?"

"Burglars," he repeated slowly, "burglars, — what is that?"

I was about to reply by a formal definition of the term, but it occurred to me that it was somewhat difficult to

commit technical burglary in a house left perfectly open to all comers. I replied, therefore, —

"Thieves, I mean."

"Oh! thieves. There are no such creatures among us, or, at least, are as phenomenal as cannibals were in your time. No: we need close our doors against nothing more formidable than cold or wet."

While thus talking, we had reached the roof. It was covered with a dense, closely shaven sward. Closely shaven, at least, it appeared to me. But, in reality, the grass was of a species that never grew beyond little more than an inch in length, the result of long-continued selection. Warning me to avoid the grass, on which the dew was falling, he led the way to a stone platform, whence was visible an extensive view of the surrounding country. After pointing out the more interesting features of the scene, especially a glimpse of the Hudson in the distance, he began, —

"I see you are anxious to speak about something."

"I may well be so," was my reply. "You know how I came into this strange illusion, and you alone have the power to bring it to a termination. It is not unpleasant meanwhile; but, should it last too long, it might become to me too much of a reality."

Even by the indistinct moonlight I could perceive that my host's face was troubled and anxious. He regarded me for a few moments in silence, then answered by a question.

"You have, then, a strong conviction that this is not your real existence?"

"Strong conviction!" I exclaimed, amazed at such a question. "I am certain that it is not."

"Argument in such a case is, of course, useless," said Utis, "seeing that the evidence of your senses is rejected. You have stated your conviction: I will now lay before you the reality as it appears to me. You can then judge for yourself. Not to clash too violently with your present convictions, I will speak in the third person of him whose name you bear."

"One moment," said I. "I bear, as you say, the name of Ismar Thiusen among those to whom you have introduced me under that name. But have you always known me by that name?"

"As I never saw you till this morning," said Utis, with an amused smile, "it is not difficult for me to answer in the affirmative."

At these words I began almost to doubt my own identity — or sanity. It was impossible for me to suspect my host's sincerity. Yet how reconcile this with the evidence of my whole recollection of the past? At first I knew not what to say further. Then occurred to me what seemed a crucial question.

"How, then, if you met me to-day for the first time, can you have any assurance that I am the person known as Ismar Thiusen?"

"A person may be known in many ways, though never seen," was the reply. "As the only son of the dearest friend of my youth, Ismar Thiusen has been known to me from childhood, in portrait, by correspondence, and by voice. The Ismar I met this morning is, in every feature, the exact counterpart of the portraits I can show you down-stairs: they form, as you will see, an unbroken series from his very infancy. His voice, too,

not only recalls that of his father, but had become familiar to me in the course of frequent telephonic intercourse."

After this, there seemed nothing more to say. I felt, too, somewhat curious to learn a little of myself in the new personality so unaccountably thrust upon me. I signified, accordingly, my readiness to listen without further objection. Utis began, as follows, an account that embodied what was regarded, by all around me, as the real history of my past life.

"Ismar Thiusen, a near connection of mine by marriage, is — as I have before said — the son of a very dear friend. It was through me, indeed, that Eured Thiusen first became acquainted with the Osna Diotha that finally accompanied him to his distant home in Maoria.[1] The Thiusens, as you ought to know, are by no means among the least considered among the families of those islands. They have given names illustrious in every branch of human attainment.

"I see you were about to speak, but checked yourself. Now, I beg you not to hesitate, but speak out, if any thing I say suggests a question. From the peculiar circumstances in which I find myself placed with respect to you, I shall be extremely liable to allude to matters that will be at least obscure without explanation."

It was in answer to a question I then put, that I received an explanation of the system of family names already mentioned. He concluded this exposition by saying, —

"Diotha is, indeed, a frequent, but by no means the

[1] The present New Zealand.

only, female family name. My mother was a Palutha: your — I mean Ismar's — grandmother is a Sasta, a matron still as active and energetic as when her son brought home his bride."

"How old may she be?" I inquired.

After a short mental calculation, he stated her age as about seventy four or five. This, as I subsequently found, was by no means regarded as an advanced age. The average duration of human life had, through various causes, been prolonged by about thirty years. At seventy a person was, in health and expectation of life, fully on a par with one of forty at present; and lives of a hundred were rather more frequent than lives of seventy among us.

"It seems but yesterday," resumed my host, "when my friend's letters were filled with enthusiastic accounts of his son's extraordinary taste and aptitude for the studies in which he himself had gained such distinction. Eured Thiusen's minute investigations into the languages and early history of our race had made his name famous throughout the world. A premature death carried him off at what seemed but the beginning of a brilliant career.

"As soon as Ismar had recovered from his first grief, he resolved to devote his life to the completion of his father's unfinished work, and thus raise an enduring memorial to that honored name. In his ardor, he was not content with the ordinary means of study. Years of labor, he saw, would be requisite to place him merely where his father had stood. In his impatience, he rashly ventured on dangerous methods. A certain Mesmer, as you know, gave, at a very early period, some obscure hints,

from which has developed a highly important branch of psychology. The body being thrown into a peculiar state of quiescence, the mind becomes capable of efforts altogether beyond its ordinary powers. By the aid of an energetic will, Ismar attained the power of putting himself, at will, into a trance-like state, during which his mind, released from the trammels of sense, worked freely in a pre-arranged course.

"During these trances he lived, as it were, another life in those distant ages with which his studies had made him familiar. Scraps and fragments of information, laboriously gathered from the mouldering records of the past, became blended into one consistent whole. Yet it seems incredible that even the ardor of investigation could make him willing to spend so much of his existence in a past so undesirable as that portrayed so vividly in his own and his father's works.

"There then existed, as we are told, several races of men. Some of these were in a condition not greatly raised above that of the lower animals, and were treated, in fact, as such by the more favored races. The latter had attained to some knowledge of the rudiments of science, and made a fair beginning of subduing to their use the forces of nature, but were themselves a prey to monstrous moral evils. A few of the more favored by nature or fortune appear to have lived a life approximating to that now lived by all. But even they must have found any fair share of happiness difficult to attain, surrounded, as they were, by every form of misery and degradation, the fault of man himself, not of the world in which he has been placed.

"Repulsive as it seems to us, even to read of, Ismar spent, at last, fully one-half of his existence in the ideal world he had reconstructed. This became especially the case after his return from Olim, where he had unearthed, from the vast accumulations in its immense libraries, new sources of information on his favorite topic and special period."

"What was this period?" I inquired, though almost certain what the answer would be.

"The latter half of the nineteenth century. This had been specially studied by father and son, as being remarkable as a period of transition. Many things then lingered that were soon to pass away forever. It was a period of fermentation and incipient corruption, from which society emerged at last, so fundamentally altered in its outward form, and many of its aims and views, as to bear scarcely any resemblance to that existing but a few generations before."

I did not again interrupt the narration to inquire about the city referred to under the name of Olim. This I afterwards found to be an ancient and famous seat of learning near the centre of the Australian continent. From many causes, not necessary to enumerate, the great library of its celebrated university was especially rich in documents relating to the history of the second and third chiliads. Among other unique treasures, it possessed photographic reductions of the files of leading journals during many centuries, during all the period, in fact, when the press was at the height of its power. I have seen a complete file of "The London Times" for a year concentrated into the space of a sheet of foolscap. By

as calmly, as if he were only a brother soon to return from college. By the merest chance, however, I happened to be a witness of their meeting after his return. Their manner was calm enough outwardly. But I read in their eyes what was to me a revelation of how much of long-repressed feeling can be expressed in one look, — trust, joy, love, beyond the power of words.

During the dinner my attention had been strongly attracted by an oil-painting that hung opposite me. It represented a beautiful girl standing on the verge of a cliff. With one hand she strove to restrain the disorder of her garments, blown by a furious gale. In the other she held on high a flaming torch, which cast a weird light upon her long auburn tresses streaming in the wind, and on a countenance where strangely blended love, terror, and resolution, mastering both terror and physical fatigue. The painting was evidently a masterpiece, or, at least, an excellent copy. Catching the eye of Esna, my host's daughter, I made inquiry as to the subject of the piece.

"Why, that is Esna Diotha," replied the girl, whom the question seemed, for some reason, greatly to surprise.

"Who, then, was Esna Diotha?" I inquired again, somewhat interested by the sound of the second name, and amused at the confidence with which the youthful mind assumes its knowledge to be universal property.

It is a strong testimony to the fine manners of those with whom I was sitting at table, that, at the moment when I put this question, I felt as much at home as if I had been an inmate of the house for years. My feeling was as if dining with old friends in a strange land. The surroundings are unwonted, yet soon cease to affect one. I was

all the more impressed, therefore, by the sensation produced by those careless words of mine.

Esna, too young as yet to have her emotions completely under control, gazed at me in open-eyed astonishment. The fair Ialma kept her eye fixed upon her plate, as if she feared they might reveal her thought; while a faint flush mantled in her cheeks. Ulmene telegraphed to her husband a look that seemed to say, —

"Is it really so bad as that?"

What had happened was, indeed, very much as if, among us, a man of supposed liberal education should frankly confess his total lack of any mental associations with the names Dido, Cæsar, or Napoleon. As for Utis, he said quietly, —

"You see, Esna, your cousin Ismar wishes to hear the story of your famous namesake. Show him how well you know it."

At this command, without any attempt at excuse, or display of childish shyness, the girl stood forth, and related with a dramatic power, that showed how her heart went with it, a simple and ancient story of love and self-devotion. How a maiden had served her country, and saved many lives, by the imminent risk of her own life, and of a life dearer than her own. So well was the story told, that I could compliment her in all sincerity.

"You should hear cousin Reva, then," said Esna. "All we Diothas know that story well."

"So Reva is your cousin, — first or second?" said I inquiringly.

"She is my first cousin, and your second," replied the child.

"How do you make out that?" I went on, willing to know more, yet inquiring rather as if to test the accuracy of her information than to gain any.

"Semna Diotha, your grandmother, and Asta Diotha, my grandmother and Reva's, were sisters."

"Well?" said I when she paused.

"So your mother and ours are first cousins, which makes you our second cousin."

From the silent acquiescence of the elders, I saw that this was accepted as a correct statement of our relationship. I accepted without comment the crowd of newly acquired relatives. I had ceased to wonder at any thing. There was an undefined pleasure, too, in finding myself related, but not too nearly, to the beautiful Reva. I might have been proved her brother or grandfather, so I felt reason to be thankful.

I might have tried to gain indirectly some further information in regard to my relatives, but that we now rose from table. A small cup of black coffee — better I had never tasted — was the only stimulant of which we had partaken. The handsome *carafes* in the centre of the table contained, not wine, but iced sherbets.

"The habitual use of stimulants," said Utis in the course of a subsequent conversation on the subject, "has been proved by experience to be dangerous, if not absolutely hurtful, to the young and vigorous. Some wine is used, indeed, but only by persons above seventy. In younger years, wine is not only distasteful to our healthy and vigorous organizations, but is especially shunned on account of its interference with that clearness of intellect from which we derive our highest enjoyment. Tea

and coffee, as well as some other infusions, are used, as you see, but in great moderation."

It was growing dark when we rose from table. A mere turn to a handle, and the apartment was illuminated by a flood of soft electric light, affording light for the task now before us. All set to work, each taking an allotted part in setting things to rights. One remained to sweep the table-cloth and clear the floor from crumbs. The rest of us descended to an apartment beneath the dining-room, to which the *cebin* descended. Every thing was removed from the compartments of that apparatus, and was either washed or dusted: all, in fine, was put in readiness for the morning meal, except, of course, the dishes to come from the culinary depot. All employing themselves deftly and intelligently, every thing was in order in about twenty minutes.

I, as a matter of course, could not stand idly by when all were so busy. But my attempts at assistance were so clumsy as to call forth, on one occasion, a merry peal of laughter from Ialma, who must have thought my home-training somewhat deficient. Seeing me take it in good part, — her laugh, indeed, was irresistibly contagious — we all laughed; and the work went on merrily. Ialma and I were thenceforth very good friends.

This short interlude over, to my mind much more enjoyable than the corresponding period after our dinners, we betook ourselves to the parlor, without heaviness, and without anxiety in regard to digestion.

In the parlor prevailed the same general style of ornament and furnishing as in the apartments already described, the same simple elegance, the same harmony of

and surroundings was recommended. His mother, who had been in frequent communication with me on the subject, commended her son to my best care. I accepted the trust, and Ismar Thiusen arrived this morning. To my pleasant surprise, he showed no outward traces of his mental malady. On the contrary, he seemed unusually intelligent and observant.

It might be the fatigue resulting from his long ramble round the city, it might be the excitement of new scenes. At all events, soon after reaching my office, where I attend to certain affairs that require my occasional presence in the city, he fell into a deep sleep, which soon became cataleptic in character. At first alarmed, I soon recognized the supreme importance of the opportunity thus presented to me of investigating the state of my patient's mind. Both as family friend, and as mental physician, it was my duty to shrink from no means of obtaining guidance for my treatment.

By well-known means I caused him to converse freely, taking great care not to influence the direction of his thoughts. What I thus discovered fully justified my action. Since his apparent recovery, my ward had been living in an imaginary world. The facts of his real existence, as presented to him through the distorting medium of his hallucination, assumed the forms of correlated facts as they had existed in that distant past on which he had concentrated all the powers of his mind.

My course of action was soon resolved on. There was but one path by which he could be brought to a clear perception of the objective facts of existence, — that was, to begin and become acquainted with these facts as

a child does, *ab initio*. In order to effect this, I would allow him to awake under the full power of the delusion that he belonged to a past period. He should seem to enter this present world as a visitant from that past to which he imagined himself to belong. Under my guidance he should relearn what he had forgotten. I hoped to restore him to his friends at last, either altogether free from the dominion of those strange hallucinations, or remembering them only as the reminiscences of an almost forgotten dream.

One part of the plan has given me much perplexity. Should I allow him to remain under the belief that I share his delusion? By so doing, I should certainly gain his confidence, but would render myself, at the same time, a sort of accomplice with his delusion, and strengthen its hold upon him. Should I not, rather, frankly state to him the history of his case, as it appears to me and his friends? Even if his excellent understanding does not at once enable him to throw off the domination of those peculiar ideas; yet we two may, by a sort of tacit agreement, continue to act and speak, when by ourselves, as if I acquiesced in his view of the case. What is your opinion?"

Utis ceased, leaving my mind in a state of complete bewilderment. In his narrative, the *bona fides* of which I did not for a moment doubt, the main facts of my personal history, though correct in outline, were as strangely altered as was my new name from that I had recognized as mine up to a few hours before.

My capacity for astonishment was almost exhausted. Though conscious of being as wide awake as ever in my

life, I came to the conclusion to save thought by accepting every thing that occurred as incidents in an extraordinary dream. I said, accordingly, after a few moments reflection, —

"The second of the two courses — that you have followed — seems to me the wiser as well as the more straightforward. It will be necessary, however, to observe the tacit agreement you spoke of. I have certainly no recollection of such a past life as that you picture. As for the facts around me, I am both willing and anxious to become acquainted with them."

CHAPTER VII.

END OF THE FIRST DAY.

Utis reconducted me to my sleeping apartment, and turned on the electric light. Going forward, he drew my attention to a magnetic needle suspended below the ceiling, and over the hammock already mentioned. It might, perhaps, be more correctly designated as a suspended bed. I had supposed the material to be silk; but it was, in reality, derived from a certain vegetable fibre that emulated silk in many of its properties. The whole was suspended from a circular metallic plate resting on supports in the ceiling that allowed of its being adjusted in any direction. The friction of the points of suspension was reduced to a minimum by ingenious mechanical devices. By pressing on a small knob, placed within convenient reach, the occupant of the hammock could cause a gentle swing to be communicated to his couch, which motion, moreover, could be made to continue for a regulated time. A sort of punka, set in motion and controlled in the same manner, could be made to gently fan the sleeping occupant of the hammock. On warm nights I found this highly acceptable. Another knob, also within easy reach, enabled me at will to control the electric light, so as to

flood the room with a light rivalling that of day, or produce total darkness.

"This hammock," said Utis, after he had explained the use of the different knobs, "is suspended, as you see, in the line of the magnetic meridian. This is for physiological reasons that I will explain some other time. Let us take another look into your trunk," he added, leading the way to the other room. "It seems to me that I noticed something resembling a diary among your other effects."

By this time he had approached the one trunk that had been opened. At his suggestion I raised the lid; and there, sure enough, lay a large morocco-covered volume, with heavy clasp and lock.

"You may find much to interest you in that volume," said Utis. "But do not sit up too late. I will call you early."

Having thus said, he wished me pleasant slumbers, and left me to my meditations. Fatigued as I was with the crowd of novel ideas that had thronged upon me in such rapid succession, I could not refrain from a cursory examination of the diary of Ismar Thiusen, as was signified on the cover. Surely I had before seen a volume not unlike this. The contents, too, had a vaguely familiar air, like that of the long-forgotten story read again for the first time since childhood. Interspersed with numerous notes on favorite archæological subjects were observations suggested by visits to the great cities of the island-continent now known as Australia. My travels, or, rather, Ismar's, had apparently not extended beyond that archipelago. But these regions were vast enough

for a very extensive course of travel. They seemed, indeed, to contain as many great cities as are now contained in the whole world.

Frequent references to another volume caused me to search for it. This volume, bound to match the other, proved to be a sort of album containing excellent views of picturesque or otherwise interesting localities, as well as of many cities visited by the artist. By dates and annotations on the margin, the views were shown to be the work of the owner of the diary. From the character of the work, the views were evidently the result of some kind of photographic process. What filled me with admiration was, the minute care and fidelity to nature with which the views were colored. But, as I subsequently learned, all was the work of the sun. The photographer had long since mastered the problem of taking pictures as faithful in color as in form and shading.

One inference I was enabled to reach from a study of these views. Costume and architecture, making due allowance for differences of climate, were much the same throughout the Southern Hemisphere as in the city and country I had seen with such interest that day. I was especially interested in the views of the city of Olim and its environs.

On the maps of the present, the centre of Australia is represented as a waterless, untrodden waste. In this album were views of a great city occupying almost the centre of that region. Its streets were as stately as those I had seen in Nuiore:[1] many of its edifices, especially those of its famous university, showed signs of a venera-

[1] The later equivalent of New York.

ble antiquity. All the surrounding region was in a state of high cultivation, and seemed to be the seat of a numerous population.

Musing on the strange mutations produced by time, I had almost fallen asleep. I raised my eyes to examine the dial placed above the door between sitting and bed room. Of the dial I could make little. It was divided into twelve spaces, indeed, as at present; but these, instead of into five, were subdivided into twelve smaller spaces. That the hands were moving, I could see. But it could not possibly be only eight o'clock. I judged it to be more nearly eleven. Too tired to dwell long on the subject, I retired to my hammock, where I soon slept the dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MORNING TASK.

THE early dawn afforded barely sufficient light to render objects distinguishable when I awoke. According to the dial, it was nearly half-past four. That should be about right, was my thought: perhaps the dial had been set right during the night. My eyes, still wandering round the room, next caught sight of Utis standing in the doorway.

"You were sleeping so soundly," said he, after a pleasant greeting, "that I had not the heart to rouse you. I am glad, however, that you are awake, as it is time for your first lesson; that is," he continued with a smile, "if you still desire to keep up the fiction agreed on."

"For me, at least, it is no fiction," said I, by this time fully awake. "My memory of the past is quite the same as yesterday."

"Let us see," said he, seating himself, and making a gesture for me not to rise. "What recollection have you of the events of yesterday?"

He listened with absorbed interest, while I gave a succinct account of the sights and impressions of the day before. At intervals he gave a nod of assent, as if to

say, "That is quite correct." Once only he raised his hand as if in doubt. But I soon convinced him, by the mention of certain accessory circumstances, that my recollection of the matter was correct.

"Your memory is surprisingly exact," he remarked: "that occurrence had entirely escaped my memory. Naturally, many things might pass unobserved by me that would arrest your attention with all the force of novelty."

He thus indicated his frank acceptance of my theory as the basis of our future intercourse: thenceforth he always spoke in consistence with that view; that is, in our private intercourse. When communicated to him, my impressions of men and things, as they appeared to me, came to excite in him an interest perhaps even more vivid than that experienced by myself. It became our daily custom for me to give him a detailed account of my new discoveries during the day. He was thus enabled, in a degree that otherwise would have been impossible, to follow the current of my ideas, so as to appreciate and solve my difficulties. A peculiar effect of this interchange of thought was gradually produced. Utis not only spoke, but frequently appeared to think also, from my point of view; while I, on the other hand, found myself insensibly acquiescing in the belief, that that former life of mine was but a delusion.

"The first thing in order," said Utis, when I had ended my summary of events, "is to explain our manner of dividing time. The system of division you see on that dial," he went on, "is the result of a series of changes. It is so characteristic and so typical of the course of change in many similar matters, that it is worth an explanation in detail.

"When electric wires became the ordinary means of communication over all distances, the differences of local time became an intolerable nuisance. This nuisance was got rid of in a very simple way. By general consent, it was agreed to take the time of some fixed meridian as the standard time throughout the world. For several reasons, that of Greenwich was adopted. Thus, when the sun passes over the meridian of Greenwich, it is twelve o'clock all over the world, and similarly of other hours. The habit of associating certain hours with certain positions of the sun soon wore off. It became rather a subject of astonishment that so absurd an association of ideas could stand so long in the way of the only rational system. A change adopted about the same time was, the division of the dial into twenty-four spaces, instead of twelve, and the numbering of the hours consecutively from one to twenty-four. In the course of time this was, in its turn, superseded by the decimal division of the day and dial. By this system, which remained unchanged through several thousand years, the day was divided into ten equal parts, each called a *meris*, and equivalent to about two hours and a half of the old system. The decimal divisions of the *meris* bore no distinctive names, but were referred to merely as tenths, hundredths, etc.

"About three thousand years ago, twelve was adopted by common consent as the basis of the numerical system. As a matter of course, a corresponding change had to be made in the division of all units of quantity: instead of a decimal we have a duodecimal system. That dial, for example, is divided into twelve spaces; each of these,

proper appliances these, again, could be thrown on a screen, so as to be read off at the convenience of the investigator.

"It was long before Ismar's mother and sister became alarmed by his increasing absorption in the ideal world he had created for himself. Silent and pre-occupied, he seemed to lose all interest in the real world around him; while his body wasted away, as if unequal to the burden of this double existence. At last came a crisis. He was discovered one morning in a death-like trance, in which he remained for weeks. An expert, summoned at great expense from a distant part of the globe, told of similar cases that had before occurred, though at rare intervals. He predicted that the patient, on awakening from his trance, would appear to have lost all recollection of his former life, or would recall it only through the distorting medium of his delusion. This prediction proved but too true. My unhappy kinsman had wrecked a splendid intellect in his too ardent pursuit of knowledge.

Health and strength returned with comparative rapidity. But he seemed to have lost all taste for his former studies, — to have lost, indeed, as far as could be discovered, all that knowledge acquired at so great a cost. In the ordinary affairs of life he behaved with propriety, though often betraying a strange oblivion of well-known facts. Towards his mother and sister he was the affectionate son and brother he had ever been; toward others as kind and considerate as ever. Yet, as would occasionally crop out from his conversation, he evidently associated them with some series of experiences of which they had no knowledge.

The strangest of all was, it was his mother first discovered, or rather, divined, the fact, — a woman, in such matters, seems to arrive at correct conclusions almost by intuition, — it was his mother discovered that her son was silently enduring some secret heart-pang, the effect of unrequited or otherwise unfortunate love. The discovery gave both pleasure and pain. Among us, as you will find, the happy marriage of her children is a mother's chief aim; its promotion, as far as it can be effected by a third party, her special province. There is no difficulty as regards the daughters. They may fairly be left to choose for themselves, since they always have it in their power to choose. But with sons it is different. For several reasons, the supply of marriageable women is always below the demand. Each mother is, accordingly, anxious that her son shall not be left among the enforced celibates. She watches for any signs indicative of a preference on his part, and becomes her son's confidant, adviser, and zealous ally in his efforts to secure the maiden of his choice. Osna Diotha — it is the custom for widows to resume their maiden name — had been anxious on account of her son's apparent indifference to female society. She longed to secure a second daughter as a partial substitute for the one soon to pass to another house.

She was accordingly delighted to learn that her son was not so indifferent as she had supposed. At the same time she was pained by his want of confidence. Her son had loved, and not made her his confidant; had failed where, perhaps, with her co-operation, he might have been successful. He avoided, too, all explanation. Nor did she press for one after she began to suspect the unhappy

truth. It was no girl of flesh and blood had secured his heart, but some mere creation of his disordered fancy."

Utis here paused in his narration, and said with some hesitation, —

"I am about to put a question of some delicacy. But, be assured, it is from no mere curiosity I inquire. I could have obtained the information otherwise, but forbore to pry, even in your interest, into what, though an illusion, may be to you a sacred recess of your consciousness. Do you really cherish in your heart the memory of one fair to you and dear beyond all others?"

"Yes, I have such a memory."

"May I ask her name?"

"Edith Alston."

"In what way was your love unhappy?"

"We parted in anger. Or, to be more correct as well as just, I was angry, and put myself utterly in the wrong."

Utis reflected for a moment, then said, —

"Have I your permission to impart this confidence to Osna Diotha? She is deeply interested in the matter."

Though unable to see how a perfect stranger could have an interest in what I imagined was so peculiarly my own affair, I consented to my host's proposal, the more readily from having no real conviction of the objective existence of such personages as those alluded to. The facts in regard to Edith Alston and myself were probably known — or partially so — to many besides my mother and sister; though I had never discussed the matter, even with them. Yet they perfectly understood the reason of my sudden departure for Europe — alone. A year of rest-

less and dissatisfied wandering had brought me back in a humbled and repentant mood. Almost the first news I heard upon landing was the engagement of Edith Alston. The match was brilliant, so they said; his wealth was enormous: yet I thought she was throwing herself away.

This news was still fresh in my ears when, after a separation of several years, I chanced to meet him that I here call Utis. He was about to take a prominent part in a scientific expedition to a remote region of the globe. I earnestly begged him to take me as a volunteer paying my own expenses. In spite of a difference of several years in our ages, a bond of intimate acquaintance, almost approaching friendship, had for many years united us.

He soon learned the real origin of my sudden zeal for scientific research: he was too clear sighted to be easily misled. He earnestly dissuaded me from my intention. My battle was not yet lost, he said, and scouted the idea of so soon forsaking the field. On the eventful evening on which this story opens, he had called by appointment to make some final arrangements. In some unaccountable way the conversation had turned upon mesmerism; and, to my intense surprise, he had advanced views on that subject quite irreconcilable with my preconceived ideas of his mental attitude toward such subjects. The difference between the nineteenth century and the ninety-sixth was not greater than that between the Utis I had formerly known and the Utis who now resumed his narrative as follows: —

"Under these circumstances an entire change of scene

that it was almost with regret I found the power suddenly shut off, and heard the cheery voice of Utis, —

"Half an hour for bath and toilet, then breakfast."

He pointed to the dial while speaking. The day before, I should have said that the hands pointed to half-past six. A little mental calculation, however, showed me that the time indicated was what, in ancient times, would have been called one o'clock, Greenwich time, or eight o'clock in New York. Throwing on the long upper garments, or dressing-gowns, in which we had descended, we hastened into the house. Utis accompanied me to my room, turned on the water, explained the duodecimal divisions on the thermometer, and said, —

"When the mercury rises to this red mark, the temperature is best for bathing. Do not remain in too long. When you have dried yourself, rub into your skin some of the preparation contained in this flask, especially over muscles that show fatigue. You will find it very refreshing."

CHAPTER IX.

A PROPOSAL.

THE breakfast to which we sat down it is not necessary to characterize more fully than by saying that it fairly matched the dinner of the previous evening. Except in the absence of wines, the repast reminded me of an artistically prepared *déjeuner à la fourchette* where quality rather than quantity was the aim.

The ladies, bright-eyed and cheerful from exercise, and rosy from the morning bath, lent sparkle to the conversation. No one, seeing their fresh and elegant costumes, would have imagined them to have spent three active hours in the labors of a factory-hand. Nor must it be thought that these labors had been performed in a perfunctory manner. Whatever these people did, they did with all their might. The labor of the early morning was entered into with the zest inspired among us by athletic exercises alone. Even the children, so well bred and neat, had been three hours already out of bed, attending to certain small household duties appropriate to their age.

I was somewhat mystified, during breakfast, by hearing strains of magnificent music, which proceeded evidently from a full orchestra. At times the sound appeared to

issue from the next apartment: again they would sound as if from afar. In each case the distance was exactly that from which the passage was heard to the greatest advantage.

The meal concluded, we were in no haste to rise from table. The character of the music now changed. The instruments took a subordinate part, as the background to a grand chorus of multitudinous voices, or as the subdued accompaniment to solos, duets, or trios, executed by voices of power and compass beyond all it had, till then, been my fortune to hear. During the pauses in the performance, the ladies discussed both music and performers in a manner that showed, not only a sound musical training, but also rare artistic appreciation.

"Presently you shall hear Ulmene's piece," said Ialma to me during one of these pauses.

Before I had time to inquire whether by this she meant a favorite piece of her sister's, or an original composition by her, the doubt was solved by the opening of the piece in question. During the progress of the music, which, I am ashamed to confess, was rather beyond me, Ulmene's rapt look was that of the artist intent for errors in execution. To the rest, the strain was evidently familiar and dear. To me the expression of affectionate pride on the faces of husband, sister, and children was a study more interesting than the music. This piece was the *finale;* or, rather, as I afterwards learned, the telephone was shut off that had conveyed the sound from a distance.

"We prefer our music in the morning," said Utis, when we were conversing on the subject. "It fills up agreeably the leisure that ought to be enjoyed after a

hearty meal. That was, surely, a strange custom in your period, of spending the evening in closely packed, badly ventilated halls."

"It was a matter of necessity rather than choice," I replied. "If we wanted music, we had to go where it was to be heard. Even princes could not afford such music at their breakfasts. But one thing especially surprises me. How do you succeed in obtaining concerts at that early hour? Are your artists so self-sacrificing as to regard breakfast of no importance in comparison with the public pleasure?"

"The telephone is the magician," said Utis. "The concert you heard this morning was performed in a great city of Central Europe, at an hour there belonging to the afternoon. Each continent has its own great musical centre, toward which gravitates whatever arises of genius, talent, or vocal endowment. In that city are produced musical performances on a grand scale. By means of the telephone, these are reproduced at the ends of the earth, in the homes of all willing to pay a small annual sum for the privilege. A whole continent, at times all the continents, will thus, at the same moment, sit in judgment on a new piece or a new singer."

Breakfast over, and every thing restored to proper order, the children departed for school; and, in the ordinary course, we should have separated, each to his or her favorite pursuit. But, mindful of his promise, Utis took me under his charge.

Our heads protected by a sort of sun-helmet, we issued forth to view the fields. What first drew my attention in the landscape was the general absence of fences, pasture,

or masses of woodland. Long lines of trees marked the roads. Near these, at frequent intervals, a glimpse of masonry, from amid a clump of aged trees, indicated the position of a homestead.

Land was far too valuable to be left under forest. But the borders of all roads were planted with approved varieties of trees. These both afforded a pleasant shade to the roads, and by the cutting down of every thirtieth tree, or so, each year, yielded a sufficient supply of timber for the few purposes to which it was applied. The trees surrounding the homesteads were, of course, sacred from the axe, and, being usually of long-lived species, were often of venerable antiquity, counting their years, not by centuries, but by chiliads. Such trees, associated with far-extending family traditions, were regarded with feelings of affection difficult for us to conceive.

Such a tree was a venerable sequoia, which it was my privilege to see in the region bordering on where once was a great lake known as Erie. This tree, proved by documentary evidence to be over forty-two centuries old, was said to be the immediate offspring of a tree that had attained an almost equal antiquity. This hoary survivor from a distant past had seen pass away more than a hundred and seventy generations, and was supposed to be the oldest living organism on the face of the globe. It stood near the ancient homestead of the Huarvils, a family justly proud of its ability to trace its descent from two presidents of the earliest ages of the republic, both victims of malignant passions, both martyrs to duty.

I was filled with surprise to see the high state of cultivation to which had been brought the whole country

around where Utis had his home. Yet this was nothing exceptional. Everywhere this same state of things was to be seen. Not a waste corner, not a weed, was visible. Between field and garden there was no distinction, except in the nature of the crop. The extensive areas under one crop reminded me somewhat of what I had seen in some Western States.

"We need no fences," said Utis, in reply to an observation of mine; "since there are no cattle to keep, either out or in."

"No cattle!" I exclaimed. "Whence, then, that rich milk, that excellent beef-steak, that made its appearance on the breakfast-table this morning?"

"Our milk," replied Utis, "is an artificial product prepared from maize: so, to a large extent, is our beef, as you call it, and similar articles of food."

"Explain," said I, in some amazement.

"There is nothing very wonderful about the matter," was the reply, "if you keep in mind that chemistry has made some progress since the nineteenth century. Even then, in the very infancy of their science, chemists had succeeded in preparing in the laboratory several valuable substances, previously derived, at greater cost, from field-crops. That was only the beginning of such discoveries. Chemistry long ago ceased to be an experimental art. It is now a strictly deductive science, in which, by the proper manipulation of symbols and formulas, interesting or important discoveries may be made without the necessity of handling a re-agent or an instrument. Our experts are able, not only to imitate any definite compound known to exist in nature, but even to invent others, some of the greatest value.

"We could—it has been done—compound food directly from mineral substances. That, however, is difficult and costly. We prefer to let nature do most of the work to our hand. From the vegetable world we obtain certain stock compounds, from which, by suitable modifications, we form all we need. From maize alone, as a basis, every variety of food could be prepared. But mainly on account of the advantage of a rotation of crops, we raise, besides, wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, and beets, and other crops in smaller quantities. In some tropical countries, bananas, another important basis, are raised in enormous quantities. Especially in the valley of the Amazon, one of the most fertile regions of the globe, and now thickly populated, are grown a variety of plants, from which are extracted our most exquisite flavors."

This information was given, not altogether, but at intervals, while we traversed the garden and orchard. In these were found all the fruits now grown in temperate climates, and many that I failed to recognize. As for flowers, there did not seem to be a greater variety than at present, but better choice.

"Besides cats and dogs, these are the only domestic animals usually kept among us," said Utis, as we arrived at an extensive enclosure surrounded by a lofty wire netting, containing a variety of domestic fowl.

On making some remark in regard to the peculiarities of the breed, I learned that these peculiarities arose from long-continued selection with a view to laying properties alone. Eggs and fish were the only animal products used as food. Sheep were raised, in like manner, solely for the sake of their fleece. The breed, accordingly, would not, among us, create great demand for their mutton.

These sheep were kept in immense flocks, the manner of herding them presenting an interesting example of that reversion to primitive customs which I had so frequently to remark. At intervals of a few years, it had been found advantageous to allow the land to rest from constant cropping. By general agreement, a whole region — the northern part of the Atlantic slope, for example — would have its entire area of arable land put under grass for a year. To the enormous grazing-ground thus provided would be driven the millions of sheep pastured the preceding year on the contiguous region. Beginning at one extremity of the region, the countless flocks would gradually pass on, feeding their way, toward the next region. In this way the grazing-area would gradually shift from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, and thence return by another course. The soil, rested and enriched, is ploughed over immediately after the passage of the last flock.

"Our system of cultivation is peculiar," said my host, as we seated ourselves in the shade of a linden, to watch the fowl pick up the food that had just been scattered before them. "The amount of land held by each family is small, — about ten acres, perhaps. By the labors of ages, the soil has been enriched and thoroughly pulverized, besides being completely underlaid with pipes for drainage and for irrigation.

"The total absence of fences makes it possible, however, to perform all the operations of agriculture on a grand scale. It is usual for some one that makes farming his special business, and possesses the necessary plant for, say, a thousand acres, to take for a year the

land of some hundred adjacent families. He performs the ordinary work on the land by means of his own machinery and his own employees. But, in accordance with long-standing custom, he is entitled, on pressing occasion, to call on all the able-bodied proprietors to aid in saving the harvest. Even the women voluntarily turn out, on very urgent occasions, when warning of a rapidly approaching storm comes at a critical time."

"But," said I, "since you have no cattle, whence do you obtain your fertilizers?"

"By allowing nothing to go to waste," was the reply. "Our sewage, instead of poisoning rivers, is made to fertilize the land. The rocks, too, and the ocean, are made to render aid. But our most effectual means of insuring fertility is a thorough system of irrigation. Not a drop of water, for example, is allowed to run to waste from our numerous bath-rooms. It all runs to a reservoir, whence, by appropriate means, it is distributed over the soil. But come," said he, rising. "I have something interesting to show you."

In obedience to this summons, I followed to a glass-framed shed near the house. There, beside the curricle on which we had come the day before, stood another, all resplendent in the unsoiled gloss of novelty. Learning that this vehicle had been procured for me, in accordance with directions from home, I examined it with all the keen interest a boy would display on coming to possess his first bicycle. As I moved it to and fro over the smooth floor, — it moved at a mere touch, — Utis anticipated my wish by proposing a trial on the road.

"It seems to be seated for only one," said I. "But will it be safe for a novice to venture alone?"

"This is the way to expand the seat," was the reply. "I will steer till we reach the main road."

Ere we reached there, I had mastered the few simple motions that controlled the machine. Then, taking the tiller, I put my metallic steed to its paces. Presently, seeing me sufficiently master of the machine, Utis requested me to set him down at a house where he had some business. As he desired me to call again in about an hour, I reminded him that I had no watch. He then drew my attention to three small dials inserted near the foot-rest. One was the dial of a cyclometer, recording the distance run; a second was a watch-dial, divided as already explained; on a third, an index, moving like that of a steam-gauge, indicated the rate of speed at any moment.

Never shall I forget the exhilaration of that ride! At a rate of speed such as can be maintained by a horse for a brief period only, on I dashed without let or pause. Houses and trees flew past: the wind almost prevented breathing. Yet no panting, foaming steed, no compunctuous fears for a noble and valuable animal. Onward sped my silent steed, with unabated force, till the dial showed that half my time was expired.

On my return, I had reached within a mile or two of where I expected to find Utis, when I observed, some distance ahead, a curricle standing on the turnout of the road. The rider's back was toward me, but her stooping position — by this time I had recognized the dress as that of a young girl — showed her to be busied at something beneath the body of the vehicle.

I was in some doubt as to what would be proper for

again, into twelve. Similarly, the day is divided into twelve parts, each, of course, equivalent to two of the ancient hours; and so on, by duodecimal subdivisions, as far as necessary. Thus when, in our present notation, an event is said to happen at 3.86, this corresponds to 7h. 25m. old Greenwich time."

"But," objected I, "how was it found possible to overcome the enormous friction that the introduction of such extensive changes must have encountered? In my time the metric system, in spite of its manifest advantages, was making but slow headway. As for the reform of the absurd spelling of my native tongue, it was a thing greatly desired, but hardly hoped for."

"The friction you mention," said Utis, "being the result of ignorance, naturally diminished in direct proportion with ignorance. Even in the days you allude to, scientists readily adopted improvements in terminology; while astronomers and meteorologists, scattered over the globe, framed and adhered to rules for the apportionment of their special work.

"Another important advantage was, that the progress of science had rendered many of the changes I mentioned comparatively inexpensive. At the present time four great electric clocks — one in each quarter of the globe — govern all the timepieces, each in its own quarter. Our timepieces, indeed, are only dials, like this you see, the hands of which move in unison with those of the great central clock."

"Have you no watches?" I inquired.

"Since every apartment and public edifice shows a dial, we have generally as little occasion to carry a time-

piece as to carry a drinking-cup. We keep them, however, for special purposes."

So saying, he entered the next room, and returned, to place in my hands a watch of the period. The case was of *ualin* of the finest quality. The watch being wound and regulated on the principle of the stem-winder, the case was hermetically sealed; as it did not require to be opened, perhaps, once in a lifetime. The works, though of excellent finish, were of the utmost simplicity, there being only two hands. The smallest portion of time indicated, about five-sixths of our minute, was considered as sufficiently small for all practical purposes.

"After a brief plunge in the bath," said Utis, when I had returned the watch, "put on this working-suit that I have placed on the chair. Do not spend more than ten minutes on the whole operation: our toilet proper is performed after the morning's work is over. When you come down, I will initiate you further."

Within the prescribed time I met my host at the foot of the stair. On entering the dining-room, we found on the side-table a pitcher of milk, tumblers, and a plate of very palatable sandwiches.

"We have three hours of hard work before us," said Utis, as an inducement for me to follow his example.

None of the rest of the household made their appearance while we partook of this simple refreshment, but that some were up and at work was manifest. The sound of a power-loom was heard in the next apartment. Mingled with this could be distinguished the peculiar hum of some other machine; while at intervals the pleasant sound of female voices, and an occasional burst of half-

unconscious song, informed me of the personality of the operators.

I had, afterwards, frequent opportunities of seeing the ladies' workroom, the counterparts of which were to be seen in every home. The apartment itself was as diverse from the aspect of the typical factory-room as is the *boudoir* of a princess from the kennel of a Caffre's female drudge. Beneath the protecting covering of wide sheets of *ualin*, the walls were adorned with designs exquisite in drawing, and harmonious in color.

One end of the apartment was occupied by glazed wardrobes containing, some, materials; others, finished products. The loom, as well as the other machine, which proved to be a sort of stocking-frame, was finished in the style of the machinery I had seen in the city, and was worked by electric power. The ingenuity of man, exerted through thousands of years, had brought these machines to a degree of perfection that awoke in me ever increasing admiration in proportion as I became more capable of appreciating the genius employed in their construction. They might, indeed, be called "poems in metal;" embodying, as they did, the hopes, the aspirations, the enthusiasms, of a long line of inventors. Anxiety had been shown, not only to insure rapid and delicate work, but also to render less irksome the task of the operator, by admitting several changes of posture. Every thing was maintained in a state of exquisite neatness: not a speck of dust or fluff was to be seen.

In another place will be found an account of the system on which the people of this period arranged their time. It will suffice, for the present, to give an account of my

own experiences in the workshop, toward which I followed my host. The place was well lighted, both walls and roof being of *ualin*. Near the centre was what I correctly surmised to be a forge, or blast-furnace. Close by stood anvils, and various contrivances for working in metal.

First, by the mere turning of a handle, Utis produced a roaring gas-flame, — an oxyhydrogen blast, indeed, — capable of reducing the most refractory metals to a liquid state in an incredibly short time. Under his direction I was soon busily engaged in feeding and controlling the movements of a machine for turning out large screw-bolts of a peculiar pattern. The work itself was done by the machine, yet each bolt required the exertion of a certain amount of muscular and mental effort. The temperature was somewhat above that of the previous day: it was such a day, in fact, as may fairly be expected in the middle of July. I was, accordingly, in a profuse perspiration before I had been half an hour at work. Yet as my costume consisted of only two garments, leaving both arms and lower limbs to a great extent exposed to the air, the supply of which was ample, the sensation of heat was by no means so great as I had frequently experienced under far less exertion.

"You are doing well," said Utis, after observing my work for a while. "If you find this work too monotonous, you may learn to manage the lathe."

He then left me, and busied himself in turning out and fitting the nuts for the bolts. For my part, I grew so engrossed with my work, viewing with gratification the gradual diminution of the pile of material near my hand,

me to do, to offer assistance, or pass on, when the young lady, rising to an erect position, and turning toward me, revealed the face of Reva Diotha. The stooping position from which she had just risen had heightened the color of her complexion, and somewhat disordered her abundant locks. A tiny smudge on her chin rather added piquancy to her beauty, drawing attention, as it did, to the loveliest of dimples. The monkey-wrench in her hand showed how she had been occupied, and indicated the origin of the above-mentioned mark. Throwing back her hair over her shoulder, she frankly expressed her delight at my opportune arrival.

"You come at a good time. I dismounted to tighten this screw,"— as she spoke she gave a slight tap with the wrench, — "and was so awkward as to draw off the head. With your aid I can repair it in half the time."

By this time I was standing beside her, regarding the damaged machine with all the wisdom I could muster at the moment. Somewhat alarmed at the confidence thus expressed of my proving useful in a matter of which I felt entirely ignorant, I inquired as to whether the machine could not work at all till this repair was effected.

"I might venture on five or six miles an hour. The difficulty is, that I have only an hour in which to reach the station, where I have promised to meet a friend."

"Why might I not take you down?" said I, quite forgetting Utis in my eagerness.

"I have not yet bound up my hair," was the reply, accompanied by a faint blush.

The answer was somewhat enigmatical. Yet, though not without a glimpse of its meaning, I boldly went on, —

"Why not bind it up, then?"

With an emphatic shake of the head, and a merry laugh, she replied, —

"That might, perhaps, do in Maoria, but not here."

"Surely, there is nothing to prevent your using my machine, and keeping your engagement!" I exclaimed. "I will take charge of yours meanwhile."

Seeing me very much in earnest in my offer, she gratefully accepted, mounted, waved the usual graceful gesture of farewell, and was soon vanishing in the distance. Utis was naturally surprised to see me appear with this slow-moving exchange for my late mount. Without many questions, however, he set to work, and soon had the vehicle in working order. It was not till we had started on our way home that I recounted my adventure at greater length. For some reason, it seemed to cause him great amusement; and it was with a merry twinkle in his eye that he said, —

"You are, perhaps, not aware that you have made this morning a formal proposal to Reva Diotha."

"What!" I exclaimed, naturally startled by such an unexpected announcement.

"You need not look so frightened," he continued. "She has refused you in due form."

He then went on to explain, that among them it was not customary for a girl to ride out with a bachelor unless betrothed to him. In that case her hair, no longer allowed to hang in unrestrained luxuriance, was braided up, or confined in a net, after the manner of betrothed maidens. A not unusual way, therefore, for a young man to put a certain momentous question to the maiden of his

choice, is, for him to offer her a seat in his curricle. If the fair one consents, even by a nod, she is supposed to admit him as a suitor on probation. Her hair is then bound up by the hands of her mother, or nearest kinswoman; and the appearance of the pair in public is the acknowledged sign of the first stage of courtship. A refusal, on the other hand, is delicately conveyed by her saying that she does not like, or does not wish, to bind up her hair.

"Surely, Reva will not think that I am so"—

"Set your mind at rest. She evidently understood your proposal as you meant it, but could not, of course, explain quite freely why she was not at liberty to accept. Perhaps," he added after a pause, "it will be as well not to mention the matter at home. Reva is high-spirited, and might take amiss your exposing her to teasing remarks."

CHAPTER X.

A GAME AT CHESS.

By the time we reached home — for so I already began to regard my new abode — it was time for the mid-day collation. As was the case with the early four-o'clock breakfast, all the members of the household do not necessarily meet at this meal. Each enters the dining-room when convenient, to partake, as may seem fit, of what is provided in the compartments of the ever serviceable *cebin*. In this way the whole time between nine in the morning and six in the evening is at the free disposal of each.

After this informal repast, where we did, however, exchange a few words with the ladies of the house, Utis carried me off to his indoor retreat, a combination of study and workshop. Here was a workbench of ingenious mechanical construction, a lathe, and various tools adapted for delicate operations on glass or metal. From these articles, of which I had but little knowledge, I soon turned my attention to the contents of the book-cases. The number of volumes was not great, — about a thousand, besides a cyclopædia in one hundred volumes.

"You see before you," said Utis, noting the direction

of my eyes, the distilled quintessence of the learning and genius of twelve thousand years."

"It seems but a small space to contain so much," said I doubtfully, calling to mind the immense libraries of London and Paris.

"I fully appreciate your doubt. But each volume represents a choice classic or a standard authority on some one subject."

"Yet, as I understood you," said I, "your family has been settled in this place for about thirty-two centuries. Surely, during that period a much greater number of books than this would accumulate, almost unavoidably."

"Your remark is just. But, in the first place, these are not all the books the house contains. There is a fair collection of works of reference in your room; the ladies have their special library; there is also a separate collection for the children. In the next place, even these collections are the result of a literary struggle for existence extending over long periods.

"The first hundred volumes or so, on the upper shelves, represent the world-classics, down to the twentieth century, the best of each great name comprised in a single volume. Life is too short for becoming acquainted with any but the very best. The next four hundred volumes represent the classics that have appeared since the twentieth century. All the rest are standard works of reference.

"The classics, as you see, are mostly old, — those on the upper shelves very old; though the bindings are comparatively new, since they must be renewed every few centuries. As for the works of reference, as soon as one

is superseded by a later and better work, it is relegated to the shelves of the great depository."

"What is this depository?" inquired I, seeing him about to pass on without explanation.

"At a comparatively early period," said he, "men outgrew the childish folly of lumbering their abodes with antique rubbish. The depository is an immense fireproof building, where are preserved such culls from private libraries as are not already on its list. There they are catalogued and compactly arranged in departments by a librarian and his corps of assistants."

"Such a collection must be extensive," I remarked.

"Yes: in spite of reselections, repeated every century, the number of works will grow. It now amounts to something over a hundred millions. Besides this central library, each State possesses a more manageable collection, of a million volumes, or so. The central depository is consulted chiefly for very special researches. Your father spent many an hour there, examining a unique collection of documents bearing on the nineteenth century. Here are two volumes of his works, which it is difficult for me to imagine as not familiar to your eyes."

As may be supposed, the work referred to was viewed by me with feelings of lively interest. Numberless questions occurred to me. But I had already encroached so much on my host's time, that I felt ashamed to ask more. I begged, accordingly, for a loan of the above-mentioned volumes, and carried them off to my room.

Scarcely had I seated myself to a perusal of the work, when the recognized signal called me to the telephone.

There the voice of Ialma greeted my ears, reminding me of my promise to assist her and Reva in that game of chess. To tell the truth, the matter had not once recurred to my mind. But such a summons must be obeyed.

"I quite forgot about the game when I last saw you," said Ialma apologetically, when I entered the parlor. "I have been anxious to see you ever since, but have only now been informed by Utis that you are at liberty. If you can give us any help, it must be to-day; since the reply to Olav's last move must be sent by six o'clock, and it is now three.

"Utis," she continued, as we seated ourselves at the chess-table, "was, at one time, a champion player, but gave it up as too engrossing. Reva coaxed him to look over our game, but he gives us very little encouragement."

She produced the record, and played over the moves, while I looked on in silence.

"That is hazardous before a first-class opponent," I remarked at last, in reference to a certain move.

"It was Reva's suggestion," said Ialma, "and struck me as a brilliant attack."

"Brilliant it is," said I, "but not sound. Yet an ordinary player would almost certainly be disconcerted by it. This is the plan," continued I, while I played a few moves in advance.

"Exactly as Reva played it over to me!" exclaimed Ialma, in some surprise.

"But this is the retort to which you lay yourself open," I said, after replacing the pieces as before, and playing another series of moves.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Except the last, these are the very moves that have been played."

"What was that move?" I inquired, replacing the pieces. "That is excellent," said I, after careful study of the indicated move, "stronger, even, than that suggested by me. I am really afraid"—

"Do not say there is no hope!" said Ialma, with mingled feelings of pleasure at my praise of Olav's play, and dismay at the prospect of inglorious defeat. "Reva will feel greatly mortified."

Had she, with a woman's insight, already perceived that Reva was a name she could employ on me to conjure with? At all events, I studied the situation with renewed attention. I was, besides, anxious, in my peculiar position, to stand well in at least one subject, and that, as it seemed, of general interest. Yet there seemed but one possible issue to the contest. Regretfully I rose, to announce this as my decision, when, as I stood giving a last look to the board, the solving idea suddenly flashed upon me. Yes, — the apparently insignificant advance of that pawn would convert defeat into victory.

"You see some way?" said Ialma, who had approached to learn my decision, and marked the expression on my countenance as I reseated myself.

I was about to reply, when something caused me to look up. There, in the doorway, stood Reva, her lips parted in eager expectation.

"You have succeeded!" she exclaimed, as she advanced into the apartment, and took her stand beside Ialma.

"I think so," said I quietly. "Have you any notion as to what the next move will be?"

"I think I have tried over every feasible move," was

the reply. "I sat up late to no purpose, and was on my way to seek other advice, when you so kindly came to my assistance. You must excuse my hasty departure; but time was precious, and I little suspected you were to prove the rescuer.

"That is a strange move," she remarked dubiously. "You must be checkmated in a few moves."

"On the contrary," said I, "whatever reply is made, I am in position to force mate within four moves."

"How do you reply to that?" said she, capturing my queen, and giving check.

My unexpected reply to her move crowded her game, and led to the predicted mate.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Reva with sparkling eyes. "Yet, though the most obvious, there are other moves."

I soon satisfied her that the move referred to was the best as well as the most obvious. The moves duly noted, the conversation was diverted into other channels. Though rarely joining in the conversation, — it was, indeed, seldom safe for me so to do, — I was an excellent listener, — a qualification that experience has taught me is, by no means, the least adapted for securing good will to its possessor. This habit of mine, adopted at this time, though sorely against my will (how often has a question, trembling on my tongue, been kept back, solely from the fear of exciting surprise!), — this enforced taciturnity of mine gained for me a most undue reputation for wisdom. My brief and cautiously worded replies were listened to with a respect that to me bordered on the ludicrous.

The conversation on this occasion was presently interrupted by the return of the children from school. They

seemed delighted to see their cousin Reva. Eured, especially, hung on her, recounting the wonderful events of the school-day. Presently he said to me, —

"I saw you pass the school to-day." Then, with the inconsequence of childhood, "Reva must be very fond of you."

"What makes you think that?" inquired I, as calmly as might be, of this *enfant terrible*. As for Reva, I could not see her face. She had stooped to arrange something about the boy's sandal.

"She let you have her curricle," was the reply, uttered in a tone of conviction. "She would not let me go out in it by myself, though I love her very much."

"It was I, on the contrary, let her have my new curricle. Come and see it," I added, willing to effect a diversion, and went out with the children.

Reva remained to dinner. This was of much the same character as, but showed a pleasant variation from, that of the previous day. While we were sitting after dinner, a telephone-call sounded. The signal being answered, a voice, that of Olav, was heard.

"I have been studying your last move. Does it signify that you give up the game?"

"No!" replied Reva energetically.

"Oh! you are there," came the reply. "May I play on a move or two?"

"As many as you please, or can," was the answer of the lively girl.

The next move communicated by him was the one we expected. The retort immediately sent back was followed by a considerable delay. At last came the words, —

"I give up."

Some further conversation ensued between him and Reva, by which it appeared that Olav was to set out on the following day from Valparaiso on his return journey. Ialma presently retired to her room to hold some telephonic communication on her own account. Reva made a calculation, that by taking a certain route, and travelling in his curricle at the rate of two hundred and forty miles a day, her brother would reach home in four weeks.

Of the remainder of the evening, till the withdrawal of the ladies, I recall but little beyond the sayings and doings of Reva Diotha, the recital of which might not particularly interest the general reader.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Utis and I did not sit out on the roof this evening. He proposed, instead, to help me unpack my trunks, and arrange the contents. Hitherto I had scarcely looked into them; nor, in spite of my host's assurances, could I gain any strong sense of propriety in them. Yet while Utis, by the brilliant electric light, unpacked those things that, I felt certain, had never been packed by my hands, a strange feeling of familiarity with the different objects would grow upon me. Surely those books, writing-implements, table-ornaments, and pictures, had once been mine. All, however, had undergone a peculiar change, — a change analogous to the difference between my personal history as present to my consciousness, and that attributed to me by Utis. Last of all, he produced from the second trunk, and placed on the table, an article having some resemblance, both in size and shape, to a writing-desk that was once mine. On being opened, however, the interior presented a most unfamiliar appearance. It was a phonograph of the latest construction.

"This instrument, or, rather, the first crude idea, was known as early as your period. In its present form it

serves almost as a second memory. Its introduction into legislative halls, and similar places, in the course of the twentieth century, led to many and beneficent changes. There ensued an enormous curtailment in the length of speeches, simultaneously with great improvement both in matter and manner. Orators found in this a reporter that could neither be bullied nor bribed. Bad grammar, vulgar pronunciation, disjointed logic, — all were reproduced with pitiless accuracy.

"Would-be legislators soon found that it would be needful, both to have really something to say, and to know how to say it, if they would escape deserved ridicule. With wits sharpened by alarm and disgust, they were not long in discovering grave constitutional objections to the presence of the phonograph in the legislative chamber. They held it up to reprobation as an aristocratic device of 'literary fellers and Sunday-school politicians,' — phrases by which they expressed their loathing of any standard of knowledge or decency beyond their own. But for once the 'practical pollertishuns,' as they styled themselves, found they had made a serious mistake. The people were decidedly of different opinion from them, and let them know it. The attempt to remove the phonograph led to the political extinction of the party that tried to interfere with free audience. The instrument, and the metallic sheets containing the records, were placed under special constitutional safeguards.

"The effect upon oratory at first resembled, in some degree, that produced upon epistolary correspondence by the general use of the telegraph. To the one extreme of careless verbosity succeeded the opposite one of a dry

concision bordering on obscurity. Audibility of tone was cultivated at the expense of all other vocal qualities. In course of time, however, it was rediscovered, that, though a trope is not an argument, it may be efficiently employed to illustrate an argument, or even be used as an elegant substitute for one."

"What was the effect upon the press?" inquired I, greatly interested.

"Upon the press, — that is, the press militant, — the effect produced was analogous to that of electric power upon the factory system, — not so much extinction as organic change. By means of the phonograph, the orator was, to a great extent, restored to the position once occupied by a great speaker in Greece or Rome. Instead of addressing his real audience by means of the imperfect medium of type, he knew that every word, every tone, accent, and inflection of his voice, would fall, exactly as uttered, upon the ears of listening millions, — might possibly thrill the ears and fire the souls of a distant posterity. The greatest speeches were no longer delivered in public. In the seclusion of his closet, standing or walking, untrammelled by the presence of a critical audience, the orator could indulge in the wildest gesticulation, or assume any position likely to aid in the enunciation of his ideas. The phonograph recorded his words, which were presently borne on the wings of lightning to every part of the world."

"You speak of oratory in the past tense," said I. "Is it no longer cultivated?"

"Most great questions have been so thoroughly discussed, if not settled," replied Utis, "that oratory, as

implying an appeal to the emotions, is practically a thing of the past. As a means of establishing a theorem in exact science, an appeal to the passions is scarcely appropriate. The men of those early periods seem to us like children passionately urging absurd arguments to enforce crude notions. All we desire in a speaker is, a thorough knowledge of his subject, with exactitude and clearness of statement."

While yet speaking, he had approached the phonograph, and made some adjustment, besides connecting it with the tachygraph.

"Now listen," he said, at the same time pulling a knob.

To my astonishment, the early part of the conversation just related was repeated with a precision of intonation almost ludicrous. The effect upon me of becoming, as it were, a listener to myself, was not unlike that said to be produced upon a savage by the first view of himself in a mirror. According as the slide was moved, the tone swelled or sank; though there was a medium pitch of maximum distinctness.

"Come near," said Utis, as he caused the sound to die away to an almost inaudible murmur.

I approached, and found the tachygraph in busy operation. Utis stopped the machine, drew out a sheet of paper, and showed it to me covered with printed characters. These, I understood, represented the words just repeated by the phonograph; though I was not able to decipher the peculiar short-hand in which they were reproduced.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, as all the advantages of this invention rushed upon my mind. Here, indeed, was every man his own stenographer and printer! I was no

longer surprised at the hundred millions of volumes in the great library. The real wonder was, that, with such facilities for book-making, their number was comparatively so moderate. At my host's suggestion, however, I postponed further trial of the powers of the machine to another occasion.

"It is past nine," said Utis, "and would be time for us to retire if we purposed rising at four o'clock. For a while, however, as we shall need to sit up somewhat later, I propose that we do not rise till six. In that way, without cutting short our evenings down-stairs, as we have done, I shall be able to devote the two hours between nine and eleven to imparting the information you require. We shall have only two hours of morning exercise, it is true; but we may exert ourselves the more while we are at it, and take opportunities of exercise during the day.

"Every evening, during these hours, I will set the phonograph. You will thus be enabled to go over my instructions when I am absent. These metallic sheets will, in fact, be a permanent record of our conversations, to which you can refer at any time."

"I should wish to obtain some insight into your social system," said I, after going through the usual daily summary. "Some glimpses I have, but these serve merely to excite my curiosity to know more. I understand that all among you are equal, socially, politically, and, to a large extent, in wealth also. Now, granting that such a state of things could once be brought about, how is it made permanent? How, in fine, are you able to arrest the operation of that economic law, once considered in-

evitable as the law of gravitation, — the tendency of some to rise above the average, of others to sink below it?"

"You have there stated in a few words," replied Utis, "a question requiring volumes of history for a fair answer. In the first place, however, I would warn you to disabuse your mind of those crude generalizations once known as economical laws. A few thousand years before your period it was, no doubt, regarded as an inevitable economical law, that the stronger should eat the weaker. Yet you know, that, in your time, numbers of fat and tender weaklings went about fearlessly in the sight of strong and hungry men. A person never beholding any surface but that of the ocean would be apt to discover a general law, that there exists an inevitable tendency in certain particles of water to rise above the general level, and in others to sink below it.

"The society of your days, as compared with that now existing, was unstable as ocean compared with land. All was fluctuating, and individuals were largely at the mercy of circumstances. Some, without effort on their part, were born to virtue, happiness, and honor: others, through no apparent fault of theirs, seemed born to vice, misery, and degradation. Yet, all imperfect as it was, the civilization of your day was far in advance of that of any former age. Amid much wrong, there were genuine aspirations after justice; amid darkness, an earnest, though blind, groping toward light; amid much selfishness, much self-sacrifice and heroism. I believe, indeed, that could men have become convinced, even at that early period, of a permanently beneficial result from their self-sacrifice, the possessors of what the world had would

have been willing to share equally with their less fortunate brethren. Such a partition would then, it is true, have resulted merely in disappointment. The baser elements of society had first to be sifted out. It was chiefly the dim perception of this that rendered many so hopeless of improvement. The gradual advance perceptible, in spite of many fluctuations, in the history of our race since that time, was the effect, not of any far-reaching plan, but of the earnest endeavors of earnest men to combat evils immediately pressing on their attention. At last came a time when so much had been effected, that the task could be completed on a prescribed plan, and has since been carried towards completion with a minimum waste of effort."

CHAPTER XII.

DE REBUS ADHUC CALIGINE MERSIS.

WHAT I learned in regard to the origin of the social condition and government of his period was communicated to me by Utis in a series of conversations. I here give the substance of these conversations, adhering to the original form as closely as is permitted by the comparative inferiority of our language as a medium of expression. The ideas then received, too, have been modified and enlarged by subsequent reading and observation.

"The more or less democratical forms of government," he began, "that rose on the ruins of the decayed monarchical and aristocratical systems of your time, soon showed symptoms of decay. Based, as they were, upon principles, some sound, others utterly false, they contained within themselves the germs of dissolution. Loudly claiming to be the embodiment of justice and natural right, they soon rivalled the worst of former despotisms in corruption, and high-handed disregard of individual rights.

"Governors, legislators, and judges, appointed under the dictation of colossal sharpers and political quacks, were naturally the pliant tools of those that made them.

The law, its enforcement and interpretation, became equally engines of oppression and extortion. As if this were not enough, weak-minded enthusiasts joined with the toadies, and representatives of the criminal classes, in weakening the already insufficient safeguards of life and property. The law and its officers became simply an organization for favoring the escape of criminals from deserved punishment. In some countries, the industrious classes actually disappeared at last, ground to powder between the upper and lower millstones of oppressive government and unchecked crime. Learning, honesty, industry, died out, or took refuge in other lands. Society relapsed to a form of barbarism more frightful even than that of primitive ages, man being now armed for evil with a terrible control over the forces of nature.

"From this seething and fermenting mass were gradually evolved new political organizations. From the extremes of democracy and lawlessness, government, in these lands, naturally reverted to various systems of despotism and repression. Not only was this the sole refuge from anarchy, but it was the only means of preventing a reversion to mere savagery. Despots, however, and their satellites, do not work for nothing: some one must work to supply them with what they regard as an adequate reward for their arduous labors. Rigorous laws were put in operation to repress idleness among the thinned population left by terrible civil conflicts. Industry and prosperity revived, and even as much education as can flourish under a jealous despotism. Most acquiesced readily in the change. Better, they thought, the possibility of being crushed at a blow by an irresistible power, than to perish

piecemeal, devoured by political vermin. Had the inhabitants of these countries occupied a planet by themselves, they would, in all probability, after passing through the usual changes, gradually have raised themselves to a higher plane of civilization than before; but their despotic rulers regarded with jealousy and fear the countries where free institutions still held their own.

"You must keep in mind, that the series of changes just related did not take place in a day, nor in a century; also that the political disease ran its course with greater rapidity and with greater virulence in some countries than in others. Certain nations served as frightful examples to others.

"On these latter the warning was not always lost. The better disposed of their citizens had time to take alarm, on seeing the downward course of their neighbors. They saw the folly of being led by party cries into the support of knaves. They resolved no longer to be oppressed under the forms of liberty, and robbed in the name of law.

"In the political upheaval that ensued, the phonograph played much the same important part once filled by the printing-press during the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. Charlatans no longer found it so easy to palm themselves off as statesmen, when their every legislative utterance was spoken, as it were, in the ears of their assembled constituents.

"In the excitement of the times, many things were done that a cooler posterity has not approved. Here, in the United States, for example, the eighth article of the Constitution was abrogated by an enormous majority, in order

to attain the means of bringing to justice the worst of the monopolists and their legislative tools. A thorough weeding of the political garden was effected. By an important law, rigidly enforced by a special tribunal, every public officer became responsible, in means and person, for the due fulfilment of his duties. He that neglected the recovery of a fine due the State, was made to pay it from his own property: he that allowed a prisoner to escape, was made to suffer the full penalty in his stead. Trial by jury, having fallen into utter contempt, was abolished, except in political trials.

"In proportion as the consequences of the general relaxation of the bonds of law and morality among certain nations became evident, the temper of the people over here became stern, almost savage. Offences against the person were punished according to the *lex talionis*. The murderer was put to death, as nearly as possible in the manner he had slain his victim. In atrocious cases he was handed over to the mercies of physiological experimentists, to endure what they saw fit in the interests of the humanity he had violated.

"An earnest attempt, finally successful, was made to stamp out the criminal classes. The thief found guilty for the third time was put to death as incorrigible, painlessly as might be, but inexorably. The lazy and shiftless were gathered into what they soon found were workhouses in more than name, means being taken that effectually put it out of their power to curse society with a progeny similar to themselves. Offences against the family relation, justly regarded as the foundation of the State, were visited with such punishment as, in conjunction with

other causes, soon rendered offences of that nature among the rarest. These severe measures elicited, at first, loud shrieks from the maudlin sympathizers with crime, — the Hugos and Dickenses of the period. But, finding themselves treated with contemptuous disregard, they finally held their peace.

"The two sets of nations developing thus on such divergent lines became known, finally, as Absolutists and Liberals. The Absolutists believed, or pretended to believe, that the rule of an intelligent despot is the highest type of government. This theory found eloquent advocates, whose zeal was not allowed to go unrewarded. The Liberals held the opposite view, but never found it worth while arguing the matter.

"For centuries Absolutists and Liberals, in spite of occasional bickerings, and a few trials of strength, continued to develop, each in their own way attaining a high degree of material prosperity. But at last arose a great military genius. By a series of successful campaigns, he reduced all the Absolutist monarchies under one huge empire. He next attacked and overwhelmed, in spite of a desperate resistance, the Liberal nations of the Old World. It was during this conflict that London was reduced to a heap of ruins.

"Fired with the hope of universal empire, he next resolved on the subjugation of America. His fleets, armed with the tremendous inventions of scientific warfare, overbore all opposition, and landed an immense army upon our shores. Never was the cause of liberty in greater peril. For almost a full year he held the whole Atlantic region; but finally, at a cost still frightful to recall, the

invader was first checked, then driven back toward the coast, and, at last, captured with what remained of his army. The vanquished monarch would fain have prated of generosity to a fallen foe; but the gray-haired farmer, whom the course of events had raised to the dictatorship, took no such view. He sternly replied, —

"'This has been no childish game. Two millions of our people have perished. Your success meant death to us: ours means death to you, and the system you represent.'

"The dictator kept his word. Within six months he carried out his threat by hanging, in his own capital, the 'Last of the Despots,' in company with all his ministers and chief officers. There had been but slight resistance. The nations joyfully accepted the free institutions for which they had long secretly pined. Despotism had received its final blow. A sort of federal union of nations was then formed, by which all became pledged to preserve a republican form of government throughout the world, and to guarantee to each nation the integrity of its territory, even amicable arrangements for transfer or union being subject to the approval of all.

"Since then, the progress of mankind in good government has been peaceful and continuous. The stern temper generated by the long struggle between rival principles gradually softened away; though the maxims, 'Resist the beginnings of evil,' and 'Mercy to the bad is cruelty to the good,' have become settled principles of action.

"Our main reliance, after all, is upon education. The training of the young is regarded as the one great duty,

both of the family and of the State. Having no army, no navy, no expensive hierarchy of public functionaries, we are able to devote a great part of our energies and resources to this most important of duties. The acquisition of the knowledge to be obtained from books, though by no means neglected, we regard as the least important branch of education. Regarding a sound, equally developed body as the foundation of all the rest, we impart to our youth of both sexes a twofold physical training. The æsthetic training includes such exercises, by means of formal gymnastics, games, and a species of complicated dance somewhat resembling the military evolutions of ancient times, as tend to impart activity and grace. Mere muscular strength we leave to follow as it may; yet we know, from various sources, that we have degenerated neither in strength nor stature. The industrial training includes such training in the use of tools and instruments as shall make the hands the reliable servants of the brain.

"In our system of mental culture, including moral, intellectual, and æsthetic training, we combine the advantages of private with those of public tuition. Morals, including politeness, self-government, the acquisition of lofty ideals of conduct, we regard as specially, though not exclusively, the province of family training. At home, too, the children go over their book-lessons with the guidance and assistance of their elders. This task, or, rather, this most delightful of our occupations, the parents share, according to individual preference for certain studies; though either would be able and glad to undertake the whole.

"At school much of the time is occupied in that industrial training already referred to, and in the practical application of the mechanical and scientific principles that underlie our industrial system. At special schools, when arrived at a suitable age, the young receive instruction in the handicraft they intend to practise during life."

"Do all learn a mechanical occupation?" I inquired.

"All, without exception."

"But the children of wealthy parents?" I asked.

"They too," was the reply. "At a very early period it was found that the excessive accumulation of wealth in certain families led to very serious evils. Of those, that, without any merit or exertion on their part, became rich by inheritance, it was found, that, for one useful to society in proportion to his riches, there were dozens of mere drones inflated with the idiotic pride of uselessness, besides many actively noxious by their vices. The power of bequest was, accordingly, limited by law. After several fluctuations, it settled down to this: no person, however wealthy, was allowed to bequeath to any one person more than a certain amount. This, in the values of your period, might be estimated at about twenty thousand dollars. It was reasoned, that with a good education, and a capital of the specified amount, if a person could not manage to make a living, his living or dying was of very little consequence to the community."

"But that was rank socialism!" said I, to whom, for special reasons, such doctrines were most distasteful.

"The owner," replied Utis, "was not deprived of his property, nor even of the power of bequeathing it in

other ways. But society considered itself justified in forbidding the owner to employ his wealth in a way that experience had shown to be injurious, nay, dangerous, to the community."

"Was not this found seriously to check the desire to accumulate?"

"It would have been desirable had it done so to a greater extent than was the case," replied Utis. "Few, with all their efforts, can in a lifetime accumulate so much as to be hampered, in any way, by such a law. As for the accumulation of colossal fortunes, that was a result to be feared rather than favored. Men, after all, amass great wealth, rather from favoring circumstances than as the result of far-reaching plans having any reference to posterity. The result of the above-mentioned laws, adopted by the community solely as a means of self-defence, was not the cessation of saving, but the more equal diffusion of wealth. Some, after providing for their immediate family and more distant relatives, as far as the law permitted, would leave the residue for some public object. Others, desirous of perpetuating some great business in their name, would distribute shares among the most faithful of their employees, leaving the control in the hands of their own family. In this way, what would once have been restricted to the support of a single family in superfluous luxury, became the comfortable maintenance of a number."

"If so much time is devoted to industrial training," was my next objection, "there cannot be much left for the culture to be obtained from books."

"Your remark is based upon a misconception," was the

response. "For one thing, our industrial is also our professional training, to which, even in your period, a certain amount of time must have been devoted. Our children, besides, have many advantages over those of the nineteenth century. By the aid of a rational alphabet, though they do not learn to read in one week, yet they do acquire the power of spelling any word as pronounced in our language. Not being obliged to fritter away our energies on the study of other tongues, we are able to devote the more time and care to the mastery of our own."

"I can easily conceive," said I, "that the study of what, in my time, were called the classical tongues, has passed away; since their influence on thought and expression must have become extensively diluted by subsequent influences. But do you not study other languages contemporaneous with your own?"

"How can there be more than one living language?" he exclaimed with some surprise. Then, recollecting himself, he added, "I ought to have remembered the state of matters in your day. For us, however, it is as difficult to conceive of civilized man differing so widely in language, measures, and similar matters, as for you to realize the state of things when every district was inhabited by hostile tribes, differing in almost every respect."

"What an enormous economy of time and mental energy!" I exclaimed, thinking with regret of the years of effort spent on language alone. "But do none study any language but their mother-tongue?"

"Only those that do so for special purposes. Your father, for example, was well acquainted with the ancient

Anglian current in the latter part of the second chiliad. But such knowledge as his and yours is as rare as was, in that time, the ability to decipher Accad or Himaritic inscriptions."

"But what language is this I am now speaking?" I inquired with surprise. I had hitherto spoken and understood the speech of those around me with all the unconsciousness of a child, who utters his thoughts without giving a thought to the means of utterance.

"The present universal language is based upon the Anglian of your day much as that was based upon Saxon. The introduction of a rational orthography, at a period when it was already the mother-tongue of more than one hundred millions of people, led to its rapid adoption as a universal means of communication. The language first became modified in the direction of greater grammatical simplicity, subsequently in increased harmony of pronunciation. The greatest change arose from the enormous increase of the vocabulary by the adoption of a great variety of synonymes from many languages. In your time there were about a dozen different words signifying a dwelling. Now there are more than a hundred; each, when appropriately employed, conveying a different shade of meaning.

"Such a language," he continued, "necessarily demands careful study if its full capabilities are to be elicited. Arithmetic, again, is greatly simplified among us by the universal use of the duodecimal system. No fractions but duodecimals being employed, our entire arithmetical instruction is comprised in a thorough drill in the use of the four fundamental rules and their appli-

cations. A year is found amply sufficient for this, the more so because intricate calculations are, for the most part, performed by the aid of machines. The same economy of effort is observed throughout the other branches of pure mathematics, and all sciences worthy of the name are now but branches of mixed mathematics.

"The acquaintance with the tools of knowledge is usually obtained by the age of fifteen. At this age the boy, — I say boy, as I shall first speak of his further training; though up to this point boys and girls receive the same training, — the boy, I say, is expected to have a fair mastery of language as an instrument of expression, and a slight knowledge of literature. I say a slight knowledge, because he has hitherto been carefully kept from indiscriminate reading. A thorough knowledge of a few books is thought of more value than a skimming over many. He is expected also to possess all the mathematical knowledge required for his further studies. In addition to drawing, photography, and similar aids, he has acquired the management of the most important tools, and has had practice in the working of metals and other materials. His handicraft is now chosen for him."

"Can he not choose for himself?" I inquired.

"The matter is arranged somewhat as follows: if my son, for example, wishes to follow my pursuit, he may do so; since there are many evident advantages in so doing. But if, as is often the case, he does not wish to do so, he adopts the line of work assigned to him. A great part of the misery of ancient times arose from waste of various kinds. Not the least of these was the waste of misdirected effort, resulting in the overcrowding of callings.

The avoidance of waste in every way is one of the chief means that enables us to live in comfort with so much less exertion than the people of ancient times. Carefully gathered statistics enable us to estimate, not only the amount of any product on hand at a given time, but also the number of new producers of any class that will be required within a given number of years. Guided by these estimates, we avoid over-production in either direction. A certain number of each class of employments is assigned to each district every year, and divided among the boys of the proper age. Much latitude is permissible, however, in the carrying out of this law; and none is made to adopt a trade to which he has a decided objection.

"As a great part of every trade is performed by machinery, and the boys have already great manual skill, a year suffices for them to master their handicraft. Then begins the serious study of his professional, skilled, or artistic pursuit."

"Has every one two occupations?" I inquired.

"Yes, each follows two employments; some, like myself, three."

"What are those?" inquired I.

"My handicraft is, as you have seen, bolt-making, — that of my father before me. By profession I am a physician. But there is so little call for my advice in my specialty, that first as an amusement, now as a business, I make the finer parts of microscopes. You have seen my tools. Ulmene, again, has for handicraft, weaving. By a curious reversion to the practice of primitive ages, the making of all textile fabrics is now the peculiar occu-

pation of woman. Ialma, as you may know, is a stocking-weaver. Her artistic pursuit is photography, in which she shows no mean skill. You must have her show you her workroom, and some specimens of her work.

"Is each allowed to choose his artistic employment?" I asked.

"Yes: that is left entirely to the taste of the individual concerned. Thus, Ulmene from childhood showed an unusual aptitude for music. You have heard her play. Urged on by the impulse of the moment, she poured out that flood of harmony. By a device on the principle of the phonograph, every note was correctly recorded, so that she is enabled at leisure to correct and improve what was poured out in a moment of inspiration. Being in no haste to publish, she will probably spend a year in polishing that first impulsive effort."

"Reva Diotha," I could not refrain from inquiring, — "what are her employments?"

"Reva," said Utis, "is a peculiar girl, with somewhat boyish tastes. She passes her early morning-hours in brass-turning. Her work is of wonderful finish, and I have often been glad of her assistance in my specialty. The afternoon she devotes to the artistic chasing of the clasps for those silken girdles, — the most expensive article of feminine attire."

"Girls are permitted, then, to follow such masculine employments as brass-turning?" said I.

"Boys and girls have an equal right to enter any employment. By tacit consent, however, weaving has been conceded to woman as being neat, and demanding no

great muscular exertion. No boy would dare the ridicule caused by his infringing on woman's work. A girl willing to soil her hands with men's work is merely thought odd.

"Reva's mother died in giving her birth, and her father has never quite recovered from the shock. The girlish love that would have been her mother's is shared between her father and brother, to both of whom she bears an extraordinary affection. It was in order to be in their company as much as possible that she elected to learn their craft. Her father, a silent, self-contained man, is regarded as one of the greatest of living mathematicians. It is said that there are only a dozen people, or so, in the world, capable of fully appreciating his last work. At present he is engaged on a more popular subject, — the history of his favorite science. The tender affection Reva bears that father seems to leave no room for other love. You are by no means the first for whom she has declined to bind up her pretty dark-brown locks."

Utis smiled as he uttered those words, while his eyes twinkled with a quiet humor. Then, noting the lateness of the hour, he bade me good-night, and left me to dream of Reva Diotha.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EXCURSION.

During an interval in the labor of the following morning, Utis informed me that business called him that day to Nuiore. Under ordinary circumstances he would make the journey by rail. But he now proposed to go by curricle, in order to afford me an opportunity of seeing the country.

Soon after the morning concert, accordingly, we set out at an easy rate of about fifteen miles an hour. I could not sufficiently admire the uniform smoothness of the roads, the high cultivation of the land, and the general air of completeness in every thing. Observing that the ground, wherever visible, was as moist as if rain had fallen, which I knew not to be the case, I inquired the reason.

"That," said Utis, "is the effect of irrigation. Whenever rain does not afford a sufficient supply, the water stored up, as I before mentioned, is let out between the furrows. We have attained, it is true, to a certain control over the rain-supply; but that control extends rather to the regulation of the general average than of the supply in detail. Irrigation is the basis of our agricul-

ture. Without that, every thing is, to a great extent, a matter of chance. With irrigation, we not only secure the utmost yield from a rich soil, but raise fair crops from almost pure sand."

My attention was frequently called, as we sped along, to spots of high historic interest. But to me the names were without interest, awoke no associations; even as to Alfred, if permitted to revisit the land he loved so well, and so well defended, Hastings, Runnymede, Marston Moor, would be but empty sounds.

On reaching the summit of the highest ground intervening between us and the city, we came in view of what I supposed, at first, to be an extensive lake, glittering in the rays of the morning sun.

"That is the roof of the Winter Garden," was the information I received. "We can spare the time for a brief inspection."

Those who have seen the so-called Crystal Palace at Sydenham may form some faint conception of the immense structure now before us. Imagine a surface of fully one hundred acres, under one roof of *ualin*. In general, the height of the roof was not more than thirty feet; but, in places, it rose to a height sufficient to enclose palms and other tropical trees of the loftiest species. These, however, were confined to a comparatively small area of the entire enclosure.

In some places extensive areas were laid down under permanent sward. Elsewhere were seen vineyards and orchards. The vines and fruit-trees in these were so trained as not to blossom till November, when the whole area was covered in and heated to a moderate tempera-

ture. At the time of my visit, however, the greater part of the ground was under crops, — the second of the year, as I was given to understand. After this second crop was harvested, the ground would again be carefully tilled, and planted with crops requiring much manual attention.

During the winter many people, advised to do so by their physicians, took up their residence under this gigantic roof. Houses were, of course, unnecessary; but light tents were set up for the sake of the desired privacy. Here, in an equable temperature, never allowed to rise above seventy degrees Fahrenheit, they pursued, for the most part, their usual occupations, and amused themselves with gardening. Long experience had enabled them so to adjust the proportions of plant-life and animal-life under the vast enclosure, that the atmosphere within always remained pure and health-giving.

Being here within easy reach of their friends, the Winter Garden being also frequently made the scene of outdoor festivities not permitted elsewhere by the season, the inmates enjoyed all the benefit of a residence in a mild climate without the separation from loved persons and associations that often more than neutralizes the benefit of climate.

I may mention, in this connection, that the winter climate of the North-Atlantic region had, from various causes, become greatly ameliorated from its present severity. The winter climate of Nuiore had thus come greatly to resemble that of Northern Italy. The orange, the fig, the pomegranate, and the citron were as much at home on the banks of the Hudson as are now the peach and the vine. Many species of bamboo, and other useful

or ornamental plants similarly acclimatized, would at times, unexpectedly meeting my eye, make me doubt for a moment whether these were really the once familiar banks of the Mohegan.

Yet, comparatively mild as the climate had become, it must have been pleasant to resort, on occasion, to these winter-gardens, to feast the eye, if only for a brief space, with the sight of orchard and orange-grove in full bloom, or covered with rich fruit, in the dead of winter. Here, too, was kept an extensive collection of strange animals. The larger carnivora, it is true, had long since become extinct as the mammoth; all attempts at preserving specimens in captivity having ultimately failed. There were, however, fine specimens of the elephant, the camel, and other semi-domestic animals. But the great attraction, the glory of the garden, were the herds of cows and of horses, so familiar by name in the early history of mankind, but now never seen except in such collections.

It was not long after leaving this charming spot, of which I had to content myself with a hasty inspection, when the city began to show in the distance. Soon the faint hum became more audible as it was borne to our ears on the sea-breeze that tempered the warmth of the hot July sun.

We entered the city by one of the avenues assigned to the use of curricles. This was called the Avenue of Sciences. The emblematic statues, at the cross-streets, represented the various sciences in the persons of the two, one of each sex, who had most highly contributed to the advancement of that science.

The aspect of this great thoroughfare was much the same as that of the street I had first seen. The like ranges of lofty buildings, with their columned arcades, extended seaward in long perspective. Similar throngs of pedestrians passed along the colonnades, or over the bridges that spanned the street. No pedestrian trespassed on the central causeway, which was thronged with curricles in rapid motion, though not so rapid as in the open country. I had myself guided my curricle till we entered the city: then I was glad to relinquish the tiller to the more experienced hands of my companion.

When we had proceeded down town to about where Union Square now stands, Utis drew up beside the curbstone, behind a long line of empty curricles. Following his guidance, I ascended with him to the topmost story of the building before which we had halted. On emerging from the elevator, we found ourselves on the roof, at a height to which the sounds of the busy world below ascended only as a faint murmur. The change of scene had all the suddenness of a theatrical transformation. It was like being at once transported from the midst of Broadway at its busiest to the calm of an unfrequented islet in the Southern Ocean.

The general aspect of all around me might have lent itself to such an illusion. Here we found ourselves in the midst of trees, flowers, and carpet-like sward. Those that remained in the city in charge of the buildings, or confined there by other duties, cut off, with their families, from the ordinary delights of the country, had here created for themselves a peculiar landscape.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the scene. Imagine

long strips of verdure, limited in width to about thirty yards, but extending in length for miles. Parallel with these, and connected with them by shorter strips, were similar long stretches of garden, extending to where, in the horizon, they narrowed to converging lines. The verdure-clad *atolls* of the Pacific would afford, perhaps, the nearest approach to their appearance, if we could picture to ourselves those *atolls* as fenced in by balustrades of stone having on the farther side, not the glassy ocean, but a precipitous chasm. At the point where we had emerged into this aerial garden we might be about two miles from its southern extremity.

"I have some professional business to attend to," said Utis, after indicating to me the points of interest in the landscape. "Meanwhile you may proceed leisurely toward the tower you see at the seaward extremity of this garden. As there is a fine view from the top, and other matters of interest, I shall probably find you there when I return."

CHAPTER XIV.

CO-EDUCATION.

Left to myself, I strolled slowly along the path that led down the midst of this strange park, or garden. I inhaled with delight the sea-breeze, which blew steadily and with a delicious coolness at this elevation. I was only surprised to see comparatively so few enjoying what, if now available, would prove a constant attraction. The reason, after all, was not far to seek. The city-dwellers, who tended and enjoyed these gardens, were now in the busy part of their day. They resorted hither, either to enjoy the bracing morning air or the evening breeze. The few I saw scattered here and there, at wide intervals, were probably strangers, like myself, to the city. Yet to none could the scene be so strangely novel as to me, seeing that similar roof-gardens were a constant element in urban scenery.

About half-way to the tower, I approached one of the seats placed near the parapet, and, leaning over, looked down into the busy street. I hastily drew back. The parapet, though in reality abundantly strong, seemed to my imagination perilously frail, so frightful was the down-look.

On reaching the tower, I found it pierced by an archway affording passage to a spacious balcony. Standing on this, near where the Battery is now situated, I saw before me the bay, studded with craft of strange appearance. Near at hand I recognized Governor's, Bedloe's, and Ellis's Islands. But how altered their aspect! Governor's Island no longer presented a trace of any thing resembling a fort, or any sign of man's distrust or defiance of man. On the site of Brooklyn stood a city, statelier and more turret-crowned even than her predecessor of the present. In the foreground were granite docks fringed with shipping. From the edge of the docks extended a broad, open space unencumbered with buildings of any kind. Massive warehouses lined the farther edge of the esplanade, on which could be distinguished the locomotive wagons, sometimes singly, sometimes in long lines, carrying to and fro the cargoes that constituted the material of commerce between different hemispheres.

Farther back from the water, the city, though abounding in stately edifices, was no longer so closely built, but displayed among its masonry a large amount of foliage. This arose, as I afterwards discovered, from the city being throughout arranged in squares, each enclosing an expanse of verdure.

Brooklyn had become a great university city, where, during six months of the year, some fifty thousand students, of both sexes, attended the prelections of celebrated teachers. My first thought, upon hearing this, was, By what possible means do the authorities manage to preserve order among such a concourse? How are

explosions prevented among such a mass of inflammable material? The solution of this seeming riddle was, after all, sufficiently simple. A brief sojourn at a university was the climax of a long course of culture, not the enforced duty of thoughtless and immature youth.

Some account has already been given of the earlier education of the youth of the period. The fundamental training imparted in the schools and academies within easy reach of every home was so thorough, that upon it any superstructure could be raised. Years of effort were not wasted upon the acquisition of the language of a dead and buried civilization, in gaining more or less insight — usually less — into a system of thought, that, upon most matters of vital interest, is soon found, notwithstanding its charm of expression, to be crude to the verge of childishness.

Here each study had a well-defined purpose, as part of a carefully devised system of mental culture, in which the balance was nicely adjusted between the desirable and the attainable. Education was not looked upon as merely the special business of a few years, a task to be hurried over during the period of immature mental development. It was rather regarded as the main business of life, to which all else was merely accessory. All accomplished during childhood and youth was but laying the foundation of a higher culture, by securing the healthy unfolding of the mental faculties, while acquiring the stock of sound elementary knowledge needful as the instrument of further acquisition.

Boys, as we have seen, began at fifteen the study of their special handicraft; at sixteen that of their profes-

sional, or artistic, pursuit. Yet, meantime, their mental training was by no means neglected. Without leaving his native village, a young man could, by means of the phonograph, be brought in contact with the master-minds of the age.

I was once present when, in the lecture-hall of the village academy, a lecture was delivered on a certain point of physics. The scene was to me novel and instructive. On a table near the upper end of the hall stood the wonderful instrument that was to reproduce the utterances of the great scientist, a Tyndall of the period. Beside the instrument stood the expositor, pointer in hand, in order to indicate, at the appropriate moment, the points referred to in the diagram displayed close by. Even this diagram had been transmitted by electricity, an exact reproduction of that described by the lecturer on his prepared plane two thousand miles away.

When the audience was duly seated, the expositor had only to move a small lever on the table before him in order to open the lecture. The hall was admirably adapted in acoustic properties to the purpose for which it was intended. The utterance from the phonograph was so natural and distinct, that I had difficulty in realizing that it was not the voice of the expositor. The lecture was first listened to without interruption. Then the expositor invited questions from the audience. Having made a note of these, he again set the instrument going, till he caused it to cease at the point on which some question bore. This satisfactorily elucidated, he again set it going, and so on to the end.

From the nature of their questions, I could perceive

that the girls, who occupied one side of the auditorium, were as intelligently appreciative of the lecture as were the youths, their fellow-students. All were expected to take notes of each lecture. This was effected by their repeating to their private phonograph, as soon as convenient, what they recollected of the lecture.

At my request Reva favored me with a sight, or, rather, hearing, of her phonographic notes on the lecture above referred to. I was amazed at the accuracy with which she had reproduced the substance of what had been said, though, of course, with somewhat altered diction. The parents, by this means, became the examiners of the students, — examiners the more efficient since they could bring unwearied attention to a task in which enlightened affection prompted vigilant care. As will afterwards be seen, parental authority and parental responsibility were supreme social forces, not antiquated abstractions to be flouted at by silly, would-be reformers, and weakened by unwise legislation.

That Hulmar Edial was no mere passive or reluctant listener to his daughter's summary of the lecture was evident enough from the questions and remarks interpolated by him. The questions were brief but searching. Reva, too, occasionally interrupted her summary by remarks that showed both a thorough knowledge of and interest in the subject.

I cannot truthfully say, that I had been wonderfully interested in the lecture at the time of its delivery. A discourse of which one comprehends only enough to appreciate the depths of one's ignorance is not apt, as a usual thing, to rouse enthusiastic attention on the part

of the listener. But this summary in the words of Reva, with the remarks interspersed, seemed to throw a new light upon the subject.

It was in Utis's parlor that I first heard the phonographic notes. I asked, and obtained, permission to keep for a few days the thin metallic sheet on which the sounds were recorded. In the retirement of my study I placed the sheet in my phonograph, and was thus enabled, as often as I pleased, — and I was often pleased, — to listen to Reva's summary of the lecture. The voice with its melodious inflections conversing, as it were, on a subject of interest, in the softest, yet most expressive, of languages ever uttered by human tongue, had the effect of the sweetest music. At intervals would come in the deeper tones of her father's voice. The effect was so startlingly natural, that, at times, I could not help looking in the direction whence the sounds seemed to proceed. For such was the perfection of the instrument, that it not only reproduced each voice with all the fidelity of a photograph, but also indicated the distance and direction of the speaker. It was, naturally, not an uncommon practice for the people of this age to hold converse, in this way, with loved ones separated by distance or death.

With this explanation, it will readily be perceived how potent a means of education had become the telephone and phonograph. There was no need to gather, far from home influences, crowds of callow youths into assemblages whose numbers rather embolden to mischief and folly than incite to a noble emulation. Nor were the undeniable advantages of association with those of similar age lost. Curricles rendered distances of twenty

miles, or so, a trifle; and, as we have seen, the population was dense. Each district had, accordingly, an institution for higher education, resorted to by some five hundred young people, for about four hours, on six days in the week.

In these institutions, whether by local teachers, or by lectures delivered by the highest accepted authorities on special subjects, the young continued their education, concurrently with other duties, till marriage. The earliest legal age for this was twenty-five for men, and twenty-three for women. The young couple usually started on a two-months' wedding journey, — either a rapid tour of the world, or, more commonly, the young wife visited, in company with her husband, the places where he had resided, and of which she had heard so much from him during the period of enforced expatriation, of which we shall afterwards hear. On their return, it was usual for both to spend six months, at least, at some great university, to receive the finishing touches to their education.

The universities were open only during the winter season, from the beginning of November till May. For that reason, almost all marriages took place about the beginning of September, that and the following month being also regarded as the most pleasant for travelling. This wedding journey was performed, for the most part, in curricle, the railway being employed only for long distances.

The journey was all the more delightful from the fact, that, on the one hand, the bride now, for the first time, tasted the delights of distant travel and unrestrained locomotion, the one privilege denied to girls; on the other,

the young husband had the long-anticipated delight of initiating his second self to this new and freer life, and introducing her to the homage of the friends of his *wander-jahre*. If she took special delight in travelling, their return might be delayed as long as a year; but usually her domestic instincts would render her glad to return by the end of the second month.

There was, besides, the required residence of six months at the university before they could settle down to entire domesticity. They were at liberty to select a foreign university; but, for many reasons, that nearest their native place was usually preferred. The advanced study of certain subjects, medicine for example, could not be entered upon till after marriage, a great majority of physicians being women. The latter, to whom certain branches of the medical profession were exclusively confined, studied in their own halls, under professors of their own sex.

Those, of course, that intended to make medicine a specialty, went through a more extended course. But, whatever else might be studied during the six-months' residence, every woman was expected to go through a prescribed course, adapted to render her, on ordinary occasions, the physician of her own household. This was the more feasible, because, while medicine had really become a science, the simple, regular course of life led by all had long banished the complicated ailments that now tax the skill of the physician. In like manner every man was required to go through such a course of law as rendered him capable of holding the official positions that all, in rotation, were obliged to accept. For, strange to say,

office was no longer sought after as a boon worthy the sacrifice of every vestige of truth, honor, and self-respect, but was merely accepted with resignation, yet without repugnance, as an unavoidable duty to the community.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Though all the above particulars were not known to me at the time; yet I knew sufficient to make me regard with intense interest the great city that lay before me, where university life was carried on under such novel conditions. Novel to me, I should say, for the system had been in operation for thousands of years. Buildings could there be seen, venerable both from the associations that clustered around them, and from an antiquity rivalled by no edifice now existing, except, perhaps, the pyramids. That extensive pile to the right, its numerous domes glittering with their coverings of *ualin* of various hues, was the great Travud Uergol, or College of Electric Science. That still more extensive series of edifices on the outer verge of the city was the Muetra, or Medical College for Women, to whose portals husbands might escort their wives, but were not permitted to enter.

Rich by the bequests of many generations of grateful alumnæ, this college was endowed to superfluity with all that could further the important object for which it existed, and offered all its resources, without charge, to the thousands of fair young brides, who, as students, thronged

during winter its august portals. As well as I could make out from my point of view, the Muetra consisted of a series of quadrangles enclosing extensive open spaces adorned with grass, trees, flowers, and fountains. Interspersed with these were frequent statues of those who had deserved well of mankind by advancement of the healing art, and of benefactors of the college.

Even from that distance I could distinguish the magnificent central avenue of cedars of Lebanon, the boast and glory of the college, with which they were almost coeval. During the summer the grounds were open to the public. It was, indeed, during a visit there, in company with Utis, that I saw and heard much of what is here mentioned.

He then told me of his first visit there in company with Ulmene, then a wife of two months. The husbands of the fair students were admitted, it seems, on certain occasions, to a sort of public reception, much as ladies are now admitted to a view of the clubs of their male relatives. One of these days was the opening day, when the students for that year appeared, to enter their names on the great roll. On this occasion each was usually accompanied by her mother, who with pride introduced her daughter to the well-remembered walks and buildings so closely associated with those happy days of early wifehood. She would, also, probably show her, on the ancient rolls, the long series of ancestresses, her predecessors, extending far back into the distant past, who, like her, had trodden those time-honored halls.

After I had sufficiently feasted my eyes on the prospect from the balcony, I ascended the tower. This proved to be an observatory, rising to about a hundred and fifty

feet above high water. From this elevation I could see far up the Sound, and over Long Island, cultivated like a garden, and dotted with the clumps of trees that indicated the presence of a home. Turning toward the ocean, I could see for about twelve miles beyond the island.

Of all that met my eye, the ocean alone seemed unchanged. The glints of varying color, the whitecaps, the surge upon the sandy shore, were even as of old. The very ships, at that distance, were not unlike those of eighty centuries before. While my nostrils snuffed up the well-remembered odor, my eyes followed the long line of white along the Jersey shore, toward where, in the distance, I fancied lay that beach forever associated with such sweet and bitter recollections. A feeling of strange sadness came over me, a sort of homesick longing for that past which already began to seem so unreal.

An approaching step recalled me to myself. A young man, perhaps a year or so older than myself, and of a countenance strikingly intellectual, issued from the door that opened on the balcony. Observing that my eye was attracted by the strange-looking instrument he carried in his hand, he said, with a pleasant smile, —

"Perhaps you would like to see me visit the instruments?"

I duly acknowledged his courtesy, and followed to a dome-shaped apartment of large size, filled with instruments of even stranger appearance than that which had attracted my attention. With this instrument he proceeded to perform certain operations, as mysterious in purpose as the instrument was peculiar in form. This completed, he courteously began an explanation of the

various uses of the strange objects before us. My silent attention apparently impressed him favorably in regard to my general intelligence and love of science. Yet his instruments were, in reality, even less intelligible to me than those I have wonderingly regarded in the Park Observatory.

We were still engaged in this way when Utis made his appearance. He greeted my kind informant with the air of an old acquaintance, and introduced me. On learning my name, Anvar Siured, for so the scientist was named to me, urgently pleaded that we should partake of the mid-day refection in company with his father, who, it seemed, was director of the observatory.

"I have not had the advantage of meeting your father," said Anvar; "but, from the high regard I know my father cherishes to the memory of Eured Thiusen, I know he would greatly regret not seeing you."

On following to the study, we found a handsome, gray-haired gentleman seated before a calculating machine and a board, on which were traced complicated curves. He was deeply immersed in the solution of a problem. At a gesture from the son, we awaited in silence the leisure of the absorbed astronomer; while, to my equal interest and astonishment, he caused a marking-point to move over the face of the board, in obedience to the changes he made in the symbols on the table before him.

After I had been duly introduced, I took advantage of the marked kindness of my reception to inquire, in regard to the instrument before me, whether it could be made to describe any curve whatever.

"Any plane curve," was the reply of the old gentleman, evidently gratified by the interest displayed in an instrument that owed great improvements to himself.

At his request I wrote down a function whose curve I wished to see. On glancing over what I had written down, the elder Siured uttered an exclamation of pleasurable recognition; while his son looked at the characters with the blank expression of one to whom they conveyed no idea whatever.

"It was your father taught me the long-lost meaning of that ancient notation employed in the infancy of science. This is what that signifies," he continued, addressing his son, and writing down a new set of symbols, of which all that I could understand was, that the notation employed was much more compact than mine.

It sounded strange to my ears to hear the science of Newton, Lagrange, and Gauss described as the "infancy of science," and their methods alluded to as antique curiosities. I could not but acknowledge to myself, however, that some progress had been made since their days, when I beheld the required curve described in about as short a time as I had taken to write down its formula.

In the course of our return journey, Utis, after answering some other inquiries on my part, said, in reference to the interesting family whose hospitality we had enjoyed, —

"In the Siureds you see a good exemplification of what I told you in regard to our twofold employments. From four till eight in the morning, you would find the

elder Sinred energetically working the machine by which he finishes the soles for sandals. He thus maintains the vigorous health that has enabled him, for so many years, to devote some ten hours a day to science.

"The machine that so interested you is his special hobby and relaxation. The important improvements due to him have rendered that machine about as perfect in one way as can be desired. But he has set his heart on rendering the machine capable of solving completely the converse as well as the direct problem."

"What is that?" inquired I.

"At present the machine solves perfectly the direct problem, — Given a function, to describe its curve. He wishes to adapt it to the solution of the converse problem, — Given any plane curve, to write down its function."

"That seems to me difficult, if not impossible," said I dubiously.

"The simpler cases are already mastered, however," was the reply; "and he expresses great hopes in regard to the rest."

"But these pursuits of his must involve considerable expense," said I, remembering the comparatively small capital that each could inherit.

"All expenses are probably covered by the small contribution received from every educational institution throughout the world that makes use of his inventions. In return, he gives a full right to all improvements as he reports them. More than this he does not desire."

"You have, then, such things as patent rights among you," I remarked.

"Yes: we consider it but just that a man should enjoy the fruits of intellectual, as well as of any other, labor. The royalty is generally small, however, and is fixed by a jury of experts. Yet, having the whole world as customer, a useful improvement often brings in immense sums to the inventor."

"How are such large fortunes disposed of," said I, "seeing that they cannot be left to one person?"

"That is sometimes a puzzle to the owner himself. A great income is, at present, of no personal advantage. It cannot procure a comfort beyond what all enjoy, nor does it confer an iota of social power. It has even become difficult to find conspicuous ways of employing it to the public advantage, our institutions are so numerous, and so liberally endowed by the generosity of a long series of public benefactors. The patentee, accordingly, frequently surrenders all rights to the public, or conveys them to the trustees of the general fund.

"Great wealth, in fact, is neither desired nor desirable among us. It is an imputation on a man's memory, it is true, if he leaves impaired the patrimony inherited from his father. But that maintained as received, his mind is at rest. The tendency has been, therefore, to increase slightly, from generation to generation, the ancestral inheritance; and, *pari passu*, the legal maximum of bequest has also been gradually raised."

He then went on to explain the origin and manner of administration of the general fund. This, it seems, was a kind of insurance-fund, towards which all married persons contributed a certain amount every year. It was also the recipient of numerous bequests, of nearly all the

superfluous wealth, in fact, that was left by testators. From this fund was replaced all property lost by fire, — by any accident, indeed, beyond the owner's care.

Fires, it may be remarked in passing, were of extremely rare occurrence, as might be inferred from the highly incombustible nature of their building material, into which wood did not enter, being very sparingly employed, even in furniture. Life-insurance was not needful, seeing that every family had a certain amount of property; and premature deaths, among the men at least, were comparatively rare.

Any assistance required by a family on account of sickness, or similar misfortune, was cheerfully accorded by the related families, the family-feeling being very strong. Children, orphaned of both parents, found many eager to adopt them. The supply of such children was, in fact, far below the demand; the one want of many households being that crowning grace, — little ones to love and care for.

During the rest of the journey, and after we had retired to my study, I received much further information in regard to the social arrangements of the period. This, said Utis, was the more necessary, because, on the following day, I should meet and be introduced to a larger number of people than I had seen as yet, including a number of relatives by my mother's side.

"What is the occasion?" I naturally inquired.

"To-morrow is the day of rest," was the reply.

A moment's reflection showed me that such was the case. It was now the evening of the day that, in the ancient nomenclature, was called Saturday. I had alto-

gether lost track of the days. So many new ideas had been crowding upon me, that it seemed as if years had elapsed since, in crossing the threshold of my chamber, I had, in fact, crossed that of a new world.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEW SOCIETY.

Of all the social changes brought under my notice, none surprised me more than the stringency of the laws governing the family relation. Most of these laws, indeed, had become practically needless, — much as laws against cannibalism or man-stealing would be among us. They still survived, however, as a legacy from the ages of conflict, when the existing social organization was slowly evolved. They dated back, for the most part, to that period already referred to, when, during the re-action against the rule of corrupt demagogues and social disorganizers, society re-asserted its right of self-protection with a vigor that partook of ferocity.

Nor was property the only interest to obtain vindication. For the first time in the history of our race, the influence of woman made itself directly felt in legislation. This influence, purifying in every direction, was especially active in the repression of the twin evils from which their sex had been the severest, and, for too long, the helpless, sufferers.

Intemperance was made simply impossible by a total prohibition, under severe penalties, of the manufacture

or possession of intoxicating beverages. The wonderful improvement effected in the condition of society by a few years of this *régime* reconciled to it even those who, on general principles, had been most violently opposed to prohibitory legislation. The cessation of the enormous amount of waste of various kinds, estimated to amount to fully one-fifth of the total productive capacity of the community, was found to make all the difference between the existence of an ever-increasing substratum of hopeless poverty and a general diffusion of comfort and independence. It soon became an almost incredible tradition of the evil past, — those days when drunkenness in a legislator was a cause neither of disqualification nor of surprise; those days when "the rum-soaked senator from All-know-where" could stand up, or, rather, lean, to hiccough forth his boozy philippics against men in whose presence he was not worthy to stand, and against measures he was as incapable of comprehending as of originating.

It had long been recognized, though with but slight result in the way of remedy, that offences against chastity are among those that eat most deeply into the life of a nation. Of this there had been seen a terrible example in the degradation and final ruin of a once noble people, whose long and glorious history had come to a disgraceful end. Uncleanness, like a foul ulcer, had devoured the manhood of her sons, and so infected her literature, that other nations had found themselves compelled in self-defence to exclude utterly the pestiferous nastiness from their borders. At length, despised, and regarded as a centre of moral contagion, they had fallen

under the dominion of manlier races, who had extirpated the disease with fire and steel.

The lesson was not lost upon the world. The purifying influence of woman was nowhere more conspicuously exerted than in the legislation that tended to the protection of the sex that too long had been the slave or victim, despised or petted or flattered, of the coarser sex. Seduction was treated as a serious crime, — as, in certain cases, the basest and most cruel of crimes. The seducer was not, indeed, compelled to marry his victim, but was given the option between such reparation and being rendered incapable of offending again in that way. If one, or both, of the guilty parties was already married, both were purged from the land, unless it could be proved that one had sinned in ignorance.

Nor were these laws allowed to remain inoperative. The woman was tried by a judge and jury of her own sex, who generally proved inexorable in vindicating the outraged dignity of womanhood. The condemnation of the woman necessarily drew after it that of the man. The stronger sex thus learned to be extremely guarded in its intercourse with the sex so long regarded as the lawful prey of the stronger.

The state of things in which such laws had been necessary had, however, at the period of which I am writing, become as remote as is to us the society of the palæolithic period. Offences that society now easily condones had become practically impossible, if for no other reason, because the idea of them would have aroused as instinctive an abhorrence as among us would the idea of dining on a tender infant.

From the universal diffusion of property, there was no financial difficulty to prevent any man marrying as soon as he attained the legal age. The difficulty, in many cases, was of an entirely different nature, — the impossibility of finding a wife. From various causes the proportion of women to men, at the age of thirty, had steadily decreased, till for some time it had been about a hundred to a hundred and five. There was, accordingly, a brisk competition for the hand of every marriageable maid or widow. Widowers rarely had an opportunity of marrying a second time. In the case of a widow, however, she was regarded as fulfilling a social duty should she see fit to accept the hand and gladden the heart of some lonely suitor.

Marriage being regarded as the most important step in life, and practically irrevocable, — for divorce, though allowed by the law in certain specified cases, was almost unknown, — the intercourse of the young people of both sexes was surrounded by a number of restrictions. These had for object the prevention of hasty choice and too early union.

Till the age of twelve, there was no difference in the training of boys or girls. They attended the same classes, joined in the same sports. At twelve a slight change was made in the style of dress, as also in the course of study. The girls henceforth wore the *selvan*, or long tunic, and attained to the dignity of a colored border to the same. The boys now had their long hair cut short, and began to wear the shorter male tunic.

From this time till the age of seventeen, though the young people mostly attended the same classes, they sat

separately. Much freedom of intercourse was still allowed, though always under the supervision of watchful matrons, who each takes her turn in what is regarded as an important public duty.

If, toward the end of this period, the buddings of a more tender feeling make themselves felt, forewarned on the subject by their mother, and so trained as not to consider such a feeling as any thing to be ashamed of, they do not hesitate to make of her a confidant. If on any account, — too near propinquity of blood, or for any similar reason, — the mother does not think the feeling ought to be encouraged, she truthfully explains to them her reasons, and advises with them as a tender friend, trying, if necessary, the effect of absence.

The girls, indeed, she aids as far as may be done; but, knowing that they are always certain of a suitable match if they choose to marry, her chief anxiety is about her son, who runs the chance of being obliged to pass an unwedded life. For him she anxiously studies the maiden toward whom his thoughts turn, and imparts the results of this study in appropriate advice as to the best means of attracting her thoughts toward him, and the most fitting manner of indicating his regard.

Flowers, and the language they speak, find extensive employment at this stage of matters. By their means, the maiden also may, with all propriety, afford her incipient admirer some slight indication of how she regards his attentions. By these most beautiful, as well as most evanescent, of symbols, she may bestow encouragement, indicate hesitation or uncertainty, or give warning that pursuit will be in vain. A coquettish encouragement to a

vain pursuit is justly stigmatized as a social treachery, utterly unworthy of a high-minded maiden.

Fully aware of the power of mere proximity in such matters, the mother finds many pretexts for affording her son this advantage. As far, that is, as she may deem advisable. For, with the intuitive ability of her sex to read the signs of feeling, she may soon deem it necessary to warn her son of the probable failure of his suit. In such a case the mother would probably urge her son to put her judgment to the test by inviting the fair one to a seat in his curricle. It is considered but proper, it may be remarked, to give the maiden an opportunity of saying "no," even when this answer is an almost foregone conclusion. It is frequently advantageous, also, to afford the maiden an opportunity of speaking. Though politely excusing herself, the fair one may give her rejected suitor a valuable hint of a quarter in which his attentions may be more acceptable, — a hint often acted on with the happiest results.

It was somewhat in this way that Utis was first drawn to Ulmene. His youthful affections had first been given to Osna Diotha, and the flower language had led him to entertain some hopes. It was he that introduced to her house his friend, Eured Thiusen; nor was it long before he observed, with secret dismay, the strong mutual attraction between the two.

His mother, whose quick eyes had observed the same thing, advised him of this. Perhaps, too, she may have thought him too young for Osna, who was of the same age as himself. In some way an inkling of the state of matters reached Eured. Filled with dismay at the thought

of the injury he had unwittingly inflicted upon his friend, he also became aware, for the first time, of how irrevocably his feelings had passed beyond the stage of mere admiration. He sought at once an explanation with Utis, — set forth his utter ignorance of the state of his friend's feelings toward Osna, and concluded by announcing his intention of at once departing, at whatever cost to himself.

"Not till Osna has decided between us!" exclaimed Utis. "I know my answer beforehand, but it is her right to utter it."

"I was refused, as I expected," said Utis, when he related to me the story, "but in such a way that we have been fast friends ever since. On returning to where I found your father pacing the garden in agitation greater than I ever saw him show on any other occasion, I merely said, 'It is your turn.' He understood, went, and returned as the affianced lover of Osna Diotha.

"It was about a week after," continued Utis, "before I again met her who was hereafter to be but a friend. She had learned through Eured, she said, of what she was pleased to call my noble conduct.

"'You have no idea,' she continued, laughing, 'of what a strong champion you have in cousin Ulmene.'

"'Little Ulmene?' said I, surprised. Ulmene, at that time, was a little maid of some seven summers, small, too, for her age, and then giving but slight indication of the beauty by which she was afterwards distinguished.

"'Yes, Ulmene. She is most indignant at what she calls my poor taste. She makes comparisons between you and Eured that would, perhaps, render you too vain

should I repeat them. We were great friends, but she has not spoken to me for a week.'

"When, acting on a hint from my mother, I returned after an absence of nine years, and saw Ulmene in the pride of her beauty, her opinion of me was no longer a matter of amusement, but of most serious moment. Fortunately for me, she had not, as she has since acknowledged, outgrown her childish liking: she even thought the man of twenty-seven improved beyond the youth of eighteen.

"If a young man is rejected, even when the disappointment is most severe, he is expected to take the matter quietly. He merely anticipates the usual term of expatriation, and departs at once on the course of public duty and education that intervenes between seventeen and twenty-five.

"Even if successful in inducing the object of his preference to bind up for him her locks, he is still only on probation. For two months he is allowed to enjoy as much of her society as is consistent with the entirely probationary nature of their relation. Within doors their interviews always take place in the presence, though not necessarily within earshot, of the mother, or else some one entitled to take her place. He may also take her out every day for a ride on the high-road in his curricle. At this stage of courtship, no familiarities whatever are permissible; for the maiden may at any time break off the matter by re-appearing with tresses free and unrestrained.

"By the end of the two months, the maiden has had time to make up her mind as to whether she will enter

the first betrothal. By this ceremony she passes from the ranks of the *vioran* (from *vio*, a bud, whence *viora*, a budding beauty) to the ranks of the *zeruan* (from *zer*, a hand, whence *zeru*, a clasped hand, and *zerua*, a plighted maiden). The ceremony takes place in the presence of all members of both families that can at all conveniently attend. Rings are exchanged; and, for the first time, he gives her a kiss. They part immediately, not to meet again for, probably, a full year."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ZERDAR.

Although, as before stated, there was neither army nor navy to maintain, there was, nevertheless, a sort of conscription in force that exacted for public purposes the service of all young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five. By these conscripts, called *zerdars*, were performed those labors which, however useful or indispensable, are not attractive as life employments to those not compelled to follow them.

At seventeen each young man was expected to report for duty at a certain place. There, unless allowed to return home for another year, he was at once assigned to some duty, always at a distance from home. According as exigency required, any *zerdar* might become a sailor, a miner, a member of the sanitary police, and so on. The nature of the training they had received rendered them fully competent for the management of the machinery that had superseded muscular labor in every department of life.

The younger were first assigned to comparatively light tasks. I had already remarked, with some surprise, that the conductors of the city railroads, and other similar

officials, were all very young. After a year or more at such light tasks, they were drafted to heavier labors in some other division of the world; regard being had, as far as possible, to the preferences of the young men. In order to give the *zerdars* the educational advantage of becoming familiar, in turn, with every great division of the world, its climate, and its productions, the various nations had established a sort of universal labor exchange, somewhat on the plan of the postal unions of the present. In this way, during his seven or eight years of service, each *zerdar* would visit every part of the world, and certainly gain an extensive knowledge of mankind; no impediment existing in the way of difference of language, or class feeling, to prevent free social or intellectual intercourse.

All this time, too, he was receiving good pay, and his education was carefully attended to. A certain portion of every day was assigned to advanced studies under teachers of the highest class. This, indeed, was the busiest and most hard-worked part of a man's life, the dangers of idleness being guarded against by almost constant occupation. This the young submitted to cheerfully, looking forward, as they did, to an assured life of comparative ease on the expiration of their period of service.

Most of them, too, were fortunate enough to be able to look forward to a happy rounding off of their life by a union with their other self, the fair complement of their otherwise incomplete personality. If not during the first year, yet, in the great majority of cases, during the remainder of their term of public service, they were happy in the

acknowledged love of some fair *zerua*, who, in her distant home, was also completing the course of training that was to make her for him the crown and joy, as now she was the aspiration, of his life. The great majority of betrothals took place, either just before the youthful *zerdar* departed on his first year of service, or during the furlough at the end of that year. Experience had shown that was the most favorable time for putting the momentous question, when the maidens' hearts were softened by pity for the young fellows about to depart on their distant wanderings, to engage in arduous and sometimes dangerous duties, from which their own sex debarred them.

It must not be supposed that the separation was so complete as it would now be under like circumstances. The enormously improved telephone enabled the *zerdar*, no matter how distant, to converse as freely with his betrothed as if in the same apartment. Imagine such an intercourse continuing for years, an interchange of ideas combining the charms of conversation with those of correspondence. Like conversation, it comprised the pleasure caused by the falling of a loved voice on the ear, the delicate shading of thought possible to the living voice alone, and the mental stimulus arising from the present collision of thought with thought. At the same time it possessed, like correspondence, the power of presenting facts and depicting scenes inaccessible to the person informed, but with the enormous advantage of their being presented while the impression upon the speaker's mind was fresh, while the facts had all the gloss of novelty.

The reciprocal interaction of two minds engaged for

several years in this interchange of intimate thought had the effect of making the one in reality the intellectual complement of the other. After this course of mutual training, a young couple on their wedding morning already understood and appreciated each other to a degree now rarely attained during a long wedded life, except, perhaps, in a few fortunate exceptions to the general rule. Our ideal of marriage is, no doubt, greatly in advance of that of any former age. Friendship among men, in the ancient acceptation of the term, is practically extinct. Among several causes for this, the chief one is, that men have, to a great degree, learned to look to their wives for that sympathy and confidential advice once sought from some chosen friend. The next step will be, the attainment of that intellectual companionship now so rarely found. It is found, however, and will be found in an ever-increasing proportion, till it become the normal type of wedded life.

Nor was the *zerdar* shut out from the pleasures of a refined society. All being equal in family and education, there were no barriers to social intercourse. *Zerdars* occupied, in fact, much the same social position as the officers of a garrison among us; supposing, at the same time, that all said officers are young, handsome, and well-bred.

All wore a handsome uniform; the years of service, and hence the official rank, being indicated by the different colors of the edging to the tunic. Those under betrothal were easily distinguished by the engagement ring, which they were expected to wear on all occasions. Besides, with the great facilities for communication by telephone,

any desired information in regard to a *zerdar* was as easy to obtain as if he came from the next village. It was the special duty, indeed, of certain officials, to furnish such information when required. If an incipient flirtation was suspected between a maiden of the place and an ineligible, that is, a betrothed, *zerdar*, he was apt to be suddenly assigned to a distant field of duty.

Though subject to an organization and discipline resembling, in some degree, that of our armies, the *zerdars* were not quartered in barracks, but were assigned to homes among the households of the place where duty detained them. I say homes advisedly; for the accepted rule of conduct on both sides was, that he was, in every respect, to be treated, and he, in turn, to behave toward his hosts, as a son of the house. The relation thus established, though temporary, was none the less real, and was frequently the origin of life-long friendships.

With all the facility of youth, the young man soon felt at home amid his new surroundings, and readily accorded to his temporary guardians the respect and duty he had been trained to show his parents. Nor was the guardianship assumed by the householder so onerous as it would now be apt to prove. There were no such haunts as now disgrace our cities to lead a young man astray; and, with the simple habits of the period, debt was practically unknown.

At the season when transferred from one post of duty to another, each *zerdar* was allowed a furlough of a month or six weeks, in which to transport himself to his new sphere of duty. The transfers took place for one-half the number in spring, for the other half in autumn. In

this way was secured the most desirable season of the year for travelling.

If betrothed, the *zerdar* was naturally anxious to pay at least a flying visit to where was for him the centre of attraction. As he was not allowed, however, to spend more than two days at home, a large part of the journey, if not all, was performed by curricle. Mounted on these, and careering over the splendid roads that penetrated every corner of the terrestrial globe, the young men could accomplish with ease a distance of two hundred and forty miles a day, or four hundred miles when pressed for time.

My host's eyes would yet sparkle with enthusiasm as he told of those glorious days of travel in company with a band of comrades. With literally "the world before them where to choose," they yet preferred, as a rule, so to map out their route, that it would gradually bring them to the place where, on a certain day, they should report for duty. Thus, at one time they would course for days over the seemingly endless pampas of South America: on another occasion they spent weeks of wonder and delight in the region of the Amazon, skirting the shores of its mighty flood, and viewing with the intelligent curiosity of cultivated minds the most remarkable vegetation to be seen on earth. On another excursion they sped across Africa, no longer the sable and unknown, to visit the renowned cataracts of the Zambesi, still distinguished by the name of a good queen of ancient renown. Thence they turned to descend the course of the once mysterious Nile, viewed with awe the pyramids, most venerable of earth's monuments, thence hastened along the southern

shores of the Mediterranean to their appointed station in what is now called Morocco.

These journeys, and others unnecessary to mention, were, no doubt, interesting, even to hear of. Yet they are such as can be performed even now, though not so easily. What did engage my deepest attention was his account of an excursion by balloon to the North Pole. To Utis, however, this journey proved of much inferior interest to others attended with less discomfort. He showed me, in his album, photographs of scenery immediately around the pole. They struck me as remarkably similar to the well-known scenes found in every record of Polar travel of the present day. Icebergs, walruses, seals, all were there: only the familiar Esquimau and his dog were missing, — vanished into the limbo of the long-forgotten past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UTIS AND ULMENE.

At the close of his term of service, the *zerdar*, now a *manra*, or full citizen, was generally in haste to return home to claim the long-promised bride. For Utis, however, from causes already mentioned, there existed no such attraction to counteract the strong taste he had imbibed for travelling. Not living in idleness, be it understood: to maintain himself was regarded as the first duty of a man.

Whenever he arrived at a village where he purposed a halt, even for one night, he reported to an official appointed for the purpose. After inspecting the book produced by the traveller, in which was a record of the places through which he had passed, the official showed the register containing the names of those in the vicinity desiring assistance.

No kind of labor was regarded as unbecoming, nor was any beyond the skill of a *zerdar*, after the training he had received. Without leaving the room, he could come to an arrangement, by telephone, with one of these employers, then step out, mount his curricle, and ride to the place indicated. There he was received as an expected

guest, dined, and spent the evening in social intercourse. Next morning, having performed the required work during the usual working-hours, he could, after breakfast, either prosecute his journey, or, if it had been so agreed, remain for a time on the same conditions.

Nor must it be supposed that this wandering life removed from the influences of home. However distant, the wanderer was able to hold daily converse with those at home, — was probably better informed in regard to the trifles of home-life than when there present. At a distance, such trifles may attain, and from a like cause, the factitious value sometimes accorded to a withered flower or a fragment of ribbon. In the presence of the one from whom they derive a reflected importance, they are disregarded: in absence they may become infinitely precious.

The tie between mother and son, in that period, was peculiarly tender. The father might, on occasion, give valuable advice on matters in which his extensive knowledge of men and things made him an authority. But it was to the mother alone were laid bare the inner workings of the heart. It was she that became the confidant of the first half-unconscious feelings of preference toward some fair playmate. It was she that advised, cautioned, aided as far as she might, in the first uncertain steps toward what is, after all, the controlling interest, the central event, in the drama of life. When what she so earnestly wished and labored for was accomplished, — when she saw her son betrothed, — she thenceforth, with the sublime self-abnegation of woman, kept herself in the background. She acknowledged the right of the future

wife to the first place, where hitherto she herself had reigned supreme.

The unfortunate issue of his early love-affair had but tightened the bond between Utis and his mother, Zarene Palutha. Yet, anxious as he was to please her in every way, there was one matter in which he had been unable to gratify the longing of her heart. Having no daughter of her own, she was correspondingly anxious to experience the hitherto unknown pleasure arising from the tie that unites mother and daughter.

Utis had found, that, even with the best will, it is not always easy for a son to gratify a mother in this respect. He had met, indeed, in the course of his wanderings, many a fair girl whom he felt he could learn to love. But, in every case, they were already in the ranks of the *zeruan*. His mother's delight may, accordingly, be conceived when, after she had almost resigned herself to seeing her son a confirmed bachelor, he sought and won the love of the loveliest *viora* of the season; for such Ulmene was acknowledged on all hands to be.

Nor had she to wait an undue time before she saw their union. Twenty-three was, indeed, the usual minimum age for the bride; while Ulmene was only seventeen when Utis returned. But, if the friends saw fit, it was allowable to count off one from the required number of birthdays of the bride for every two by which the groom's age exceeded the twenty-five legally required in his case. The chief reason for the requirement in respect to age being, to secure time for the due development of character before their entrance into a union practically indissoluble, the greater age and experience of the husband

was supposed to compensate for any deficiency in these respects on the part of the wife. Hence it came that Ulmene became a bride soon after reaching the age of twenty.

It was during their wedding journey that occurred an incident, unimportant in itself, but interesting from the side-light it throws on some social customs of the period. While on their return from Maoria, Utis turned aside from the direct route in order to show his bride the Falls of the Zambesi. This he did, not only on account of the far-famed grandeur of the scene, but also because the spot was to him of special interest from its associations with an important crisis of his life.

Here they spent a day in wandering along the palm-bordered paths, that, skirting for miles the river-banks, afforded easy access to every point of advantage for viewing the wondrous combinations of rock, and flood, and luxuriant tropical foliage. Partly this was done on foot, but mostly by curricle; for it must be remembered, that this was the one indispensable piece of baggage on such a trip.

One point of view he had reserved for the evening. After they had surveyed for a while, in awed silence, the white deluge of waters plunging into the mist-covered abyss, beneath that bright tropical moonlight that rendered more awful the shadows whence arose the ceaseless voice of the cataract, Utis began to tell of his former visit. He had then been one of a party of six *zerdars* on furlough. Telephone in hand, each had attempted to describe to some loved though distant ear his sensations and impressions in presence of the tremendous cataract,

the very roar of which could be made audible over the intervening thousands of leagues of land and sea.

Ulmene now, for the first time, mentioned something she had reserved for this occasion. To his surprise, Utis learned that she had been present, on that occasion, in the parlor of Zarenè Palutha, when, as they sat in the deepening gloom of evening, the words of his animated description came resounding over the wire which conveyed, at the same time, as fitting accompaniment, the deep diapason of those distant African waters.

"As you moved the instrument nearer the falls," she continued, "your voice became lost in the ever-increasing volume of sound whose thunders filled the apartment. All drew a breath of relief when that sublime and awful sound decreased to its former comparatively subdued tone, from amid which sounded pleasingly the six-part 'Good-Night Song' sent as final greeting by you and your companions to the listeners in your distant homes.

"When all the rest were gone, your mother and I sat for a long time before the flickering wood-fire, — it was toward the end of October, — and talked about you. Seeing me interested in what she said, your mother next produced the great portfolio of views you had taken for her in every part of the world. Finally, while we were examining the last likeness of yourself, taken some years before, she asked whether I should not like to see you when you next came home. At that time I had not seen you for many years. Though I merely said that I should be glad to see you, she kissed me very tenderly, and said no more, except that it was fully time to go to bed. You returned home soon after: I was really glad to see you, and have been glad ever since."

CHAPTER XIX.

VIORA AND ZERUA.

While, as we have seen, the young men, as *zerdars*, did service to the community, and completed their education abroad, the girls, whether *viora* or *zerua*, went through a somewhat similar experience at home. It was by their fair hands that, under skilful guidance, all the cooking and baking for the community were performed at the cooking depots, or laboratories as they should rather be called. Their tasks were carefully adjusted to their years and strength. Besides, the muscular exertion required was but slight. Machines of ingenious construction, demanding little beyond the guidance of mind, performed equally the most laborious and the most complex operations.

By the hands of the maidens of the community, also, or, rather, under their guidance, was performed the large amount of laundry-work rendered necessary by the frequent customary changes of clothing. Simple as the attire of the period was, and free from the abomination of starch, the amount of labor required for the laundry-work of a family, according to the crude methods now in use, would have been very considerable. But machinery,

almost automatic in its operation, reduced the requisite labor to a minimum.

I was once admitted, under the escort of Ulmene, to the great laundry of the village. I was filled with surprise, not only by the novelty of seeing so many beautiful and high-bred maidens engaged in what, to my prejudices, was so humble an occupation. Not one was there but could trace back her pedigree through thousands of years of culture and refinement, not one but had received a training, moral and intellectual, such as is at present, even for the most favored, a dream or an aspiration. Yet each was attending to her allotted task with youthful zeal, as diligent, as well as graceful, as her fair prototype, Nausicaa, amid her primitive appliances.

I was also filled with astonished admiration at the amount of ingenuity that had been expended on the curious mechanical contrivances that met my eye at every turn, from the huge centrifugal drier, to the machine that turned out, by the dozen, garments smoothly mangled and neatly folded. One important task that could not be performed by machinery was the assorting, and packing into panniers, of the articles belonging to each household. These panniers were then stowed, by the strong arms of *zerdars*, in the locomotive wagon that conveyed each to its destination.

The maidens were not, however, nearly so hard-worked as the young men were during their *zerdarship*. Three hours a day, and that only on alternate weeks, were all that was required for these communal duties. There were some domestic duties at home. But these, from the scientific construction and sensible furnishing of their

houses, were reduced to a minimum. There was no overtaxing of the strength of the inmates in the care of rubbish as slightly ornamental as it is useful, fit emblem of the mental furnishing of the tasteless idiots that brought it into vogue.

Dressmaking, that other source of female slavery, had become, at least in its present developments, a lost art. Dresses not being made to display the figure, their cut and make-up was entirely a matter of machinery. As a preoccupation, dress did not take up more of a woman's time than is now devoted to the matter by a man having a decent regard to his outward appearance. It must not, however, be supposed that the wives and the daughters of the tenth chiliad were indifferent to their personal appearance. Their toilet was brief, simply because their garments were so sensibly devised, that each was put on as easily, and required as little arrangement, as a mantle. No one, seeing the graceful folds and harmonious coloring of the feminine attire of that period, would regret the gaudy frippery, the costly and elaborate combination of shreds and patches, that now disfigures more frequently than it adorns.

Once, while turning over the volumes contained in my host's library, I came upon an old author of the fifty-sixth century. Some remarks of his on this subject struck me as being not so far from the truth, considering the prejudices of his age, and the great remoteness of the period of which he was treating.

"The leading characteristics of the feminine costume of this period," — the writer was discoursing of the closing centuries of the second chiliad, — "its general inele-

gance, its extravagance, its strange vacillations between an unbecoming exposure and an overloading of the person, its sudden and capricious changes, may all be traced to the struggle between two opposing influences. On the one side was a class of creatures for whom our language no longer has a name. Reckless of cost, caring for nothing so much as to attract attention, as devoid of real taste as of self-respect, they gave the predominating tone to what was then called fashion. This was especially the case in that country whose taste in feminine costume was long slavishly copied by other nations. Here their influence was stronger and more openly exercised than in any other land. They were actually a political power, sometimes the highest. A meretricious art and a corrupting literature were their worthy allies and ministers. They were backed by all the interests whose account lay in extravagance of costume.

"The matrons and daughters of the period, as yet without any direct influence upon legislation, and unused to acting in concert, had neither the ability to contend against the influences that degraded their sex, nor the spirit to abstain from an unworthy imitation. They seem to have been content to copy and modify — sometimes in matters of more importance than dress — what they should have rejected with the disdain due to the source whence it originated. It generally happened, that, as in other copies from a bad original, the more glaring defects were exaggerated: the good points, if any, disappeared. True taste in feminine attire first became possible when woman ceased from the endeavor to recommend herself chiefly by what, at most, is but an accessory to her true charm."

All this, no doubt, is extremely incorrect, yet may rest on a substratum of truth.

From the causes above mentioned, the maidens, both *vioran* and *zeruan*, having a considerable amount of leisure, were able to prosecute their higher education with even more assiduity than their busier brothers. In literature and art woman was, in fact, pre-eminent. Men, though by no means ignorant of, or indifferent to, the more graceful culture, showed generally a predilection for the exact sciences.

Distinguished artists would occasionally appear among the male sex, just as eminent geometers or scientists would among the women. But, as a rule, the whole range of the fine arts and of imaginative literature had long become the special province of the sex whose finer nervous organization gave a special advantage in those directions. Her powers of invention and execution had long ceased to be open to the sneering scepticism that seemingly expects from the one sex, amid many discouragements, and with little or no training, what appears only exceptionally from the crowded and well-trained ranks of the other, — that rare flowering of a union of natural endowment with resolute perseverance, to which is given the name of genius. Discussion as to the superiority of either sex would, to the contemporaries of Utis and Ulmene, have seemed as ridiculous as a question in regard to the greater necessity of one or the other. Their difference of mental endowment was recognized as one of quality, not of quantity. To compare them was as vain as the endeavor to strike a balance between a Cæsar and a Homer, a Newton and a Raphael, a Watt and a Shakspeare.

It would be useless to enumerate the long list of female names that, in the ninety-sixth century, had become famous in the higher walks of literature. Yet the works on which rested their title to fame are not more unknown than are really those of Newton and Shakspeare to the great majority of those who now unhesitatingly admit their surpassing superiority.

As scientific investigators, women had shown a special predilection for chemistry and biology, as was readily seen on referring to any of the standard works on those subjects. As inventors they had, since education gave them a grasp of the principles of mechanics, enriched the world with many notable inventions.

Of these I will mention only two, both in photography, or, rather, in the extensive field of applied science of which photography is merely the humble beginning. These remarkable inventions, called respectively the *varzeo* and the *lizeo*, were, indeed, characteristically feminine in their purpose and application, as were the great majority of woman's inventions. By means of the one she was enabled, as in a magic mirror, and almost as well as if there present, to behold those distant scenes to which she had less free access than man, — before marriage, at least. By means of the other was presented to her eyes, endowed with the movement of life, the loved form separated by distance or death.

I have already mentioned that Ialma made photography her specialty. One day, by special invitation, I was admitted to her studio. She engaged me in an animated discussion on some topic — what, I do not remember — while she appeared to be busied in making some adjust-

ments in the curious instrument beside which she stood. Presently she produced for my inspection an extensive collection of sun-pictures, and, while I was occupied with these, went on with her preparations, as I thought, for taking my portrait, to obtain which was one object of my visit.

"It is an undoubted success," were the words by which she drew my attention.

"A success, — in what?" said I, looking up from the collection of views, which certainly were worthy of my complete absorption in them.

"Look here," she replied, pointing to the table before her.

On approaching, I found the entire table covered with a number of portraits of myself. How they had been taken, I could not at first imagine; for I had not, to my knowledge, been "posing," in any sense of the term. A closer examination somewhat explained the seeming mystery. I had been "taken" on the wing, as it were. Each portrait showed a slight change of position from that shown in the preceding one of the series.

In all this, however, there was nothing specially wonderful. I had seen something similar effected in regard to horses, though with infinitely more trouble, and far less nicety of result. It was not till a few hours after this I discovered the full scope of the invention.

"You will be better able to judge of the result," said Ialma, "when you see them in the *lizeo*."

I had not the slightest notion, at the moment, as to what was referred to by this new term, — whether a locality, or a piece of apparatus. According to my wont in such

cases, I asked no questions that might betray an alarming ignorance. Even should I find no opportunity of seeking enlightenment from Utis, the explanation would present itself in due time.

In the evening, after dinner, a small piece of furniture was rolled forward on casters from the corner where I had frequently noticed it, and supposed to be some kind of sewing-machine. A knob being pressed by Ialma, a small electric light within lighted up a sort of niche, in which was seen one of the portraits taken in the morning. It was, however, increased in size, had its coloring fully developed, and showed a peculiar stereoscopic effect for which I could not account.

Ialma pressed another knob, and the picture seemed endowed with life and voice. I — for it was indeed myself, reduced to one-twelfth of my natural dimensions — I seemed to turn from regarding some object to my left, toward which I had been pointing. The movement of eyes, lips, of every feature, was in exact unison. I recognized what was seemingly uttered by my miniature double, as an inquiry put by me in the morning. The whole, action and speech, occupied, perhaps, thirty seconds, then could be repeated, with or without the voice, as often as desired.

The voice was due, of course, to a concealed phonograph, which, as well as the fact that I was focussed in the camera, had purposely been kept out of sight, so as not to interfere with that naturalness of expression otherwise so difficult to obtain. An ingenious piece of mechanism caused the series of pictures to pass rapidly before the niche, at such a rate as to cause the visual impressions

so to overlap as to produce the illusion that the figure seen was actually in motion.

The *lizeo*, as I discovered, was an instrument found in every household. By means of it, not only the absent living could be made to speak before our eyes, but also the dead, even of remote ages. Every family possessed a very complete series of family portraits adapted to this instrument. These were taken and perpetuated by a process that rendered them practically indestructible.

My host kindly allowed me access to the safe in which was preserved this peculiar species of family archives. They afforded a reliable means of becoming acquainted with the family history to the remotest period. For connected with each set of portraits was a brief autobiographical sketch of the leading events in the life of the person represented. Though not extending, in general, beyond the limits of a monumental inscription, they possessed the one merit to which our epitaphs can most rarely lay claim: they were strictly accurate.

An account of the *varzeo* I must defer to another occasion. It was an instrument of somewhat too complex a nature for general private use. But one was to be found among the apparatus of every village institute, where it was employed as shall afterwards be described.

CHAPTER XX.

NIATA'S REQUEST.

Utis having explained the matter to me, I was not surprised when, on the morning following our visit to Nuiore, we descended to the workshop at the usual hour. This proceeding was, it is true, strongly contrary to the prejudices of my early training; yet I could not but acknowledge that there was much reason in the view taken of the matter. Day of rest as it was, the ordinary wants of the body had to be attended to; and not least among these was considered the exercise necessary to keep the body in health. On this day, accordingly, all performed about one-half of their usual morning task. But not only was the labor thus reduced by one-half: the proceeds were scrupulously set apart as a contribution to the general fund. This, as we have seen, was a fund devoted to the noblest purposes. The only direct benefit to the worker from the morning's labor was the maintenance of his physical and moral health.

It was now I first obtained some insight into the religious thought of the period. Though somewhat staggered by many things that ran counter to my preconceived opinions, I could not help seeing that these people were religious in the highest sense of the term.

Man had not, as he advanced in power and moral dignity, reasoned himself into the belief that he is merely a fortuitous concourse of atoms, differing only in degree of complexity from a lichen or a monad. The more knowledge advanced, the more difficult was it found to believe that this divine something, this apparently boundless capacity for improvement, these far-reaching aspirations after a higher existence, was merely a resultant of the blind re-action of matter upon matter.

The change, to me so surprising, from the sceptical man of science of those former days to the Utis now known to me, was entirely typical of the general change in the attitude of scientific thought towards the most important questions that can engage the attention of man. Fulness of knowledge had removed many of the stumbling-blocks of half-knowledge. Psychology had become a real science. The most complex operations of the intellect could be resolved into their elementary components with all the precision now attained in the analysis of matter. Yet all tended more and more toward compelling a belief in the existence of an archetypal mind, a pre-arranging, all-embracing power.

I have no intention of entering into a detailed statement of the prevailing forms of belief. The heterodoxy of one age is the orthodoxy of another: the devout sentiment of one would be outraged by the current belief of a succeeding age. I need merely state, that all believed in a God, and in a future existence. There were two great schools of thought on this subject, which, in their general characteristics, reminded me of the saying, that all men are born either Platonists or Aristotelians. To one or other of

these, individuals gave their assent, in accordance, as far as I could judge, with an inborn mental bias.

This was the more clearly perceptible, seeing that all were left perfectly free to follow this bias. Parents did not feel justified in prejudicing the case by impressing their own religious opinions upon the unformed and helpless minds of children. When the proper time came, the distinctive views of the divine nature were displayed before the youth or maiden, with a warning not to come to a hasty decision. At least a year of reflection was enjoined before they should definitely unite with one or the other communion.

Breakfast, on this morning, passed off much as usual, except that the customary concert was omitted. Not long after nine arrived Reva, accompanied by her father, whom I now saw for the first time. Hulmar Edial was of unusually tall stature, even for the men of that period. His unthinned locks and heavy beard showed here and there a thread of premature gray amid the original ruddy brown, — a color no longer so common as at present, and another sign of the original Scandinavian stock whence the Edials had sprung. Reva, for her part, was a genuine Diotha in feature, — one good reason, no doubt, for the tender regard with which the father's eye would dwell on the features so strongly recalling those of the wife so dearly loved and so early lost.

This loss had left deep traces. Among the slightest were those premature, though few, gray hairs. For he was only fifty-two, while sixty was then considered an early age for these signs of age to appear. A deeply lined forehead gave evidence of long-continued and

strenuous thought, as did also the features, fined down almost to emaciation. From beneath his strongly marked eyebrows flashed the most penetrating eyes I had ever seen. Hulmar Edial, indeed, was a man to whom intense labor was a necessity as well as a delight, the one refuge from the unavailing remembrance of a happiness irrevocably past.

His case was by no means uncommon. The more precious the treasure, the more grievous its loss: the more intimate the union of hearts, the more bitter the premature separation. The haunting fear of such a separation was the one bitter drop in the comparatively unmingled cup of life in those days. I was the more able to appreciate this fact after a confidential conversation with Utis not long subsequent to the time of which we are speaking. The conversation had turned upon Hulmar, and the great loss he had sustained. While speaking of this, the voice of Utis faltered; and, after a pause, he confided to me his own apprehensions.

"You are already aware that our race, though greatly improved in general health and longevity, is barely maintained at its present number. This is in accordance with a well-known physiological law. The average number of children to a marriage is a little above two, but the number of mothers able to boast of more than two living children is scarcely sufficient to compensate for the deficiency in other families. The absence of children in a household being regarded as the greatest of calamities, the want must, in many cases, be supplied by adoption.

"A mother with only two children would never consent to surrender one, except, perhaps, to a childless sister, or

dearly loved friend. But the mother blessed with more than two can rarely close her heart to the pitiful solicitations of wives less happy than themselves, to whom is wanting this crowning glory of womanhood. By a curious reversal of conditions, such a mother is now very much in the position of those childless but wealthy persons so frequently referred to in the literature of your period: she is the much-courted possessor of a coveted treasure. Even among the mothers of two children, she occupies a proud position. They have done but their duty: she has done as much, and has besides been able to confer the only greatly coveted gift it is now in human power to bestow.

"I am, at present, looking forward to an event that may make my wife a very proud woman, or me a very wretched man. I have but too much reason to dread as well as to hope. From causes in regard to which there has been much dispute, the fact is but too certain, that motherhood, though a greater glory even than of yore, is also a greater danger. Ulmene, strange to say, looks forward with hope and exultation: it is I, she thinks, need comfort and encouragement. She is right. When I think of what may be, my heart sinks within me; and I wonder whether I shall be able to imitate the quiet endurance of my friend Hulmar.

"By some of the ways in which such matters become known, this anticipated event, though yet fully half a year in the future, has already become the cause of numerous kinswomen offering congratulations, and urging each her claim to consideration. For these applications arrive, not from the absolutely childless only. The

mother who, though blessed with a son, has ceased to hope for a daughter, longs for one, and *vice versa*.

"Ulmene was strangely moved by the letter of a former schoolmate. The writer humbly acknowledged there were many having a prior claim to favor, as she was but distantly related to her. But she conjured her, by the memory of their girlish intimacy, to take her case into consideration. She had now been married for about ten years,—years of happiness till the sweetest hope of marriage began to fade away. Her husband was as kind as, even kinder than, ever, seeing her unhappiness. But even he, at times, seemed to feel the lack of that by his fireside to which they once had looked forward with confident anticipation. Dearly as she loved him, she would be willing to see him the husband of another, if thereby this unexpressed longing could be satisfied. But, as this could not be, all that remained was, to seek to obtain, from the compassion of her highly favored friend, what God had denied to herself.

"This letter," continued Utis, "decided the matter. According to the custom observed in such matters, Niata Diotha-Mornu will, as it is called, serve a year for her adopted child. That is, she comes to our house, and remains for a year. She is the first to welcome the little one: it is she that takes entire charge of it, under the mother's direction. At the end of the year she leaves for her own home with her adopted child, to which she has henceforth all a mother's right. The real mother suffers, indeed, at the separation; but conscious of the happiness she has conferred, and which none is in better condition to appreciate than a happy mother,

certain that the little one will lack neither love nor care, she stifles what she recognizes as a merely selfish regret, and seeks consolation in the love of her remaining children."

CHAPTER XXI.

SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Soon after the arrival of Hulmar and his daughter, we all took our places in the curricles, and set out for the place of meeting. When Ulmene took the seat by her husband's side, I entertained, for a moment, the hope that Ialma would take a seat beside her prospective father; and then Reva — but such half-formed expectations were scattered by a moment's reflection. That was out of the question. As it was, each of the young ladies took one of the children to fill the spare seat in her curricle. Hulmar was thus left to seek a seat beside me, which was offered and accepted as a matter of course.

There was small opportunity for conversation on the way. The whole population seemed to be on wheels. So attractive was the spectacle, that, could I have found a pretext for so doing, I would fain have intrusted to my companion the guidance of the vehicle, so that I could give myself to the enjoyment of the many-hued panorama that moved on flashing wheels beneath the cloudless July sun. We had soon lost sight of the rest of the party, but there could be no doubt as to the road to follow. All that was necessary was, to follow the stream. As might

be expected, the pace was much more moderate than when the roads were less thronged. Though our speed was not above ten miles an hour, it required all the skill and attention of a novice to guide our vehicle so as to avoid the suspicion of ignorance.

Of the building to which I followed the stream, and of the service there held, I will say nothing further than that there was much less change in externals than I might have expected. I was chiefly interested in the aspect of the congregation. They really seemed to enjoy the occasion that brought them together. I missed the pervading characteristics of our present congregations, — that air of almost funereal solemnity, that scarcely suppressed expression of superior moral rectitude apt to accompany the performance of a not especially agreeable duty. Instead, there was an air of quiet satisfaction entirely new to me under the circumstances.

The children attended a sort of Sunday-school, where they received instruction in morals, and in the fundamental truths of natural theology. Their instructors were chiefly the young people not yet admitted to the assembly of those who had definitely adopted a doctrine and a communion.

It was justly considered, that the attempt to force difficult questions upon the notice of immature or unprepared minds will generally result in a permanent aversion to the entire subject of which they form a part. The young people, accordingly, instead of accepting a certain series of propositions of the most abstract character with dutiful resignation, were, on the contrary, usually eager for that more advanced knowledge reserved for their riper

years. Nor were they able to gratify a premature curiosity by the reading of works not intended for their perusal.

The explanation of how the perusal of unsuitable works could be prevented forces me to another digression. This prevention was effected by a contrivance, that, more than any of the material achievements I have mentioned, might well excite the envy of those in the present age who are puzzled by the difficulty of reconciling freedom of printing with a proper regard to the reverence that even the heathen satirist claimed as due to youthful purity.

Although, as already mentioned, there was but one universal language, there were two entirely different methods of printing that language. One method was alphabetic, as among us; that is, by means of thirty-six characters — twelve representing vowel sounds — they could spell all the words of their language.

The other method was syllabic, and arose as follows: Some of the causes by which the language had been formed and changed have already been adverted to. The most important cause of change, however, had been the persistent effort, which became at last a fixed tendency, to render the language more euphonious by the suppression of all consonants not required for the separation of the vowel sounds.

The number of different syllabic combinations in use had thus been reduced to about five hundred. To represent all of these, only two hundred and fifty characters were necessary; since, for example, the character representing the syllable pronounced *ros* (meaning a horse), when used in the reverse position was read *sor*. These

syllabic characters were not arbitrary. They had been indicated by the phonograph, the extensive use of which had re-acted very strongly on pronunciation, by necessitating a clear, precise enunciation of each syllable.

The words of most frequent use in the language had been reduced to monosyllables: there was a large number of dissyllables, a much smaller number of trisyllables; and no words of more than three syllables were tolerated. It had thus become possible to introduce a printed character that held the same relation to ordinary print that short-hand does to current hand.

Books printed in this character were very compact, but could, of course, be read only by those who had learned to distinguish the two hundred and fifty characters above mentioned; as I had already discovered to my cost. I could read the ordinary print, but, at the time now referred to, had mastered only a few dozen of the *lonna* character, as it was called.

I found the study most fascinating, though sometimes tantalizing. A whole sentence, otherwise clear, would be rendered incomprehensible by the presence of a word necessitating recourse to the syllabary with which Utis had provided me. In this way I was, as it were, gradually spelling my way through Eured Thiusen's book, in which I was becoming more and more interested.

The youth of both sexes were taught these characters by degrees; a complete knowledge of them being regarded as neither necessary, nor, indeed, desirable, till the attainment of majority. There was no deprivation in this, for almost the whole store of intellectual wealth accumulated during so many ages was open to them in the common

character. It was strictly prohibited to print in the common character any reading of a kind unsuitable for unripe minds. Short of this, there was complete liberty of printing.

On one occasion, when conversing with Utis on this matter of unsuitable literature, I heard him express himself with the utmost indignation in regard to our carelessness about a matter concerning the highest interests, both of state and family. He could not, indeed, find words strong enough to utter his amazement at the cynical indifference of our legislators in regard to what the prejudices of his education taught him to look upon as one of the most abominable of crimes, — the pollution of the mind of youth by means of printed filth.

"A little more than two thousand years before your time," he went on, "the people of a certain great city were accustomed to sacrifice their children to an idol. What was the opinion of your period regarding this?"

"It was regarded by all that ever heard of it as an abomination, a wickedness almost inconceivable," was my reply.

"Yet, in my opinion," said Utis, "their conduct was noble and humane in comparison with that of your contemporaries. In their blind way, these people, whom you so abhorred, were doing their duty as they understood it, while yours shamefully neglected theirs.

"There is a certain tragic grandeur in the idea of a father giving up his best beloved, perhaps his only child, to perish in fiery torments, in order to insure the safety of the commonwealth. We pity, we almost admire, even while we condemn. The fathers of your times I cannot

but despise when I think, that, whether from indifference or cowardice, they allowed devilish miscreants to earn a despicable livelihood by poisoning the mind of youth. To my mind, the fiery death of the young Carthaginian was preferable to the moral death to which the fathers of your period seemed willing to have their children exposed. In the name of common sense and decency, what strange influence was at work, that parents tolerated for a single day the existence of such an iniquity? What were your legislators about? Was property, in those days, of more importance than life, life than moral purity?"

"If you knew any thing of the average character of the legislators then sent from our city," replied I, "you would not be surprised at any thing they did, or left undone. They generally represented, and were themselves of, the lowest of the low. As for the parents, many saw and deplored the evils to which you refer, but could effect little against banded greed, ignorance, and vice. Even when, by great efforts, a useful piece of legislation could be carried through, its execution was intrusted to officials elected mainly through the influence of the vicious classes, with whom they, accordingly, more or less openly sympathized."

"What you say," said Utis musingly, "agrees, upon the whole, with the little we know of the state of things in that misty past. One thing, however, surprises me. All history enforces the truth, that, in general, a people enjoys about as good a government as it deserves; that the character and conduct of the rulers fairly reflect that of the ruled. Do you mean to say, that, in your time, the vicious classes formed a majority of your population?"

"That could hardly be maintained," replied I.

"How, then, could they control the more intelligent majority?" inquired Utis.

"It was the old story of union against disunion," said I. "The vicious classes, or, rather, the more intelligent, who acted as leaders, and whom the rest followed like sheep, knew what they wanted, and took the shortest way to obtain it. The intelligent majority, as you call it, did not, for the most part, know exactly what they wanted, or, when they did know, differed greatly as to the best way of obtaining it. In other words, they belonged to different political parties. Now, a party means organization; and every organization tends to become a mere machine in the hands of those who, for good or evil, have managed to get their hands on the controlling lever. The control of both political machines being, at that time, in the hands of men equally intent on selfish ends, the well-meaning citizen saw himself reduced to impotence between two gangs of corrupt schemers, who adroitly played into each other's hands.

"Besides these two sets of self-seekers, who were, perhaps, rather contemptuously indifferent to, than actively hostile to, morality, there existed a class, small, indeed, in numbers, but powerful for mischief from their loud shrieking and confident self-assertion. This was the new sect of the Phrasolators. Though loud in derision of all they termed superstition, i.e., any thing they did not choose to believe, they were themselves the abject slaves of a strange delusion. Having made to themselves a fine-sounding phrase, the more of a platitude the better, they would straightway fall down and worship it, and invite the world to do likewise.

"The high-priests of this grotesque cult were usually tolerant of a whole pantheon of deified phrases, though naturally reserving their special homage for the pet platitude or catch-word of their own invention, in the worship of which they sometimes played strange antics. No devout Romanist ever believed more implicitly in the virtues of some favorite relic than did the followers of this new sect in the efficacy of high-sounding phrases for the regeneration of mankind. Phrases were to eradicate ingrained vices: the magic power of phrases was to change the nature of human wolves. If the maltreated sheep complained that the said wolves showed small sign of the promised change, the complainers were either silenced by an eloquently phrased denial of the facts, or were comforted by the assurance, that wolves would at last cease to rend if not irritated, — would lose their taste for mutton if allowed time to satiate their appetites.

"Their patronage was an injury, even to what was intrinsically valuable. Liberty of the Press, Trial by Jury, Popular Government, had the misfortune to be placed among the idols of the Phrasolators. All associated with these phrases, or asserted to be so, was too sacred for discussion: criticism was sacrilege. No matter though the press became a poisoned fountain, the jury system a mere convenience for facilitating the escape of criminals, the suffrage the cogged dice of political tricksters: no change was to be tolerated, except in the direction of further degradation.

"These phrasemongers were frequently themselves of pure life and character, though the more or less indirect abetters of vice, of much culture though little common

sense. The mischief they effected was chiefly by the cloak of decency their advocacy would throw over a cause that would have fared but poorly if left in its naked deformity to the advocacy of its natural guardians."

CHAPTER XXII.

ISMAR MEETS HIS COUSINS.

We had arrived not long before the hour for entering the building designed for religious purposes. This, it may be remarked, was of considerable size and stately aspect, and stood in the centre of a large open space, planted with trees, some of which seemed coeval with the venerable edifice itself. The building consisted of two stories. The lower story was assigned to the use of the younger portion of the community. The upper story, divided into two almost equal portions, afforded places of assembly to the two great divisions of religious thought. Because they differed honestly on certain speculative subjects, it was not considered necessary that they should either hate or despise each other. On the contrary, the members of the one communion frequently resorted to the services of the other.

It thus came about that this building became, once a week at least, the gathering-point of almost the whole population of the district. Indeed, much of the social life of a neighborhood centred round these stated meetings of kinsmen and neighbors.

Imitating the example of the rest, I left my curricle at

the station assigned on one side of the square, and accompanied Hulmar to the door, where Utis was awaiting my arrival. I was now presented to an astonishing number of kinsfolk. Every one, indeed, seemed to be the relative, more or less remote, of every one else. All these, I understood, and began to believe, were relatives by my mother's side. As for the Thiusens, they formed, I suppose, with their allied families, no inconsiderable fraction of the population of Maoria.

As we came forth from the religious service, — it appeared to be taken for granted that I, or he that I represented, was entitled to the privilege of admission with the elders, — I found Reva, who was not yet one of the privileged, waiting for us at the door. Beside her stood Eured and Esna, the son and daughter of my host.

"We have come to present you to some of your cousins," said Reva. "We have promised to bring you."

Such a summons was, of course, not to be resisted. I walking beside Reva, the children led the way to one of the numerous class-rooms in the lower part of the building. Eured first presented me to a number of boy-cousins of about his own age; Esna next, in another room, to my girl-cousins. I then followed Reva.

In an apartment, of which all I recollect is, that it was very pretty and very cheerful, — my attention at the time was better occupied than in examining its details, — in this apartment I was led in upon a cluster of about twenty of my fair cousins. Their ages ranged from fifteen, or so, to about twenty. Each might have been selected as a distinct type of lovely maidenhood. There

were blue eyes, dark eyes, hazel and gray eyes. There was hair blond and curly, hair dark and wavy, with various intermediate shades, but all hanging unconfined, after the manner of the unpledged *viora*.

Even as we approached the open door, there was already audible the hum of animated conversation. Girls, in all periods, will talk, it seems, though not always in such pleasantly modulated tones as those that now reached my ear. There was a sudden hush upon our entrance, and twenty pairs of bright eyes were centred upon my person. There was neither shyness nor boldness in the look, but merely an expression of friendly interest that seemed to say, "We have been expecting you, and are glad to see you."

"You see, girls," said Reva, assuming an air of mock proprietorship that I could have wished, though I could not say exactly why, just a little less self-possessed, — "this is our cousin Ismar. They have been dying to see you," said she, turning to me with a laugh. "Now, I hope they will not be disappointed."

At this there was a general laugh, and all came forward to offer the hand of cousinship. I could have wished it had been permissible to offer a cousinly kiss. The inducement and the temptation were great. But, duly instructed by Utis, I refrained.

"What Reva says is true," said a tall, stately girl, as she gave me her hand. "Though not exactly dying, we did very much wish to see you. I am your first cousin, Semna Diotha."

"I am your third cousin, Udene Vadarna," next said, with a slight lisp, a pretty blonde of fifteen, and so on through all the rest.

It was a pleasant sensation to be the centre of a bevy of lovely cousins, each anxious to say something pleasant and kind. It was a state of things to which I had no objection. But Reva too soon put an end to it by saying,—

"I promised Ialma to bring you back soon. She, too, has some introductions to make."

Though not without some natural curiosity in regard to my remaining cousins, it was with no slight regret that I turned to follow my fair guide. We had not proceeded far along the corridor, when we could hear the renewal of the animated conversation we had interrupted by our entrance.

"We were all very curious to see you," observed Reva, as we went on. "You are the first cousin we have seen from so far. We are busy, just now, making arrangements for celebrating the hundredth birthday of our great-grandmother, yours too, Semna Diotha."

"May not I, too, take part in the celebration?" said I, moved less, I am afraid, by consideration for my revered ancestress, than by admiration for her lovely descendants.

"Of course," replied Reva. "There is to be a gathering of her descendants from all quarters. Your mother and sister have promised to be here in time for Ialma's wedding, which is a few days earlier."

This unexpected announcement afforded me so much food for reflection, that I walked along in silence till we were met by Ialma. Reva then excused herself, on the ground that her presence was expected in the place where we had left our cousins.

I need say little of my presentation to my remaining

relatives. It would have puzzled me, however, to determine whether the palm of beauty was due to the girlish grace of the *vioran* of the unconfined and silken tresses, or to the more self-poised and perfected beauty of the *zeruan* with the braided locks. The first, perhaps, excited more interest; the latter, more admiration. As for my male cousins between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, they were, with few exceptions, absent as *zerdars*. Of other young men, however, — and fine young fellows they were, — there was a number fully compensating for the absent sons of the soil.

"We take our mid-day meal in common to-day," said Utis, when I had been surrendered to him by Ialma. Under his guidance I approached an extensive building on the farther side of the esplanade.

It was of marble, and apparently of considerable antiquity. In style it differed in many particulars from the other public buildings of the place. Around the outside, and surrounding the inner quadrangular space, were spacious colonnades, supported by slender pillars, whose capitals were conventionalized forms, suggested by ears of ripened maize with half-pendent husk. This edifice, so well preserved externally, was the gift of a former son of the place, who, some twelve hundred years before, had thus adorned his native village. He had thus effectually perpetuated his memory, and left an enduring object of legitimate pride to the bearers of his name during fifty generations.

"We cannot boast of so ancient a town-hall as can be shown in many other villages," said Utis, as we paused a moment to survey it. "But it is considered a fine specimen of the then prevailing style."

The upper story contained extensive apartments for public meetings, committee-rooms, and a large library. In the lower was a spacious dining-hall, with magnificent panelled ceiling and walls. Numerous pieces of statuary were disposed in appropriate positions throughout the hall, and paintings of great merit adorned the walls. Each was the masterpiece of a native artist. Each had considered the artistic labor of a lifetime well bestowed if its crowning result could achieve the honor of being thought worthy to grace the walls of the public hall, there to meet the gaze of cultivated appreciation, or kindle, perchance, the spark of slumbering genius.

When we entered, most of the space was occupied by numerous round tables, similar to that with which I had become familiar in the home of Utis. By a special mechanism, however, each of these tables, with its *cebin*, could be made to sink till the upper surface of the table formed the bottom of a shallow recess. These recesses being filled with closely fitting covers, there was left an unencumbered hall of magnificent proportions. Such was the apartment in which the entire community now sat down to dine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PUBLIC DINNER.

I SAT down with Utis, but not with our usual company. The ladies and children had seceded to other tables. Their places were occupied by Hulmar, the two Siureds, who, as they often did, had escaped from the city for the day. Besides these, there were two *zerdars* on service in the village, and acquainted with Hulmar. On being introduced, I found that one of these gentlemen — for such they were, in the strictest sense of the word; though their duties were of somewhat humble character, according to present notions — came from Norway, the other from Central Asia. Yet in neither could I detect any thing in accent or manner to distinguish them from those born on the banks of the Hudson. They showed the same good-breeding, had manifestly enjoyed like educational advantages.

The scattering of families at these public dinners was, I saw, entirely a matter of choice. The ladies, having matters of mutual interest to discuss, were apt to congregate at tables by themselves. The men, partly for a like reason, partly because, being thus forsaken, they had no choice in the matter, were apt to get together too. There

existed about the same freedom in selecting a table as, among us, in choosing the group to which to become attached in a drawing-room. It was, in fact, a social occasion, on which those who had not met during the week found opportunity for accomplishing in a pleasant manner much of what is accomplished among us by the dreary intermediance of formal calls.

The dinner, for such it was, went on much as at home. Every thing needful had been placed by careful and practised hands in the *cebin:* nothing was wanting to a complete meal. It was strange and interesting to see that vast hall filled with animated groups of diners, and not a waiter to be seen. Occasionally one of the children would flit across the scene, carrying a message or inquiry from one table to another.

Music, too, was there, but not that of man's devising. By means of a suitable arrangement of the telephonic apparatus, the roar of Niagara was brought to our ears, just so much subdued in tone as to serve as a background to the conversation. It was difficult for me, at times, not to imagine myself once more at the Clifton House, with the wind setting from the Falls. On other occasions I have heard, instead of the voice of the cataract, the ceaseless surge of the storm-vexed billows against some rocky coast, of Maine perhaps, Alaska, or Norway; or, again, the multitudinous voices of some distant tropical forest, awakening into life beneath the morning sun, would be heard blended into a musical murmur.

The conversation at our table was that of men who were fully conversant with, and had bestowed earnest thought upon, the topics discussed. For the first time

in my experience, I listened to real conversation. Each contributed his part, listened with intelligent interest, or said what he had to say, with a complete freedom from that blight of rational intercourse, — the self-consciousness that seems ever on its guard.

I was satisfied to play the part of listener till a turn in the conversation led the younger Siured to refer to the ancient notation, in which he had become highly interested. There were still some difficulties, of which he hoped to obtain an explanation from me.

"You are exactly the person to help me, also," said Hulmar, when, at his request, the elder Siured had recounted to him the incident of the formula, which seemed to excite in him a lively interest.

He then explained to me, that it was exactly the difficulties he met with in tracing the early history of his favorite science that still delayed the completion of his forthcoming work.

"The material," said he, "for the later history of the science is superabundant and easily accessible. But that for its earlier stages, though probably abundant enough, is difficult of access, both from its existing in languages the knowledge of which is confined to a very few, and from its being overlaid by the ruins of so many successive systems, that to reach it is like digging to seek the relics of some long-buried city. We know the treasures are there, but know not where to seek."

The accuracy of this remark I had subsequently good cause to appreciate, when endeavoring to avoid losing myself amid the bewildering accumulations of the hundred million volumes of the Central Depository.

Hulmar was yet speaking when Ulmene approached our table, and produced from a small basket four small rosettes. Each rosette was of two colors. The red and blue she handed to Anvar Siured, whose countenance I could see light up as soon as he saw himself the destined recipient of this particular rosette. Why, I did not then know, but was soon to learn.

After each of the *zerdars* at table with us had received a rosette, I also became the recipient of a blue and white one. Without knowing why, — for Utis had forgotten to tell me of this custom, — I imitated the others in fastening it to the breast of my tunic. I looked at Utis inquiringly. He only smiled, — an explanation of so universal a custom would have excited natural surprise, — but I gathered from his answering glance that I need merely imitate the others.

They at once rose, and proceeded down the hall as if each in quest of some one. Anvar alone knew whom he sought. He went straight to where Reva was sitting at table with some of the fair cousins to whom I had been presented that morning. I now noticed, for the first time, what Anvar had known since the moment of his arrival, that her colors were red and blue, — blue the border of her tunic, red the ribbon in her hair. When Anvar approached where she sat, and bowed silently before her, the sight gave me an inexpressible pang. It was some slight comfort to observe nothing in her reception of him that indicated any response to what I had seen flash up in the eyes of Anvar on receiving the rosette. She politely acknowledged his salutation, motioned him to an unoccupied seat, and went on quietly with what she had been saying.

Seeing that Ialma, who sat at a table near by, wore the colors of my rosette, I drew near, and made my bow. She pointed to a seat beside her, saying, with a smile that set me quite at ease, —

"Ulmene has been very kind: I asked her to have you assigned to me as aid."

At this moment there was a general movement, and we rose with the rest.

"I have an easy department assigned to my share," said she, looking at a tablet she held in her hand; I meanwhile walking by her side, following the crowd. We descended to the spacious basement beneath the dining-hall, whither the *cebins* had descended. Here, we men having hung our outer tunics on pegs, which left us in a sort of lawn-tennis suit, and the ladies having changed their outer tunics in an adjoining apartment, whence they emerged in sober working-slips with short sleeves, all set to work to clear away, much as at home.

To Ialma and me was brought the plate as soon as it was washed. This we packed by sets in proper receptacles; and I, under her direction, raised the sometimes heavy cases, and placed them in numbered recesses on shelves. At first, having but little to do, I had time to single out the spot where Reva stood busily engaged with Anvar in putting away the crystal and porcelain as it was brought to them.

"They are a handsome couple," remarked Ialma, with a smile half mischievous, half demure, when she observed the attraction the aforesaid spot seemed to have for my eyes.

The correctness of the remark could not be denied,

and I made some reply to that effect. I could not but acknowledge to myself, that rarely had I seen a figure more graceful and manly than Anvar's. The close-fitting undress-suit displayed to advantage his athletic form as he raised heavy loads with apparent ease, and placed them on the shelves above. When Ialma perceived my state of mind, and divined the cause, with true womanly tact she strove to divert my thoughts by chatting gayly on other subjects.

"As you are under my orders for the afternoon," said she, during an interval of slackness, "I want you to take me over to Nuval. Semna Diotha-Nuval"—this I recognized as the full name of my maternal great-grandmother—"will expect you to-day."

I was somewhat surprised, but not at all displeased, at this announcement. Next to Reva, there was none whose society I would prefer to that of Ialma. There had sprung up between us as strong a liking as can exist without a trace of sentiment between two young persons of different sexes. I was surprised because the thing proposed seemed to me so contrary to the prevailing custom. But, so far, I had learned only the broad outlines, not the nice shadings, of social etiquette.

The reason for the prohibition of a *viora's* riding out with an unbetrothed man was not any unworthy suspicion, but the earnest wish to prevent rash or premature engagements. A matron could ride out with any one; a *zerua*, with any one not objected to by her relatives, or those of her betrothed, a mere hint in such a case being all-sufficient. A *viora*, again, could ride out with any married or betrothed man, unless forbidden to do so.

All infractions of the received rules of womanly propriety came under the cognizance of a special tribunal of matrons. By these the offender might either be privately admonished, or publicly rebuked before a full meeting of matrons, *zeruan*, and sometimes *vioran*. To such meetings no man was ever admitted, and the proceedings were as carefully guarded as those of freemasonry. All that Utis could tell me was, that a rebuke from the tribunal was greatly dreaded, and that it was severe, even against what we would regard as extremely trivial offences against decorum. As for those graver slips, that, even in these coarse days, sometimes cause the members of an honorable family to writhe in an agony of injured pride, they were never heard of. Whether they never occurred, or were effectually prevented from becoming known, I cannot say.

The almost absolute authority of a father over his offspring was regarded as the main safeguard of the social system. Till their marriage, the father had unquestioned power of life and death over his children. Till then he was held responsible for them: to him the community gave full power to train, to restrain, and to punish. If son or daughter died within the father's house, it was the business of no outsider to inquire why or how. A parent's natural affection was relied on to restrain undue severity.

Such power as this it would, no doubt, be unwise to intrust to all parents in the present day, seeing how many there are with no claim to that sacred name beyond the animal fact. Yet an occasional case of excessive severity would be preferable to the present decay of parental control, — a tendency promoted to the full extent

of their power by certain Phrasolators whom an unfortunate chance has afforded opportunity to air their hobbies upon the judgment-seat. To these sapient Dogberrys, the mildest physical correction is an outrage, even when applied to check the downward course to a life in comparison with which the most cruel death would be mercy. But an ass will munch his thistle, no doubt, and a fool worship his phrase, till asses and fools have ceased to be.

It was a committee of matrons, that, on such occasions as this referred to, assigned to each *zerua* and *viora* her partner for the day. As regards the *vioran*, they usually had assigned to them a betrothed *zerdar*. Occasionally, however, as in the case of Anvar Siured, an eligible suitor would be so assigned, when the parents on both sides regarded a possible engagement as desirable. It was only to this extent that a maiden's choice was ever interfered with by her parents. If her partner for the day asked her to take an excursion in his curricle, she usually accepted, as an act of politeness, and dutiful acquiescence in what she understood to be the wish of her parents, and bound up her locks for the occasion. If the suitor, thus given an opportunity, was able to plead his cause with success, the maiden would, on their return, allow her locks to remain as when she rode away, — a sign that her temporary partner had become a suitor on probation. But most frequently she re-asserted her privilege as a *viora*, a matter on which the maidens were justly sensitive.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANVAR'S FAILURE.

THE foregoing details being unknown to me at the time, my surprise may be imagined, when, shortly after all had returned up-stairs, I saw Reva re-enter the hall, with her beautiful hair arranged after the manner of the *zeruan*.

I had known she was coming; for my eyes had not rested till they lighted on Anvar, who seemed to be awaiting the entrance of some one through a certain door. He, poor fellow, was probably a prey to a stronger conflict of feeling than even myself. He had hazarded much upon a manœuvre known to be risky. But to me the demeanor of my rival — for as such I suddenly recognized him — seemed the easy confidence of assured success. Devoured with a secret rage, I could not turn my eyes from that direction.

Ialma, who stood beside me, probably felt that it would be both useless and cruel to endeavor to divert the direction of my eyes. She, accordingly, strove good-naturedly to keep me in countenance by talking of a picture that hung near the door in question. When Reva came forth, she was very pale, but, ah! more beautiful than ever. Anvar advanced to meet her, and they left the hall together.

"Let me show you this figure," said my companion, advancing suddenly toward the painting before mentioned. "Look at the picture, not at me, while I speak," said she hurriedly. "Do not look so strange: be a man!

I murmured something inaudible in reply, while obeying her injunction so far as to seem busily occupied with the picture, though feeling at the moment utterly indifferent to every thing in the world, now that its chief treasure was lost for me.

"I am sorry for Anvar, poor fellow," continued Ialma in the same tone.

"Why need you grieve for him?" said I, somewhat bitterly. "Is he not successful? Has he not every reason to be happy?"

"Reva has gone with him, indeed, but because custom so requires. I know her, however, and can see that her heart is hardened against him. You will see whether I judge correctly."

With heart greatly lightened by these few words, I now left the hall with my kind-hearted monitress. The elders, and many of the younger people, were scattered in groups along the marble colonnades, or under the shade of the wide-spreading trees. The children, engaged in various pastimes, flitted about with the grace and activity of humming-birds. The prevalent notions of a day of rest did not include that of its being also a day of penance and unnatural quietude for the young.

When we reached the place where I had left my curricle, Reva and Anvar were already out of sight, Utis and Ulmene just about to start. Receiving a direction to follow Utis meanwhile, I started off at a rapid pace

after him. I endeavored, after a while, to re-open the conversation upon the subject that lay nearest my heart; but Ialma diverted the conversation after a brief explanation.

"I have already said more than I ought, perhaps," said she. "But you really looked so unhappy, that I could not help saying something. I may say, however, what everybody has a right to know. Hulmar and Anvar's father are friends of long standing, and I have no doubt that Hulmar would be pleased to have Anvar as son-in-law. Who, indeed, would not? But — I have strong doubts that he ever will."

After this, to me, comforting assurance, she turned our conversation into other channels. This was the easier to do, since it was her task to introduce me to the country through which we were gliding on our noiseless chariot. There was not a house of which she could not both relate the history and define the exact relationship of its inmates to myself.

Presently we came in sight of our destination. The home of Semna Diotha-Nuval was prettily situated on a rising ground overlooking the Hudson, not far from where Peekskill now stands. My anticipations in regard to my venerable relative proved entirely wrong. Instead of an invalid confined to her chair, I found an energetic little lady, whose age I should have placed about midway between sixty and seventy. She had an abundance of lovely white hair, and her keen gray eyes were full of expression.

She sat like a queen surrounded by her court, — in this case her full-grown descendants of three generations;

among the group being Reva, Semna Diotha, — my nearest cousin, — and her father. Anvar stood on one side, calm, but pale, and with by no means the expression of a happy lover. While talking with me, the old lady was gently stroking the hair of Reva, who sat on a *tabouret* by her side.

"It seems but yesterday," she went on saying, after the first salutations had passed, "since your father — you are very like him, but handsomer — came to this house to take away our Osna. She was my youngest grandchild, and had always said she was going to stay with grandma all her life. But there comes a stranger, and grandma is forgotten. That is as it should be, children; nor would your elders, however loath to part with you, have it otherwise. Here, now, is little Reva comes with her pretty hair tied up," — at these words Reva flushed, but made no protest, — "my child, I have pulled down your hair: let me tie it up."

"No," said Reva, giving her head a vigorous shake, so that the rich masses of hair fell behind her: "let it remain so meantime; it is much more comfortable."

The old lady gave her a searching look. She said nothing further on the subject, but, rising briskly from her chair, invited us into the garden to see the flowers and fruit. Here most of the company soon after took their leave. But Ialma, remembering something said by me on our way there, told our hostess that I would like to see her collection of portraits. While, under the old lady's direction, I was employed in arranging the apparatus, Reva had a hurried conference with Ialma. The latter upon her entrance took me aside to inform me that Reva had begged Anvar to let her ride home with Ialma.

"I have come to beg the use of your curricle," she continued. "You can return with Anvar. You seem wonderfully pleased at the prospect of other company than mine. Yet I did my best to entertain you."

Accompanying these words with an arch smile, she returned to Reva, who was explaining to the old lady that she had no intention of binding up her hair, as she was about to return with Ialma.

The first portraits shown in the apparatus aroused in me but a faint interest. My mind was inclined to revert to a subject having no immediate connection with them. But at last my indifference was thoroughly dispelled.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, with a start, as I looked in startled surprise at the portrait that had just made its appearance. It seemed to live and move, even to smile from the window-like aperture where it presented itself.

"What was that you said?" inquired our hostess. "It sounded strange."

How the above exclamation had escaped from me, I cannot explain except by the general tendency to revert, when under the influence of strong excitement, to the tongue first used in childhood. I explained, somewhat confusedly, that I had been startled by the lifelike fidelity of the portrait. It was indeed that of my own mother, changed, it is true, somewhat as I myself was changed, and wearing the costume of the period. Yet the change was not much greater than that sometimes seen in a person from one day to another. We all have our good days, on which we look and speak our best. On such a day might this portrait of my mother have been taken.

I was, however, relieved as well as startled. Those words spoken so lightly by Reva in regard to the expected arrival of my mother and sister, or, rather, as I thought to myself with dismay, the mother and sister of Ismar Thiusen, had given me the feeling of an impostor on the eve of exposure. Yet I could see no way of retreat from my strange position. With a sort of fatalistic recklessness I had resolved to abide the issue of events, with much the same confidence that all would turn out right in the end that we feel in regard to the hero or heroine of a story, however inextricable, to all appearance, the difficulties in which he or she may be involved.

Here, then, was the unlooked-for solution. This devoted and beloved mother would, perhaps, give me the clew to the issue from this labyrinth. But what if she and my sister should take the same view of things as Utis. Would I be obliged, for the sake of her peace of mind, to pretend a belief in what my entire memory of the past forbade me to believe? All this passed through my mind as in a flash. Seeing no solution to the new and difficult questions now presenting themselves, I tried to dismiss the subject by asking to see the portrait of my sister Maud.

This, too, was of startling fidelity; though I have no doubt that Maud herself, dear girl, would acknowledge that in no other had she been represented to better advantage. With a lingering trace of incredulity, I examined the backs of the pictures. I found the names Osna Diotha and Madene Diotha, written there apparently by the hand of the artist, evidently a lady. The printed address was a street of a, to me unknown, city situated some-

where on the northern coast of Alume, the lesser of the great islands of the Maorian group.

After some further conversation we took our leave. Anvar and I saw the ladies seated in the curricle I had brought to the door, and started after they were out of sight.

I must do my companion the justice to say that he took his punishment nobly. That he was very hard hit I could infer from various circumstances. But by not a word did he betray the fact that he had just met with a disappointment likely to color many years, if not the whole, of his life. He proved, on the contrary, a most interesting companion; and the hour or so of our return ride passed pleasantly enough in varied converse, though neither alluded to the subject that most occupied the minds of both.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CANADA THISTLE.

Utis and I had scarcely descended to the workshop next morning, when a call was heard at the telephone. It was Hulmar, inquiring whether I could call on him some time that day.

"I felt sure," said Utis, smiling, "that my old friend would not rest till he had extracted from you all you can tell on the subject of ancient mathematics. It was only regard for the day and place kept him from entering on the topic then and there. I sincerely hope you will be able to gratify him. It is only when immersed in his favorite pursuits that he seems to find forgetfulness, and a certain degree of happiness."

My host sighed as he uttered these words, and became absorbed for a while in a seemingly painful revery. Perhaps he was thinking of the possibility that he, too, might have to face within a few months. Whatever it might be, he shook it off, before long, by a vigorous effort of the will.

One of the things I most admired in the moral training of these people was, their careful cultivation of the power of putting aside unnecessary anxieties. To a mind prop-

erly trained, they contended, brief reflection is sufficient for resolving on a line of action. That once decided on, all brooding over a future contingency is to be resolutely put aside equally with all unavailing regret in regard to the irrevocable past. Cheerfulness of mind, and health of body, were virtues to be cultivated as essential to the happiness of the individual and the comfort of those around him. It was difficult for me to determine whether the uniform serenity of manner so observable in all was more the result of general good health and a well-balanced physical constitution, or if the latter was not rather due to the former.

Ialma heard of my intention of setting out after breakfast with a demure smile, but made no observation. To the rest, my proceeding seemed quite natural; for, according to the prevailing social etiquette, a request from an elder to a man considerably younger was looked upon as something not to be lightly disregarded. Those days were long past when it was possible for the young to be more highly informed than their elders. Age and experience, accordingly, had resumed their natural position of superiority in respect to youthful inexperience.

In a conversation that occurred some time subsequent to that now referred to, I experienced considerable difficulty in explaining the possibility of a condition of society in which age was flouted at, and regarded as a disqualification, even for those duties in which cool-headed experience is pre-eminently desirable; and how it came about that what was, perhaps sarcastically, called "society," was ruled by those least qualified to do so, either by sense or experience.

Just before I started, Utis produced a book, from which he tore one of the printed forms it contained. This I found to be a diagram of the roads and cross-roads of the district, each being numbered, or otherwise distinguished with as much system as the streets of a city. I had, after this, frequent occasion to appreciate the enormous convenience of these diagrams. By means of one of the ingenious ink-pencils then in use, Utis lined out my road, and, after explaining the signs by which I should recognize the turnings, placed the diagram in a clip so arranged as to hold it in a position convenient for reference.

A ride of about ten miles, accomplished in a little more than half an hour, brought me to my destination. At that hour I had the roads almost to myself; most people being engaged in listening to the after-breakfast concert, the one great æsthetic enjoyment of the day.

Hulmar I found sitting on the veranda, amid a group of neighbors. The sound of music from within showed that I had arrived in time for the latter part of the performance, in which I, too, soon became so absorbed as to become forgetful for a time, both of the place and of the occasion of my coming.

After the music had ceased in one triumphant burst of melody that long lingered on my ear, the visitors soon took their leave. They were neighbors from the next house, whose apparatus had happened to be out of order that morning. From some words that fell from them, I understood that Reva, whom I did not see, had set out immediately after breakfast for her post of duty, it being her turn for duty that week.

My host, evidently gratified by my promptitude in ac-

ceding to his request, first fulfilled his duties as host by leading me round the garden.

"This fountain," said he, pointing to what appeared a cloud of rainbow-colored mist in the midst of the garden, "is of Reva's contrivance." While saying this, he pressed on what seemed to be a piece of rock; and the spray subsided at once, permitting approach to the basin. This was enclosed in rockwork abounding in ferns and other moisture-loving plants. A number of fish of various colors came swarming to the edge of their abode, accustomed, evidently, to be fed.

"These and her fowls are Reva's live pets," said he. "But probably she loves her flowers still more. Over here, however, is the pride of her garden, a unique plant, to which none of even our experienced botanists has been able to give a name."

Here we came to a standstill before — I hesitate to tell it — a not exceedingly large, yet thriving specimen of *Carduus Arvensis*, or Canada Thistle. The panicles of buds, already showing purplish at the tips, gave promise of a numerous progeny of this farmer's pest, to which they have given the significant epithet of "cursed."

"Is this the plant you mean?" I inquired, hardly able to believe my eyes.

"You seem to recognize it. Yes, this is the plant."

"It is merely a" — Here I was nonplussed, for I was unable to recall any name for it in the language of the period. "It is merely a weed, at one time greatly detested, and far from uncommon."

"In Maoria, you mean. It seems to be utterly unknown on this continent."

"It was known only too well in these regions at one time," was my reply. I then proceeded to give some account of its nature, warning him of the difficulty of extirpating it if once it gained a footing.

"It would not have much chance against our present methods of cultivation," said Hulmar, who had listened with deep interest to what I said. "It will be as well, however, to take measures of precaution."

As we walked toward the house, he told how Reva, to whom all the native plants were known, had remarked the strange plant growing in a corner of the garden. The only probable explanation he could frame to account for its presence there was this. The year before, a glass vessel that seemed to contain coin, or similar objects, had been brought for his inspection. In the vessel, which they were obliged to saw in two in order to get at the coins, was a quantity of decayed vegetable matter, which was thrown into that corner of the garden.

On reaching the library, he showed me one of the coins, the date of which, as well as I could make it out, was A.D. 2758. A talk on the gradual change that had supervened in the forms of the numerical characters naturally led to the subject of early mathematics.

On that subject I happened to be fairly informed. I had once accepted the task of writing a review of a German history of mathematics. With the aid of "Montucla," and similar works, I succeeded in producing what my sister Maud regarded as the most brilliant of modern essays. For in it I had succeeded in contrasting my own exceeding knowledge of the subject with the Teuton's deplorable ignorance of what he had studied only as many

years, probably, as I had days. Yet I had been conscientious compared with some reviewers. I had really endeavored to acquire some slight knowledge of my subject; for this I now reaped the reward. Hulmar, full of delight at being able to obtain information on just those points hitherto most obscure to him, put question upon question. Imagine Mommsen enabled to interrogate a witness of the period of the Scipios upon the many points that prove insoluble problems to even his industry and critical acumen.

Hulmar's satisfaction was all the greater because my replies often confirmed his own shrewd surmises. On some points he showed a knowledge wonderful in its accuracy, — so accurate, indeed, that, when questioned on those points, I was obliged to say that I could not answer more exactly without access to certain books. Now, the great difficulty in the investigation of that period had been, not the absence of records, but their bewildering profusion, and the fact that they were expressed in almost unknown languages.

At once he produced a catalogue in several large volumes. One of these contained the list of the works of reference in the ancient languages — which included, it must be remembered, what are now called the modern languages — contained in the State library in Albany. On looking over this, I was able to pick out a number of works I would like to consult, and expressed my readiness to proceed at once to Albany.

"There is, of course, no need of that," said he, seemingly as much surprised at the idea of there being any necessity of going to a library, when knowing the names

of the books wanted, as we should be at the notion of going to a bookseller's to read his books.

This is how the matter was arranged. Through the telephone he began a conversation with the custodian of the proper department of the library, gave the numbers of the books, and expressed a wish to have them forwarded at once.

"They ought to be here in the course of the afternoon," said he; and we resumed the discussion interrupted by the question of books. So interested were we both in the subject, that our first intimation of the rapid flight of time was the appearance of Reva. She had meantime returned, and now came to seek her father for the mid-day meal, which he loved to partake of in her society.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ISMAR AND REVA.

KNOWING nothing of the invitation on the part of her father, she was probably, though showing no sign of it, greatly surprised to see with whom her father was conversing with such unwonted animation.

There was at first, or I imagined there was, the slightest touch of restraint in her manner. Her proud spirit still chafed at the recollection of the bondage to which her never-before-confined tresses had been subjected. This, however, soon vanished before the influence of her naturally sunny disposition, and her gratitude for the pleasure I seemed to have procured for her father. Nothing, indeed, could have proved a surer passport to her favor.

When Hulmar revealed to her his newly discovered mine of information, Reva entered with enthusiasm into his hopes and plans for the completion of the long-delayed work. Her remarks on the necessity of rewriting the whole of the first volume showed a surprising familiarity with a subject not regarded among us as especially attractive to the feminine mind. It must be remembered, however, that much now regarded as recondite in science

had, reduced to simple principles, become part of elementary education.

"But you, Reva, are not so lucky to-day as I have been."

"In what way?" inquired she, evidently puzzled as to what was referred to, but seeing that her father was inclined to tease, a somewhat unusual thing with him, and a sure sign that he was in the best of spirits.

"You must know," said he, addressing me, "that this good daughter of mine is ambitious. She has been indulging lately in wild dreams of future fame. Her name was to descend to the latest posterity linked with the discovery of the Something-or-other Diothensis."

"Oh, my poor plant!" exclaimed Reva, half amused, half dismayed. "What has happened?"

"Your pet is safe," said Hulmar, as we rose from table. "But it proves to be a most undesirable vehicle to posthumous fame. Your cousin, here, can tell you what your uncle Aslan could not." This uncle, it must be mentioned, was an authority on botany.

"He knows my new plant?" said Reva with sparkling eyes.

"It turns out to be a very old and a very mischievous one," replied her father.

By the time he had repeated to her what I had told about the plant, we were all standing before it.

"It is so beautiful," said Reva, regarding it somewhat ruefully. "Yet it must be destroyed, I suppose."

Since Reva said it was beautiful, I began to think so too; because she showed an interest in it, I forthwith became earnest to save the existence of what I had hith-

erto regarded as simply a detestable weed. I proposed, accordingly, that it should be potted in a tub of sufficient size, taking care to remove from the ground every fragment of the root. Then, by taking care to snip off the flowers before ripening, the plant might be preserved as a unique specimen of an apparently extinct species.

The proposal was carried by acclamation. When I returned from the out-house with the large *ualin* tub that Reva pointed out to me, Hulmar had the plant already so loosened that we could transfer it at once to the tub. We had just carried this under the shade of a spreading beech when a visitor was seen approaching the house; and Hulmar was obliged to leave the completion of the task to me, under the superintendence of Reva.

While thus engaged, an idea occurred to me that took Reva's fancy too. I knew that before long it would be her turn to give a lecture in the village institute. Why not select for theme this strange regressor from a distant past? The plant itself would attract attention by its peculiar and unknown aspect. In addition to its botanical and scientific aspects, the subject admitted of many interesting historical details being introduced, — its former prevalence, its extirpation, the story of the probable origin of this one specimen.

Seated on the rustic seat encircling the lower trunk of the beech, Reva listened attentively. Encouraged by the silent approval of my fair auditor, I poured forth a stream of anecdote more or less connected with the thistle, from its preservation of the Scottish host at Largs to the character of the people who adopted it as a national emblem.

"How do you come to know all these interesting things?" inquired Reva during a pause in my eloquence.

"From old books," was my reply. "I hope to be able to show you a representation of this plant in one of the books expected to-day."

"In what language is the book?" she inquired.

"In the English of the nineteenth century."

"I have read that many languages were in use at that time. Do you know any other beside that you mentioned?"

"More or less of four others, though none so well as that."

"What languages were those?"

"Greek, Latin, German, and French."

"I have some idea of the peoples by whom they were spoken. It must have taken you a long time to learn so many different ways of expressing the same thought. Yet it must be something to possess the power of reading the very words that moved the minds of men in those far-off times. It must make you feel sometimes as if you had known them personally, and had heard them speak. You must be able to sympathize with their hopes and fears and strivings, in a way impossible for others.

"Yes, it is so difficult to realize, that, so many centuries ago, the sun was shining just as it does now upon this fair earth, that other eyes then looked on grass and flowers and branches waving in the summer wind, and, as they saw the sun verging to those familiar hills, thought and planned for the to-morrow that was to come and to pass away like millions upon millions since."

As she spoke she had risen from her seat, and stood

looking toward where the distant hills shut in the horizon. As, resting on one knee beside the flower-tub I was still engaged in filling, I looked up toward her, the very incarnation of youth and loveliness and noble thought, there came to me one of those moments that come to all, — one of those moments when, with shuddering awe, we recognize for once what we really are, mere drops of spray tossed up from the abyss of eternity, and poised for an instant ere redescending to the mysterious source from which we sprung. For her, too, and for me, would come the day when other thoughtful eyes, gazing on the fair world illumined by that self-same sun, would endeavor to realize that that sun had once shone for others once as young and hopeful as themselves.

Some such expression she must have read in my eyes as she turned toward me.

"My father says that I am too much given to pursue such fancies," she said with a slight laugh. "He warns me, that, unless I take care, I shall find myself some day writing verse."

It may here be remarked, that not only was verse-making regarded as a very poor employment of time, but the poetic temperament itself, as experience had shown, was far from conducive to happiness in its possessor. Hulmar himself possessed it in no slight degree, but had counteracted its influence largely by assiduous application to the most abstruse studies.

The slight estimation in which the versifier was held at this period arose from no lack of appreciation of the truly poetic, but from the despair of attaining any result worthy of comparison with the best efforts of earlier

periods. The difficulty had become ever greater of discoursing with any freshness of utterance or originality of thought upon the themes that had exercised the highest skill of so many hundreds of generations.

It is with the first development of a literature as with the opening of a new country. The earliest cultivators draw with ease rich harvests from the virgin soil, from which succeeding generations find increasing difficulty in obtaining an adequate reward for their toil. For the first comers are the great nuggets, and the rich surface placers, the primeval forests, and the abundant game. Yet in this period, though little poetry was written, there was much enjoyed; just as there was much religion in life, though theology was almost as extinct as a department of literary activity.

Finding Reva was about to gather the fruit for the evening meal, I naturally volunteered my aid. Even in so small a matter as the cultivation of small fruits, I found much to remark and to admire. This may be understood when I state, that, by the methods in use, strawberries — and what strawberries! Even the amiable and enthusiastic author of "Small Fruits" would have been filled with amazement to see what had been accomplished in the improvement of his favorite fruit, — improvements in flavor and size beyond his wildest dreams, — by the methods in use, I repeat, strawberries had come to be in season for six months in the open air, May and October both inclusive. For other fruits, there were correspondingly extended seasons.

The selection and gathering of the strawberries, at present so disagreeable a task, were greatly facilitated by

the manner of their cultivation. The plants grew, not on the level ground, but on ridges of about four feet in height, and sloping each way at an angle of sixty degrees. By this means, not only was a greater surface obtained, but also, by varying the direction of the ridges, the different varieties could be suited with almost any amount of exposure to, or aversion from, the beams of the morning and mid-day sun. We gathered also a small dish of cherries, more for their beauty than from any notion of their ability to cope in flavor with the other fruit we had gathered. These cherries, I may remark, grew on dwarf-trees, or, rather, bushes, not more than six feet in height.

We were returning to the house, when Hulmar met us with the intelligence that his visitor had departed, and that he had just heard through the telephone that the books ordered a few hours before were already on their way from the railway station.

Nor was it long until the wagon came in sight. The books, contained in several cases, were soon deposited on the floor of the veranda. With easy good-breeding, the *zerdar* who had brought them acceded to Hulmar's invitation to rest for a while under the shade. While admiring the basket of fruit, which Reva placed at his disposal, and eating a few of the cherries, he amused us with an account of the ingenious expedients to which they were obliged to resort at home in order to raise such fruits as these, and told of the excellence of their mangoes.

His native place, it appeared, was in the neighborhood of where Timbuctoo now stands. In complexion and build I should have taken him for a Spaniard. Hulmar was able to inform me afterwards, that, from his name,

he must be, partly at least, of Moorish descent. In manner, however, and training, he did not differ from the other *zerdars* I had met.

When we had arranged the books in the study, Hulmar read to us — that is, Reva and me — the note from the librarian, which had come with the books. In the course of this note the librarian mentioned the fact, that few of the books included in the list had, according to the records, been asked after during many centuries. One, a copy of "Webster's Unabridged," had not been out since A.D. 6943.

To Reva this last work became at once an object of great interest, especially after I had pointed out to her the woodcut representing the thistle, which she recognized at once. While I was occupied with Hulmar in mapping out our future work by a cursory examination of the books, she was engaged in examining the woodcuts in the dictionary. The cuts themselves were to her objects of interest. Compared with the photographic illustrations in the books to which she had been accustomed, they had the like merits and defects with the old manuscripts as compared with the finest specimens of the printer's art.

Meantime the afternoon was passing away, till Hulmar, becoming aware of the near approach of the dinner-hour, rose, saying, —

"That is surely enough for one day. You will, of course, dine with us. There will be no difficulty as regards costume. You are just the make of Olav a few years back. As for dinner, that is Reva's affair."

"There is just time," said Reva, and hastened to the telephone to give the necessary directions.

"I have informed Ulmene of your intended absence," she said a few moments later. "She proposes that Utis come later in the evening to pilot you home, as the moon rises late."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MUSIC.

When we found ourselves after dinner in the parlor, Hulmar offered me my choice between some concert-music, — a great performance was going on, it appears, in some distant city, — or to hear a song from Reva. I had more than once heard her voice praised, but had not, as yet, found an opportunity of hearing it.

She sat down to an instrument constructed on the same principle as that of Ulmene, but differently arranged. In this, — the instrument chiefly used by those who mainly desired it as an accompaniment to the voice, — the keys were somewhat smaller in diameter than those of a concertina, and were slightly hollowed at the top.

These keys were arranged in groups of seven. Close around a central key, that which gave the simple note, were six others, not giving single notes, but the six most usual chords to that central note. The key-board was arranged for several octaves of the chromatic scale, each note being tuned true. A simple adjustment enabled the player, before beginning, to set the instrument to any desired tone as key-note.

By means of a sort of pointed thimble worn on the

forefinger, the player produced the desired note or chord by the slightest pressure into the cup-shaped key, while the strength of the tone was regulated by a lever under the control of the left hand. The use of this instrument was so simple, that any person with an ear could learn to play a melody with accompaniment much more easily than now to pick out the same tune on a piano.

What many will regard as the chief excellence of this instrument was the fact, that it could, if desired, be played so softly that a person a few yards off might be unaware that the instrument was in action. Little Esna had such an instrument at home. Happening to enter the room where she was practising, I was unaware, till I came close to her, that she was playing.

With a few directions from Esna, I speedily mastered the principle of the instrument. An hour's practice enabled me to astonish Ialma, when she came in, by playing over to her some fragments of music in a style utterly strange to her ear. She called in Ulmene, who also became highly interested on hearing those snatches of long-forgotten melody.

Reva had probably heard from Ialma of these performances of mine; for, when she had given us several of her father's favorite songs, she wished to hear from me some of the ancient music, as she called it. As her father joined earnestly in the request, I had no alternative but to comply. I did so on condition, however, that Reva should play the accompaniment. This she was readily able to do after hearing me play over the melody.

Warned by my experience with Ialma and Ulmene, I attempted nothing ambitious. It had been the simplest

melodies that had pleased the most, such as "John Anderson," and "Logie o' Buchan," among Scotch airs, "Der Wirthin Töchterlein," and "Steh' ich in finster Mitternacht," among the German. First, accompanied by Reva, I gave the song in the original words, then rendered it into the prevailing language. This latter task was comparatively easy, on account of the great abundance of sonorous monosyllables. I certainly had no reason to complain of lack of interest on the part of my audience. To them it was an experience much as if some one could reproduce for us the long-lost melodies of Arcadia, or the simple strains in which the Aryan shepherd once wooed his Highland maid.

When, after a while, Reva reminded me that I had not as yet given any thing distinctively American, I found myself in some embarrassment. Payne's beautiful lyric naturally first occurred to my mind. But it might have been written by an Englishman. It is, in fact, known and loved by thousands in the "Old Country," who have no suspicion that it is not of native origin. For the first time it dawned upon me, that in the "Minstrel Melodies" of the last generation is our nearest approach to a distinctive national music.

I did not happen to know a single song in its entirety, so was obliged to content my hearers with a verse or two, partly improvised, of "Nelly Gray," and "Susanna, don't you cry." Somewhat to my surprise, these songs excited even more interest than the previous ones. The last melody became a favorite with Reva, and with words by her, set to an arrangement by Ulmene, was within a month known in every household through the world. In

those days, any thing worth knowing was spread over the world in an incredibly short time.

These songs naturally led to a discussion of the slave-system, and the struggle that led to its extinction on this continent. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I found, was one of the few books that had retained its popularity through the long succession of ages. Version after version had appeared, rendered necessary by the progressive changes in the language. The last, which had appeared about fifteen centuries before the period of which we are speaking, was regarded as one of the choice classics of the language.

A chance reference to the "Hero of Ossawatomie" recalled to my mind the wild, simple melody associated with his name, — a melody that even now, to those who lived through that era of blood and strife, seems ever associated with the tramp of armed hosts and the boom of distant cannon. At least, so it is to me.

I was too young to take part in, or even to have an intelligent understanding of, the great struggle at the time. But one of my earliest recollections is, of standing at a window with my mother to see my uncle's regiment march past on its way to the front, to take part in the last desperate struggle round Richmond. It seems as if but yesterday. How noble looked the bronzed and bearded leader who rode at the head of the column! How different from the pale and helpless form brought back two months later!

He looked up to our window. Sister though she was, it was not to my mother alone, or chiefly, that was waved that mute gesture of farewell. Just then the band struck

up; and the whole column, as with one impulse, burst into that quaint expression of the belief in the superiority of mind over matter, of confidence that a great principle does not perish, however it may fare with its first assertors: —

> "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
> But his soul goes marching on."

Thus they marched past, keeping step to words and tune, many never to return. We watched them in silence, till the last had passed out of sight, and the sounds grew faint in the distance. I, to whom the whole had been a splendid pageant, in which "uncle Thad" was the chief performer, looked on in mute astonishment when the women fell sobbing into each other's arms after we had retired from the window. What had they to cry for? I understood a little better two months later.

It may have been my vivid recollection of this scene that lent some fire to my rendering of the march, for song it can scarcely be called: at all events, both my auditors joined in the entreaty that I should give one verse in the very words employed by the men who had so freely given their lives in that struggle, the epoch-making character of which was most fully appreciated in after-ages. Seeing their interest, in order to give them a glimpse of the events of that stirring time, I described the scene above mentioned, speaking, at first, of the youthful spectator in the third person. But, carried along by the tide of swiftly recurring memories, I must have reverted unconsciously to the first person; for Reva, who had listened with kindling eye, suddenly exclaimed, —

"You speak as if you had seen that yourself!"

"Perhaps," — began Hulmar, but checked himself, and turned the subject by requesting Reva to endeavor to improvise a march with that tune as theme. Beginning by simply repeating the melody with slight variations, she proceeded to introduce chords in imitation of the "tramp, tramp" I had described to her, intermingled with the sound of distant firing.

Had I the power to reproduce this grand improvisation, the republic would possess a national march unsurpassed for majesty, and Rouget de l'Isle would have a rival in fame. Hulmar himself, accustomed as he was to his daughter's playing, was astonished, as he subsequently acknowledged. Inspired by what she had just heard, she poured out in tone the emotions the grand theme aroused within her. Towards the end, the triumphant strain gradually died away to an almost inaudible minor movement, suggestive of the shadow cast by even the justest and most triumphant war.

We were sitting in silence, Reva still facing the instrument, when, through the open window, Ialma and Utis stepped in from the veranda.

"I wish Ulmene had heard that," said Ialma. "You never played like that before."

She then proceeded to explain, that, finding Utis was coming, she had taken the opportunity to come to stay over night with Reva, for whom she had several messages from her brother.

"I was just wishing you were here," said Reva. "I have so much to tell you."

Utis and I did not remain long after this, as it was

already late. It may be imagined, that I was far from unhappy on hearing Reva's expression of surprise on discovering how much time had elapsed since we had risen from table. On hearing this *naïve* remark from her prospective sister, Ialma looked at me, and said I looked tired. Though her eyes sparkled with suppressed amusement, she ventured no other remark, except that she would take good care of my curricle, which, it had been arranged, she was to bring over in the morning.

This being the first time I journeyed by night in a curricle, I saw in operation for the first time the electric lamp with which it is provided. While leaving us in shadow, the lamp cast a long lane of light before us, for fully a quarter of a mile. We did not, however, travel quite so fast as by day; so that the distance I had traversed in half an hour in the morning took us nearly three-quarters.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN IMPORTANT CONVERSATION.

WHILE on the way home, I had utilized the time by making to Utis my customary report of the day's proceedings. He said little till we had reached my apartment.

"From what you say," he began, "it is plain that you are deeply in love with Reva Diotha."

I nodded assent, awaiting in some anxiety what my host had further to say; as it was manifest that he was in difficulty as to how to proceed.

"If you succeed in winning Reva," he resumed, "I shall have good reason to congratulate you. I have looked forward to the possibility of this since the moment you met by the merest accident. It was plain to me, that you were, in some way, strongly attracted by her; and she, again, was at least interested in her cousin from so far. Events, however, have moved much more rapidly than I expected; and now I find a duty thrust upon me that I hoped to escape."

"How so?" I inquired.

"In the ordinary course of things, you could not have had so many opportunities of seeing Reva that it would

have been either necessary or wise to speak before the arrival of your mother. In that event my responsibility would cease; as she is not only your mother, but is also a much nearer relative to Reva than myself. But now this sudden intimacy with Hulmar, who seems, in some way, extraordinarily taken with you, — for he is not a man given to sudden friendships, — renders it but honorable for you to reveal to him your feelings toward his daughter.

"Having once secured his approval, you can then make the best of your way with Reva. Her father's regard for you, your frequent presence, the interest she seems to take in those times and subjects on which you are so well qualified to speak, are all greatly in your favor, especially the last. As the wise old proverb says, —

"'Oft in her reveries,
Not far from her heart.'"

"Have you doubts as to Hulmar's approval?" I inquired, seeing him pause, as if doubtful how to proceed.

"With his present knowledge of you, I have no doubt that he would listen favorably to your suit, and, indeed, promote it as far as a father may. There is one circumstance that usually would tell very much in your favor, — Hulmar's apprehension that his daughter may finally resolve on becoming a *zerata*."

"A *zerata?*" said I, to whom the term was entirely new.

"I believe I have not yet explained this custom to you. As you already know, our women are by no means cut off from the intellectual life by marriage. All our arrange-

ments are directed toward avoiding such a state of matters as far as can be done.

"Yet there is no denying the fact, that the pre-occupations incident to their engagements before marriage, and those that come after, are found to interfere considerably with that concentration of thought and effort from which alone brilliant success can spring. Many *vioras*, accordingly, resolutely kept clear from all such entanglements as may interfere with their prosecution of some favorite line of study.

"If they reach the age of twenty, bound by no engagement, a *viora* has the privilege of claiming admission to a certain department of the Muetra. This is a sort of scientific cloister, where, cut off from the distractions of the outer world, they may devote themselves to the line of investigation resolved upon.

"Their quarters are comfortable, even luxurious. They have access to extensive libraries, and the use of laboratories replete with every aid to research. They are assembled twice a day for a kind of gymnastic drill, and have full liberty to roam at will over all the grounds of the Muetra, the extent of which you remarked when looking that way from the roof-garden in Nuiore."

"Are they, then, not allowed to leave the precincts of the Muetra?" inquired I. "Extensive though they are, they must seem, at last, very like a prison."

"Probably so," said Utis; "but it is not our policy to make a residence there altogether too desirable. We do not wish our daughters to be debarred from the privilege of devoting their lives to science if, perchance, they have a real vocation that way. We consider, however, that

they will both find and confer more happiness in filling their natural positions as wives and mothers than by consuming their lives in the endeavor to add a mite to the already unmanageable accumulations of human knowledge. It has, besides, been shown, that more has been contributed to that stock of knowledge by married women than by all the *zerata*. It must be remembered, however, that the former outnumbered the latter a thousand-fold."

"Do they remain there for life?" inquired I, further, thinking of the deplorable waste involved in the immuring of such grace and beauty as Reva's amid musty books and noisome laboratories. Yet such is the innate selfishness of the male heart in such matters, that I am not sure that I did not derive a sort of gloomy satisfaction from the thought of her becoming inaccessible to others should I fail to win her.

"By no means," replied Utis. "Twice every year they are required to spend a week at home, resuming the ordinary habit and duties of the *vioran*. On reaching their thirtieth year, they return home for a full year. At the end of that time, should they still remain heart-free, they are regarded as having a real vocation, and attain the privilege of going and coming from their cloister at will."

"Does Hulmar fear any such intention on the part of Reva?"

"Not so much from any thing she has said, as from her persistent rejection of all attentions on the part of even the most eligible suitors. Perhaps, however, it may simply mean that the right one has not yet appeared. It is with that probability I re-assure my friend when he expresses his apprehensions to me."

Somewhat re-assured by what I had just heard, I resolved on boldly facing the difficulty, whatever it might be.

"You think my views — my peculiar views, as you call them — would, if known to Hulmar, outweigh all his present good will toward me. What need is there for him to know any thing about them?"

Utis regarded me with a smile, half mournful, half amused. Then, shaking his head, —

"My poor boy, you are under the influence of that passion to which we excuse much; but for me there is no such excuse. I would do for you all I would for my own son; but, even could I so far forget what is due to my oldest friend as to keep from his knowledge what so greatly concerns him to know, there are others who would not be so reticent."

"Then, others know beside you?"

"Yes: two others. Your grand-uncle Ruart, the old gentleman we met the day of your arrival. It was with him your mother first communicated in regard to your coming here. Ulmene is the other. It is her right to know the antecedents of a new inmate of her household."

"In what light do you think Hulmar will regard the matter?" inquired I, with a sinking heart, after a long pause.

"The most favorable supposition is, that he will regard you as a monomaniac, or, at least, as a person whose memory of the past has undergone a peculiar change. Now, there is nothing we dread so much as mental disease. Death we can face with equanimity; the untimely taking away of those dearest to us we try to bear with resignation; but insanity admits of no consolation. Cases

occur now with comparative rarity; yet they do occur, and cast a cloud over the matrimonial prospects of all the kindred of the sufferer. You know how it is with yourself, and can judge what is right for you to do."

"I suppose, then, I must seek an explanation with Hulmar as soon as possible," said I, in a dreary tone. I had been living all day in a sort of fool's paradise, and now was brought face to face with the stubborn fact that I could give no such account of my way of viewing things as would be likely to convince any father of my perfect sanity.

In some further conversation, the manner and occasion of my explanation with Hulmar were discussed. At my request, Utis promised to draw up a full account of my case, as known to him.

"I will plead with my friend not to decide too hastily," said Utis, regarding me with pitying eyes; "but I earnestly advise you to rather come to a verbal explanation, and reserve my letter to deliver after, as you see fit."

After some further conversation, he went away, leaving me in no enviable frame of mind. When, after some vain attempts, I did succeed in falling asleep, my slumber was but another form of mental distress. The ever-recurring theme of my dreams was Reva and her father, to whom some dreadful secret from my past life had been revealed. He was regarding me with looks of undisguised indignation; she, with a shrinking compassion almost harder to bear.

Awaking from one of these distressing dreams, I resolved to banish, by reading, the harassing thoughts that would obtrude themselves. A slight pressure on the

knob within reach of my arm, and the room was flooded with light; an easily made adjustment of my hammock, and I had a most luxurious reading-chair.

Taking up Eured Thiusen's great work on the nineteenth century, I chanced to open at the appendix, in which were given notes on points that had appeared to the author of special interest or difficulty. Though monuments of shrewdness, learning, and research, these notes abounded with the, at times, ludicrous errors into which even the most careful writer is apt to fall when obliged to eke out imperfect knowledge by conjecture.

In the by no means amiable mood in which I befound myself at the time, I derived, perhaps, too malicious a pleasure from the mistakes of a painstaking author. If I give a few here, it is only in order to show how difficult it is to avoid error when treating of a period twice as remote as is that of Abraham from us.

Thus, in combating a prevailing error in regard to the significance of the term "Stalwart," so frequently recurring in the fragmentary history of that period, he showed that it was an utter misconception, having its source in the unscrupulous language of a venal and licentious press. The Stalwarts were not, as one legend asserted, a band of robbers who, under their notorious leader Gatto-Rusco, waylaid and murdered a public officer because he refused to surrender to them the treasure committed to his keeping.

This legend derived some support, it is true, from the etymology of the word "stalwart" as given in a standard authority of the period. Nor was the fact of the assassination of a great officer to be relegated to the long

list of sun-myths, as had been done by the celebrated Mutha-Gus, in his learned monograph on the subject. That such a sad event did occur, there seems but too much reason to believe; but there appears to be no evidence connecting the Stalwarts with this deed beyond a few hasty words uttered by a thorough-going member of the party, in a moment of great excitement.

The best derivation of the appellation, and one borne out by the facts, is from "stall," a place, and "ward," tendency, thus showing that it signifies an office-seeker, and nothing else. These stall-wards (for so the word ought properly to be spelled, and not steal-wards, as some have ignorantly proposed) were, in fact, a patriotic and self-sacrificing body of men devoted to the boodle (which, it seems, was their synonyme for the common weal), and ready at all times to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their country, by heroically accepting any office, however remotely connected with the boodle.

Yet even such patriotism did not always meet with due recognition; and, patient though they were, there was a limit to even their forbearance. Their great leader, on one occasion, disgusted with the utter lack of "practical statesmanship" exhibited by the head of the nation (a very wicked and depraved man, according to the authority I follow), threw up his office, in the name of boodle. Nor could he be induced to resume it, — no, though a whole State on bended knees entreated him so to do. By many of his devoted admirers, this was regarded as the greatest effort of his life, — a life that had been devoted to great efforts in the cause of the boodle.

"All this," concluded Thiusen, "may be relied upon

as a correct view of the matter; for I found it written in the columns of that journal whose editor's name (as I learned from a fragment of a rival journal, the evidence of which is, therefore, beyond suspicion) was a synonyme for high-toned veracity and disinterested patriotism, — that journal which might proudly have assumed as motto, —

"*Solem quis dicere falsum audeat?*"

After this I was not surprised, on turning over the pages, to come on other derivations that seemed, to say the least, fanciful. He referred also, in all probability, to some age subsequent to this. This may be inferred when it is stated, that from "congressman," he derives the word "*greshma*," a wordy talker, a confidence-man. From the honorable title "alderman" he derives "*droman*," a word employed at one time to designate a low, disreputable ruffian. From "lawyer" he derived "*lahyah*," a wrap-rascal, a sort of cloak much affected by certain classes. From the name of a certain well-known organization he derived the word "*tamna*," signifying a den of — well, let us say aldermen.

This was too much. It was trying enough to the temper to read the injurious reference to a profession to which I feel proud to belong, — that quintessence of learning, and mirror of politeness; that stay of oppressed virtue, and terror to evil-doers; that body, the humblest of whose members would scorn to accept the bribe of the wealthy oppressor to aid in crushing the weak; but this insult to the citadel of American pat— By the time I had reached thus far in my soliloquy, the book slipped from my grasp, and I slept, this time without a dream.

CHAPTER XXIX.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Though I had slept soundly enough during the latter part of the night, I descended to the workshop pale and spiritless; for the morning light had not shown my prospects in any brighter hues. Ialma, who had returned before breakfast, attributing my evident depression to a wrong cause, strove to cheer me by her lively remarks. She even went so far as, after breakfast, to seek out and present to me a sprig of eglantine from the garden.

I was waiting at the door with my curricle, while Utis went up-stairs for the promised letter. The significance of the symbol with which the kind-hearted girl had presented me was encouraging enough. In the flower-language of the period, it stood for "Faint heart never won."

"Reva has told me of your wonderful discoveries of yesterday," said she. "I have strongly encouraged her in the idea of making that strange plant the subject of her lecture. With the aid of the notes you can give her on its history, it ought to be the most interesting lecture of the season. Perhaps, even, it might attain the honor of phonographic repetition elsewhere.

"Reva is ambitious," she continued, looking at me archly: "all Diothas are, they say. If she attains to such a distinction through you, she will not be ungrateful."

At this moment Utis made his appearance with the letter. On seeing this, Ialma begged me to wait a moment; as she, too, had something to send.

"These are the last views Olav sent. I forgot to take them over last night. Perhaps you may see her before she leaves, as she does not leave quite so early this morning. I know she will be pleased to have the views to take with her."

These directions she delivered with the most innocent air in the world; imagining, no doubt, that no daughter of Eve had ever been so profound a diplomatist. Happening, however, to catch the slight smile on the face of Utis and Ulmene, who stood by, looking on, she blushed slightly, and waved her hand in dismissal. Utis, too, giving a nod of encouragement, I started off in better spirits than I should have thought possible an hour before.

The rapid motion contributed still further to raise my spirits. Never before had I made such speed; yet Reva had already left the house, so that I met her a few yards from the entrance to the narrow road leading to their house.

She would, perhaps, have contented herself with giving, in passing, the customary gesture of courteous recognition, but that I planted myself full in her path. I was resolved on a few more words, perhaps the last. For, should her father take the view of matters that Utis evidently feared, nothing, I felt sure, would induce her to act contrary to

his wishes, even if her heart were strongly enlisted in the matter. Yet I had, thus far, no reason to hope that I had excited more than a passing interest.

Finding her way thus blocked, not displeased, perhaps, at the excuse thus offered, she stopped her curricle, and inquired whether I had brought any message. I produced the excuse with which the kindly forethought of Ialma had provided me. Reva turned the leaves of the album somewhat absently, as I thought. Perhaps she was conscious of the intentness of my gaze; for I gazed as one that looks his last upon what he scarcely hopes to see again, except in memory.

"You look pale," she said hesitatingly, as she returned the album. "I hope we did not overwork you yesterday."

As she said this, with a touch of shyness quite new in her manner, and in a tone that showed real concern, with despair I thought her more adorable, though, alas! more inaccessible, than ever. It must have been some such feeling that made me reckless. I cannot otherwise account for the audacity of my reply.

"For what ails me, this has been recommended as a remedy," said I, producing the sprig of eglantine, and holding it up to her view.

"That!" she exclaimed, in evident surprise. "Who recommended that as a remedy? and for"— She did not complete the question. Some sudden idea seemed to strike her: she checked herself, colored slightly, and murmuring, "I must be going," began to put her vehicle in motion. But not thus was she to escape.

"Does any of this plant grow in your garden?" I inquired, walking beside the curricle.

"Perhaps it might be found by seeking," she replied demurely, having by this recovered herself.

"If I am not able to find it, would you perhaps" —

"In my opinion you are abundantly able to help yourself in that matter," said she; and, with this Parthian shot, off she darted down the road, leaving me in doubt whether I had acted prudently in putting that last question.

Hulmar received me with such evident gratification, that, for a moment, I thought of opening the question then and there. But I could not face the possibility of a failure that would probably necessitate my departure without again seeing Reva. It would be early enough in the evening to learn my fate. Meanwhile I could once more, at least, enjoy the privilege of her society. Another important reason for delay occurred to me. I must afford Hulmar another opportunity of discovering my capacity for mental labor, a matter that might prove of decisive importance when the critical moment arrived.

All that morning, accordingly, I worked as I never had worked before. Our method of working was somewhat as follows: with a recording phonograph before me, I translated, aloud, passages from such authors as had a bearing on the subject in hand. Meanwhile Hulmar listened attentively, and, if any thing in my version seemed obscure, signalled me to stop till the matter was cleared up to his satisfaction.

This somewhat exhausting labor was varied by frequent diversions to lighter topics, in discussions upon the manners and customs of the nineteenth century. Had my auditor been intending to write an historical novel, he

could not have been more minute in his inquiries. More than once I glided insensibly into the character of one relating what he has seen, rather than merely repeating what he has read. At this Hulmar manifested no surprise; attributing it, as I supposed, to the influence of a vivid imagination.

"Yes, we have done a good morning's work," said Hulmar, in reply to Reva's inquiry, as we sat at table in the middle of the day. "So well, indeed," he continued, "have we employed our time, that, should I now, by some unforeseen mischance, be deprived of Ismar's further assistance, I could manage to make shift without. The most important points are now in my possession: the rest are matters of detail."

It may be imagined with what feelings I listened to this announcement. What followed, however, was more encouraging.

"Yet I should sorely grudge the labor involved in these details," he went on, "if left to my own resources. With Ismar I can accomplish in a pleasant morning's work what without him would take months of drudgery to accomplish."

Reva seemed so pleased at her father's evident satisfaction, expressed, not in words, but by her whole demeanor, so much gratitude for the zest I was imparting to his life, that I felt amply repaid for the labors of the morning. It was with cheerfulness, therefore, that I followed him to the study, willing to earn her approbation by even greater exertions.

"I am not so utterly unreasonable as to impose further on your kindness to-day," said Hulmar with a smile, on

seeing that I had followed him. "We have done quite enough for one day. We may now fairly allow ourselves some relaxation. Did you ever read the remarkable history of Metis Telleth?"

I was obliged to acknowledge that I had never so much as heard of the name before. This was not so surprising when it is stated that the said Metis did not live till about the middle of the fifty-fourth century. Yet, for reasons that will presently appear, there were few books so generally known, or that had excited so much controversy.

"I thought not," said Hulmar, continuing to examine the backs of the numerous volumes on his shelves. "That is why I have come here to seek a small volume that I have no doubt would prove of great interest to you. It is, however, a favorite of Reva's; and I may have to look for it among her books."

At this moment a call to the telephone sounded. After a brief conversation with the sender of the call, Hulmar announced to me that he would be detained for a short time, but would presently follow me to the garden. I may here mention, that the universal diffusion of telephonic communication was not an altogether unmixed advantage, especially to men of mark in any department of intellectual activity. A question could be answered with greater facility by telephone than by letter, it is true, but must be attended to at once, and might come at any moment.

Leaving Hulmar in conversation with his correspondent, I went in search of Reva. I found her in the garden, standing before her pet plant, absorbed, apparently, in a deep revery. From the slight, though almost imperceptible

tible, start she gave upon becoming aware that I was standing beside her, I was vain enough to imagine that I had not been without a share in her revery, and was proportionately encouraged by the thought.

"I was thinking," she began hurriedly, then paused, as if seeking for the best expression for her thought.

"Of restoring my property?" said I, pointing to the sprig of eglantine she held in her hand.

"It was not of that I was thinking," said she, with a slightly nervous little laugh. "I am quite willing, however, to restore your property, though you seem very careless of it. I found it on the ground, where you had dropped it, or perhaps thrown it away."

"Will you not restore it now?" said I, seeing that she made no movement to hand over the little half-withered sprig, to which I now attached an importance altogether disproportioned to its intrinsic value; that is, could I but obtain it from her own hand.

"You would probably only lose it again. I will place it in water, then you will find it quite fresh when you go home."

As she stood there, the hand that held the coveted sprig behind her, looking so provokingly defiant, so bewitchingly perverse, not only did her strange likeness to some one formerly known become almost tangible, but I also experienced a feeling as unaccountable as irresistible, of having on some former occasion passed through, and with her, a precisely similiar experience.

"O Reva, Reva!" I exclaimed passionately, hurried on, as it were, by a power beyond myself. "Do you not see what it is to me to receive that symbol from your

hand? It is in your hands to make me very happy or very miserable."

A something in my tone seemed to affect her strangely. She looked into my eyes with a sort of startled wonder, then, looking down with maiden shyness, said in a low voice, while hesitatingly, almost reluctantly, she held toward me that for which I had so earnestly pleaded, —

"You know, Ismar, that I would not willingly make you unhappy, — for so trifling a matter at least," she added, as if fearing she had said too much.

The tone in which she uttered these words, the action that accompanied them, the expression, revealed to me, as in a flash, the solution of what had been to me hitherto an insoluble problem. Now I knew to whom she bore so subtle a resemblance in voice, in feature, in manner. Now the wonder was, that I could remain so long blind to so obvious a fact. In my intense astonishment, I uttered a name that was not that of Reva.

What further might have passed, it is impossible to say; for at this moment Hulmar made his appearance. He carried in his hand a small volume. From the style of binding, I knew that it belonged to a lady's library; for there was a distinct style of binding affected by the fair sex, who indulged in this matter, as in others, their characteristic love of the beautiful.

"I have found the book," said he, as he drew near.

"If you had told me, I could have saved you a search," said Reva, evidently relieved by the advent of a third to break up an interview that threatened to become embarrassing. "It has been among my books for nearly a year."

"We had some conversation this morning in regard to the systems of philosophy current in the nineteenth century," said Hulmar, after we had seated ourselves in the arbor. "I omitted to inquire, however, as to the prevalent opinion as to the doctrine of the metempsychosis."

I was obliged to avow, that I had not given any special attention to the subject.

"Do you think the doctrine unreasonable?" inquired Hulmar further, after some slight discussion of the matter.

"By no means," was my reply. "Could it be established, it would go far to clear up many of the most perplexing difficulties that confront us in attempting to solve the problem of human existence. But, unfortunately, it is not supported by a fragment of evidence."

"Such is the prevailing opinion even now," said Hulmar. "In both great divisions of religious thought, the doctrine of which we are speaking is left an open question. But by no means a small number hold to the belief, that each human soul inhabits in succession a series of bodies, in each going through a certain stage of the education by which it is fitted for a higher state of existence. We who hold this doctrine do so, not only on account of its intrinsic reasonableness, but also because we are of opinion, that, though generally hidden from our eyes, a dim perception of pre-existence is at times present to every soul. What is your experience in that respect?" said he, addressing me.

"I am as convinced of the fact as I am of my own existence!" I exclaimed, recalling vividly my late experience; while Reva's cheek, too, grew pale, as if with a solemn recollection.

"But there is yet stronger and more direct evidence than that," continued Hulmar. "In this book are collected instances of people whose minds, for some unexplained reason, retained more or less complete recollection of their experiences during some previous period of existence, from the time of Pythagoras down. The most remarkable of these cases is that of Metis Telleth, from which I purpose reading a few extracts."

"But, surely, Ismar must be familiar with the story of Metis," objected Reva.

Upon my assurance that I had not even heard the name of Metis till a few minutes before, she regarded me with eyes of wonder and doubt, but made no further objection. Hulmar then began to read to us the account of a case in which, to my ever-increasing surprise, I recognized the details of an experience resembling mine in many respects. Reva listened with the rapt attention awakened by her gradually dawning perception of her father's drift. She did not once raise her eyes from the ground; so that I was unable to judge of the effect on her of this strange story, and its probable application to myself.

"What do you think of that case?" inquired Hulmar, on closing the book.

"It might, with a few changes, pass for an account of my own," was my instant reply. The time had arrived for an explanation, and it was with unspeakable relief that I saw the way thus rendered plain.

I may have felt doubts since; but, at the moment, I really believed that Hulmar had hit upon the true explanation of my extraordinary experiences. It explained every thing so plausibly, and in a manner so much more

soothing to my self-love than that suggested by Utis, which amounted, in fact, to a quasi acknowledgment of monomania, if not mild lunacy.

Hulmar seemed not in the least surprised by my acknowledgment of the resemblance of my case to that of Metis. He merely nodded with a satisfied expression, that seemed to say, "Exactly as I expected." Reva, on the other hand, regarded me with a sort of awed silence. The idea was too strange to become at once familiar.

"As early as yesterday morning," said Hulmar, "a remark of yours first suggested to me the startling idea, that yours is one of those extraordinary experiences like that of Metis. Your wonderfully accurate acquaintance with the life and thought of so distant an age, a knowledge that did not, however, seem to come down beyond a certain date; your comparative want of knowledge of the present age, — all tended to the same conclusion.

"Yours is a strange, and, I may say, enviable experience," he continued, regarding me with something of the same awe that I had remarked in the countenance of Reva. "You enjoy the rare privilege, — so rare, indeed, that the reality of its occurrence has been generally doubted, — the privilege of being able to compare, by personal experience, the condition of our race at widely separated periods of time. How much would I give to enjoy the same privilege! Yet you may feel assured, that I fully appreciate the privilege, inferior only to yours, — that of enjoying the society and conversation of such a one."

As he uttered these words with an earnest enthusiasm, that showed how thoroughly convinced was the speaker

of the reality of what he referred to, I began to appreciate how greatly the situation was changed to my advantage from what I had feared in the morning. Far from having to urge my suit as a suspected lunatic, I saw myself regarded with an interest that bordered on awe. If I should be held in the same esteem as my prototype, Metis, my position would leave little to be desired. Reva said nothing, but I could see that her father's conviction was hers also.

"Though my story is in many ways similar to that of Metis," I began, by way of preface to the account I saw was expected of me; "yet, in one important respect, my experience is widely different from his."

"In what way?" inquired Hulmar, whose interest in what I was about to say was scarcely veiled by the calm courtesy of his manner.

"The reminiscences of Metis began at a comparatively early age, and only by slow degrees attained the consistency of a connected history. They never obscured his recollection of his early life among the generation to whom he related his wonderful story. My knowledge of this present age of the world, on the other hand, seems to date from only a few days back."

I then went on to give a brief account of my experiences during the preceding week, — briefer, that is to say, than the account contained in these pages, yet omitting nothing essential. I was listened to with a rapt attention that showed the intense interest of my hearers. In Reva's beautiful eyes, upraised from where she sat on a low seat beside her father, I could read the mutations of curiosity, wonder, and sympathy, as I advanced in my narrative.

"I have explained the views of Utis on this subject," I ended. "In this letter you will find these views set out at greater length."

Hulmar soon became absorbed in the perusal of the letter I had so shrunk from presenting that morning, but which I now gladly presented as an appendix to my story. During the reading, which occupied some time, as the communication was by no means brief, Reva began, —

"This is wonderful, — far more so than the story of Metis."

"Is that story specially interesting to you?" I inquired.

"How could any one fail to be interested?" replied Reva. "How often, seated under this very tree, have I mused over that story, and wished" —

"Well?" said I, seeing that she hesitated.

"It was from no idle curiosity; but I did earnestly wish sometimes for the privilege of being allowed, even for a single hour, to put such questions as I pleased in regard to that distant past."

"As far as my knowledge extends," said I earnestly, "that wish shall be gratified, not for one hour only, but for as many as you can possibly wish. You will sooner weary of questioning than I of answering."

"You will not find me unreasonable," replied she, with a smile that would have repaid me for the severest toils in her service. "But I will avail myself of your promise. There are so many things I would like to ask about."

By this time Reva had quite recovered from that feeling of distance, or awe, the first effect of the revelation to which she had just listened, and gradually resumed the pleasant, cousinly tone of our intercourse of the preced-

ing day. Taking advantage of this favorable turn of affairs, I exacted a promise that my fair cousin would act as my adviser and guide amid the shoals and quicksands of the, to me, unaccustomed social etiquette of the period. The need of such guidance in my case I was able forcibly to illustrate by a reference to that little adventure of mine on the morning when I tried my new curricle. Reva, with a barely perceptible blush, assured me that the apology I offered was quite unnecessary; since, though surprised at what she regarded as an instance of the peculiar customs prevalent at the antipodes, she had perfectly understood my intention. I was about to follow up the advantageous opening thus presented, when Hulmar, replacing in the envelope the sheets of the letter, began, —

"I will let you have this to read by and by," said he to his daughter. "At present I must go to set at ease the mind of Utis in regard to this business. As for you, Ismar, you have my best wishes in regard to that other matter here referred to."

CHAPTER XXX.

A CURRICLE-RIDE.

Acting on the hint thus given, I was not slow to put the question that had even before been trembling on my lips. What words or arguments I employed, it is unnecessary to repeat. After all, my proposal was nothing so very formidable. In consenting to take a seat in my curricle, Reva committed herself to nothing more than a formal acceptance of me as a suitor on probation, — a relation that did not necessarily imply an association more intimate than had practically existed between us for two days past.

"Yet it would have been so pleasant to go on as hitherto," she said with a little sigh; "but that, I suppose, could not be."

"Have these days been so pleasant?" I inquired.

"Yes, very pleasant, both to my father and myself."

"Why not, then, continue as we have been, — as nearly, at least, as may be?"

Reva looked at me inquiringly.

"You have an aversion to binding up your hair?"

"It does seem to me a sign of bondage," was her reply.

"Well, then, what need to bind it up, except when custom requires, if it does require, that we appear together in public? Otherwise let us go on just as heretofore."

"Is this a promise?" inquired Reva.

"A promise," said I.

"You will not, then, ask me to go out unless I really wish to go?"

"But how can I tell," I exclaimed, "when such a request will not prove unwelcome?"

"Let me see — perhaps I may — But this is better. When I hand you a slip of eglantine in this way," said she, suiting the action to the words, "or when you find such a slip in the table-bouquet, opposite your place at table, you will know that I would like you to take me somewhere."

"You will find me an obedient slave," said I, with an air of mock resignation. "I only hope" —

"You must not talk in that way," exclaimed Reva, checking me with finger uplifted in warning, "if we are to be good friends!"

As already has been remarked, truthfulness and sincerity were marked characteristics in the people of this period. Hence an utter absence of the hollow phrases that form so large a part of our social currency, — a currency so well worn as, in many cases, to require the aid of an expert to determine the original image and superscription. If a person had any thing to say, it was said with all courtesy, but at the same time with strict adherence to the truth as known to the speaker. If, for any reason, it would be inconvenient or undesirable to

give an answer to an interrogation, tacit or expressed, a slight gesture, made by raising the hand with the palm outward, put an end to all questioning on that topic.

Trained from childhood to respect this sign, none ever thought of inquiring for which of a hundred possible reasons the question might be inopportune. Far from acting as a restriction, this convention tended to promote freedom of social intercourse. Less anxious consideration was requisite as to whether a given inquiry would prove embarrassing, seeing that the person addressed possessed a ready means of putting it gently aside. A small hand, of a material resembling ivory, was an invariable adjunct of the desk or workbench. The palm turned outward indicated that the person engaged at the table or bench desired his attention not to be distracted for any slight cause: the contrary position showed that he or she might be freely addressed. These are but examples of a number of conventional signs, which not only effected a considerable economy of words, but also obviated much of the friction of social intercourse.

As may be supposed, a tone of insincere or exaggerated compliment was utterly foreign to the mental habits of people trained in such a way. Indeed, the habitual use among us of that style of address towards woman was regarded by writers upon our times as an evidence of the incompleteness of our civilization; since it showed, that, to a certain extent, we were still under the influence of the old savage idea of the comparative inferiority of the female sex. "Just as in the history of man," commented an author already quoted, "the moral only by slow degrees gained an ascendency over the physical; so

woman rose by slow and painful steps from the degraded position she held among savages. When savagery gave way to barbarism, force to deceit, man ceased, indeed, to beat the weaker sex, but did not scruple to cheat her. Instead of the fair share of rights justly due to her as a being as highly endowed as himself, though in a different way, he magnanimously handed over to her the savage ornaments with which he no longer deigned to adorn his own person, gilding her real slavery by fine phrases, and veiling his own as real sense of superiority by a tone of insincere adulation that he would have regarded as an insult to his understanding if addressed to himself."

Fearing, perhaps, that she had hurt my feelings by that gentle warning, Reva went on to say, —

"Had I not so much regard for you, Ismar, I would not be so ready to warn you."

"You have, then, some regard for me?"

"Yes," replied she, with the charming frankness of one utterly unaccustomed to deceit or fear: "I think I liked you from the first; and" — here she hesitated for a moment, as if contending with a sudden access of shyness, yet went bravely on, busily occupied meanwhile in the arrangement of some flowers, "if my regard goes on increasing as since then, we shall be — very good friends. But come: it is time to go in."

Near the door we met Hulmar. He could easily read in my face how the matter stood; for, at that moment, I felt supremely happy.

"Is it so?" he inquired of me; but, hardly waiting for my gesture of assent, he stooped, and tenderly kissed his daughter on the forehead.

"My dear child, you make me very happy."

"Are you, then, so glad at the prospect of being rid of me?" she murmured, in a tone of gentle reproach, as she held down his stately head to return his salute.

"No, my child. I am glad for the exactly contrary reason. Come, let us sit here, and discuss this matter in a reasonable manner. Ismar, here," he continued after we had taken our seats, "is twenty-five: you, Reva, are a few days past your nineteenth birthday. Assuming, then, that all goes smoothly, it will be two years and a half, at least, before you will leave me to enter into that most intimate of human relations. Two years and a half, my children, is none too long for that attuning of two minds to each other, from which results perfect harmony of character. I have even some hopes," he went on, patting meanwhile the little hand he held in his, "that I need not lose you even then. I understand from Utis, that Osna Diotha thinks of settling here permanently in her native district. In that case, Ismar, there will be little to recall you to Maoria."

"I can assure you," said I earnestly, "there is nothing whatever to recall me there; since I have never — that is, I have no consciousness of ever having been in that island."

"So much the better for my little plan," said Hulmar. "Olav and Ialma will, of course, give me the pleasure of their society for a year or two. But it has been arranged, that eventually they shall make their home with Ialma's father, who has no son. At times, I must confess, I have looked forward with some sinking of the heart to the time when I should be obliged to live here in soli-

tude, or leave a spot endeared to me by many memories. Could I but see my dear child the happy mistress of the home of which her mother was once the light, I should have attained the fulfilment of one of those day-dreams we scarcely hope to see fulfilled. No more need be said of this matter at present; but you now know my day-dream, and may, perhaps, help to make it a reality."

After an interval of silence, during which Hulmar seemed absorbed in reflection, Reva, as by a sudden resolve, rose, and, going to the place where I had laid down the sprig of eglantine that had already done such service, took up this now somewhat withered emblem, and presented it to me in silence. I looked up in glad surprise.

"You would really like a turn in the curricle?"

"I must see Ialma: and — it would be ungracious on my part, it would even surprise her, if I were to go by myself."

"But, I assure you," — I began.

"Yes, I understand. But I, too, realize that I have entered into a compact that should not be one-sided. I will keep you waiting but a short time."

With these words she tripped into the house. Her father said nothing, but I could see he was pleased with the state of affairs. I made haste to bring round my curricle to the door, where Hulmar joined me while carefully examining the vehicle to make sure of its being in perfect order.

"It seems but yesterday," he remarked with a pleasant but half melancholy smile, "since I, too, was anxiously surveying the machine that, for the first time, was to carry an additional burden, light but precious. As I

have already said, you have my best wishes in this matter. One somewhat selfish motive I adverted to a short while ago. But there are others. I knew and admired your father; your mother was my wife's dearest friend; and I, for some reason, feel strongly drawn toward you. I therefore venture to advise you as I would a son. You have, I understand, a sister, to whom you are much attached. Well, my advice is, that you behave toward Reva, meanwhile, much as you would toward that beloved sister. You, I can easily see, are deeply in love with Reva; but she as yet has merely a liking for you. You must allow this liking to develop into a stronger feeling; but take care to avoid the error, common in such cases, of rendering your presence a burden by too obtrusive attentions."

At this moment Reva made her appearance in the doorway. She had made some slight changes in her costume. In one hand she carried one of those graceful hats worn by girls when going in the sun. In the other she held an arrow-shaped metallic ornament, the use of which I easily divined, having frequently seen them in use. With this, under her direction, her father fastened the coil into which she gathered her beautiful locks. In thus performing the office usually assigned to the mother, Hulmar was but acting in conformity with an established variation from the ordinary procedure.

"Now I am ready," she said gayly, after rewarding her father's assistance with a kiss, — assistance in which the intention was better than the performance; for, during the ride, the beautiful tresses tumbled down. I enjoyed the privilege of replacing the fastening, though

without receiving any such recompense, or even hinting at it. In this case a good deed was indeed its own sufficient reward. The fraternal coolness, moreover, with which I rendered this slight service, went far to promote that feeling of *camaraderie*, on which footing I saw it was safest to establish our relations, for the present at least.

It may also be remarked, that in a country so densely peopled, and in which every man and woman, almost every child, had an ever-ready vehicle at command, riding on the high-road was much like riding in one of our public parks. Thus the freedom accorded young people, in regard to riding about in each other's company, was completely in accordance with the wise circumspection that had framed the etiquette governing their mutual relations. While enjoying every opportunity for conversation under the most favorable circumstances, they were, at the same time, always under the public eye.

Before we started, it had been arranged, that, instead of proceeding at once to Ialma, Reva should pay her first visit in my company to Semna Diotha, her great-grandmother. After presenting ourselves there, we would have time to reach the house of Utis, where we should all dine together. Hulmar undertook to send the necessary warning to the culinary depot, as well as to our friends.

"You can then stay over night with Ialma," he concluded. "There are many things in regard to which you will need to consult Ialma."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HAPPY HOURS.

We were but a few miles on our way, when the incident before referred to took place. This naturally led the conversation to my sister Maud, for whom I once had performed a similar service. The theme thus started proved of such interest, that we found ourselves near our destination almost before we were aware.

"It is difficult for me to conceive of any one voluntarily leading such a life as that," said Reva, after obtaining from me a detailed account of the education, amusements, and occupations of a fashionable young lady of the nineteenth century. "To live in enforced idleness during the intervals between a round of exciting pleasures, with no stated occupation but that of devising and putting on a costume that must have rendered life a burden, seems to me a strange perversion of gifts and opportunities. As you tell of it, it sounds like an elaborate device for stunting by disuse every power of mind and body."

She kindled, however, with admiration towards those noble women of whom I told her, who putting aside ease and pleasure, disregarding even social prejudice, devoted

their lives to lessening, as far as lay in their power, the frightful mass of misery by which they found themselves surrounded.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "there were some things in which that distant past excelled the present. There is no longer opportunity for heroism. There are no longer islands, or even continents, for men to discover; nor for women are there fields of heroic labor."

"Would you, then, have ignorance and evil exist, in order to enjoy the privilege of applying a remedy?"

"Now you are laughing at me, and I deserve it. But, to return to what we were talking of before, how did your sister Maud, — do I pronounce it correctly? — how did she bear such a life as you are describing? Did it not break her health and spirits?"

"On the contrary," was my prompt reply, "she and Edith" —

"Edith!" exclaimed Reva, in a tone of evident surprise and interest. "Is that a name, — a girl's name?"

"Yes, of course it is a girl's name; but where" — At this moment it flashed upon me, that, in my surprise, I had uttered the name just before Hulmar joined us.

Reva, seeing me hesitate, replied to my uncompleted interrogation by saying, that at the moment when I seemed to discover in her some resemblance, unexpected and perhaps startling, I had uttered what she took for the exclamation *Iditha!* meaning, *It is she!*

"I had no opportunity then of inquiring after the meaning of the exclamation," she continued; "but, for a special reason, I did intend to inquire."

"There are, indeed, special reasons why you should

know all about Edith Alston," I replied. "But I must defer the matter for the moment, since we are now almost at the door."

We found the venerable lady to whom our visit was due seated on the southern veranda. This not only commanded a magnificent view of the Hudson, but also received the full benefit of the evening breeze, that began to sweep up the river fresh from the broad Atlantic. The sun, too, no longer shone on this side of the house, but was distinctly verging toward the hills whose blue outline was visible on the north-western horizon. Our visit, therefore, could not be prolonged.

The old lady received us very kindly, but made no allusion in Reva's presence to the new relation in which we stood. But, Reva being sent out with her cousin Semna to view some floral novelty in the garden, I became the recipient of some sensible and kindly meant advice, not unlike that which I had received from Hulmar.

"Now," said she, as the girls returned, "it is time for you two to be on the way. It is much more pleasant, besides, to be on the road on such a day as this than to be sitting still anywhere."

This was very true. In spite of breeze and shade, the heat had grown oppressive. But when speeding over the clear stretches of the road at a rate equalling that of the Mary Powell at her best, and rarely descending below ten miles an hour, the sensation was one of bracing and exhilarating coolness.

"We found time, Ziemna and I, to take a better look than before at your sister's portrait," began Reva, soon after we were on the road. Ziemna, it may be remarked,

is a familiar diminutive for Semna, formed, as such words regularly are in that tongue, not by means of a suffix, but by an internal change in the root.

"Well, what do you think of Maud,—or Madene, if you prefer that name?"

"We both think her very beautiful. But you would never imagine what a strange fancy occurred to Ziemna."

"May I know?"

"You will think it absurd. She was looking at Madene's portrait, comparing it with yours in the *lizeo*, when the strange impression came to her, that, though there is a greater resemblance in feature between you and your sister, yet the expression in that portrait, a duplicate of the set taken by Ialma, strongly reminds her of fleeting shades of expression she has seen pass over my face at times. It lasts but an instant, she says, but none the less it is there."

"There would be nothing strange in that, if true," said I lightly, "seeing that we come of the same stock. But I know whom you resemble in many ways, not vaguely and at odd moments, but distinctly and always. Not only do you resemble that person, Reva, but, strange as it may sound, I am firmly convinced that you are that person."

"But how can I possibly be two different persons at one and the same time?" objected Reva, regarding me with an air of mingled doubt and perplexity.

"No, not two different persons at one and the same time," was my reply, "but one and the same person at widely separated epochs. You believe in the doctrine of the *varana?*" The *varana* was the name by which they

designated what, among us, is referred to as the metempsychosis.

"I do," she replied, beginning to see whither my argument tended.

"According to that doctrine, as I understand it, of the many millions of souls inhabiting human bodies at the period of which I have recollection, are not the immense majority still undergoing probation on this earth?"

"Except the comparatively few, that, having attained the ordained standard of moral perfection, have passed to a higher sphere of existence," was the reply, gravely, almost reluctantly, given. The problem of human existence was to these people a real and serious, though not a terrible, question, one to be discussed, if at all, in a spirit of earnest reverence. The off-hand flippancy with which some among us will attack and settle the most important of questions would have seemed to Reva and her contemporaries perhaps more shocking than the grotesque antics of the fetich-worshipper, to the same extent that shallow pretension is more displeasing than earnest ignorance.

"Does it, then, seem at all improbable," said I, "that a spirit endowed, for some exceptional reason, with the power of recalling a former state of existence, should also have the power of recognizing others with whom it had then been brought into contact?"

"I feel the force of your argument," replied Reva, "the more so because we believe, that, as the soul possesses a strong informing power upon the body with which it is clothed, it is natural to suppose that the bodies successively inhabited by the same soul should have a certain similitude. But here a difficulty presents itself."

"What is that difficulty?"

"Supposing I am really a person formerly known to you, why did it take almost a week for you to recognize me as that person?"

"You have just suggested the explanation yourself," exclaimed I triumphantly. "As the soul progresses and changes in the course of its long probation, so must the body it informs change also. Supposing you had not seen Olav during the past ten years, do you think you would at once recognize him, especially if presenting himself amid unexpected surroundings?"

"I suppose not," replied she, after a pause. "I remember his once returning so altered, after an absence of a single year, that I scarcely recognized him."

"What, then, is your conclusion?" I inquired.

The reply was so long in coming, that I almost thought she had not heard the question. She appeared so absorbed in thought, however, that I forbore to interrupt her revery.

"I feel compelled to believe that it is as you say," was the reply, — "that we have met in some distant past. This I believe, not only for the reasons you have advanced, but also for others personal to myself. Before you ask me, however, what these reasons are, let me know a little about my former self. Before fully acknowledging the connection," continued she, dismissing with a merry smile the gravity produced by our late discourse, "I would fain see whether it is one to be proud of, or the reverse."

"Edith Alston," exclaimed I, with perhaps unnecessary warmth, "was the noblest, as she was the fairest, of her sex! I always thought so, now I know it."

"Pray explain how mere opinion became knowledge," said Reva, with an assumption of mock gravity that strangely reminded me of her former self. It may have been this that prompted me to answer as I did.

"From the fact that she has changed so little, I naturally infer there was little to change for the better."

"That certainly sounds conclusive," assented Reva in the same tone. "I shall be proud to form the acquaintance of such a paragon. But," added she, with a mischievous light in her eye that warned me I was about to be repaid in some way for the error I had committed, "if I remember rightly what you said, your own personal appearance is but slightly altered from then: from that may we justly infer that you also" —

"You may draw what inference you please," said I, laughing. "But one thing I have no need to infer, but know for certain, is, that Reva Diotha and Edith Alston agree remarkably in one characteristic at least."

"What you say merely tantalizes my impatience to hear more of this Edith," said Reva, evidently enjoying her little skirmish. "But would there be time? We shall soon be in sight of the house."

"No: the time is too short. Besides, I think it would be better for me to tell this story to you and your father together. Meantime, it would perhaps be as well not to refer to the matter."

Had this been premeditated by me, it would have been a most subtle stroke of strategy. It would have been impossible to devise more effectual means of causing her mind to dwell upon me. Without intending it, I had thus established a secret between me and her, — a secret that,

from its very nature, would powerfully exercise her imagination.

A few minutes later we arrived at the porch. Though all, probably, must have observed our coming, Ialma alone came forth to meet us at the door. After saluting Reva with even more than her usual sisterly tenderness, she laughingly inquired, turning her round so as to obtain a fair view of what she referred to, —

"Who can have arranged your hair in this fashion? Your father? — Well, we have about time to" —

The rest was lost to my ears as they entered the house, and I went round to house my curricle. Of the events of the evening I have but a confused recollection. Reva came down with her hair artistically braided by the deft fingers of Ialma, and looking, if possible, more lovely than ever. No allusion was made to what, no doubt, was the subject uppermost in the mind of each; but all seemed pleased and happy. Even Reva, after an interval during which she seemed unable entirely to rid herself of the maidenly self-consciousness consequent on the novelty of her position, soon caught the general tone, and joined in the conversation with her usual vivacity.

After dinner she herself challenged me to a game of chess; compassionating, no doubt, my evident inability to so collect my thoughts as to give coherent replies to the most ordinary questions. In the first game I was ignominiously beaten. Reva laughed.

"You see?" said she, pointing to the chessboard.

"I understand the reproof," said I penitently.

"You made me promise to become your monitress in behavior; and I am afraid," said she, shaking her beautiful head, "the office will be no sinecure."

"But thoughts will wander at times," pleaded I in defence."

"Man should be master of his mind," responded she, quoting, with a charming assumption of gravity, a celebrated poet of the sixty-third century. "That, however, is but a minor offence. But you really ought not to stare so at me, as you did at dinner, and as you have been doing now, instead of studying the board."

"But what induced Ialma to do up your hair in that distracting way?" said I, assuming as fraternal an air as possible. "The effect is very good, but I cannot help trying to make out how it is produced. Could I once be satisfied on that point" —

The absurdity of this plea tickled Reva's keen sense of humor. She laughed, and, entering into the spirit of the thing, said, —

"If that will suffice to effect a cure, you may now study the 'effect,' as you call it, once for all."

With these words, she turned round so as to present to view the back of her head, then, at my request, presented her profile. In this last position I kept her as long as I dared, apparently surveying with critical eye the artistically arranged locks, but likewise taking in the details of the Artemis-like head, the delicately outlined nose, the proud lips and chin.

"Well, will you now be able to devote your whole attention to the game?" asked she, as she turned toward me a countenance as captivating to the heart in its front view as the goddess-like profile was satisfying to the artistic taste.

"I think the safest way would be if you could restore

your locks to their usual fashion. I feel sure I could then play a good game." This I said as calmly and deliberately as if nothing more were in question than altering the position of a picture or statuette. I was also fully aware, that, in thus affording her an excuse for relieving her locks from a bondage I suspected to be irksome, I should be really doing her a great pleasure. The correctness of my surmise was proved by the slight demur with which she acceded to a demand apparently so unreasonable.

I watched her, — it seemed a physical impossibility, indeed, for me to keep my eyes from following her, — I watched her lean over Ialma, who sat at the other end of the apartment, and whisper some inquiry or request. Ialma's countenance at first expressed genuine concern, but brightened up immediately after some explanation had been given. With some laughing remark, she rose, and followed Reva. During their short absence I had time to reflect on the course it behooved me to pursue. This next game I must win, if possible, or perhaps lose ground not easy to recover.

When, therefore, Reva returned, I sat down before my bewitching antagonist, as wary and collected, as resolved on victory by any fair means, as ever I had before a veteran of the Philidor. The move was mine. I was able, therefore, to avail myself of an opening long disused, but abounding with pitfalls for the unwary. In spite of a spirited, even brilliant, defence on Reva's part, I was in position at the twenty-third move to announce a forced mate in two more moves.

"I see plainly you are my master in chess," was her

frank acknowledgment of defeat. We had no more chess that evening, as music was now proposed. In subsequent games I still maintained a decided superiority, though Reva occasionally gained a fairly won victory: for I made it a principle to grant no favors; nor would it, indeed, have been safe so to do, and avoid serious offence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

When Utis retired with me to my quarters, we held a long conversation in regard to the events of the day, which were to him no less unexpected and pleasing than to myself.

"I have hitherto belonged to those who regard the doctrine of *varana* rather as an ingenious hypothesis, unproved, though attractive, than as a matter of serious belief. But now, I must confess, it affords the most plausible explanation of some points in your case that otherwise are utterly bewildering. For you, at all events, it is the most satisfactory solution of your perplexities; and so, I have no doubt, it will prove to your mother."

"Have you heard from her lately?" inquired I.

"Not for three days past," was the reply. "She then, toward the end of a conversation in which she expressed her lively satisfaction arising from the account I was enabled to send in regard to you, announced that she had completed her arrangements, and would embark next morning for Valparaiso, the first stage of her journey hither."

"How long will the voyage take?"

"Let me see," was the response, as he took down a chart: "the distance is about forty-four hundred miles. That can easily be accomplished in four days."

"In another day, then," said I eagerly, "I shall be able to communicate with her and my sister?"

"Perhaps it may be possible to communicate with them much sooner than that," said he, smiling at my eagerness. The fact is, that hitherto I had rather dreaded the moment when I should be obliged to enter into communication with these relatives of the Ismar Thiusen with whom I had in such an inexplicable manner become identified. The events of the day, however, had produced an entire revulsion of feeling. I now earnestly desired what before I had shrunk from. Meanwhile, without further explanation, Utis had risen, placed himself before the telephone, and was evidently making some inquiry.

"I have made inquiry at Valparaiso," he explained, on returning to the veranda, "whether the electric packet has yet reached Ualdoth." Here he proceeded to point out to me on the chart a small island about sixteen hundred miles west of Valparaiso. He had begun to explain that this was the usual stopping-place for the packet from Maoria, when a summons called him to the telephone. After the exchange of a few words, he returned, saying, —

"We are almost too late: the packet leaves Ualdoth in less than half an hour. I have given directions, however, to make connection with the ship, and to inform your mother. You will probably have time for a quarter of an hour of conversation, unless she has retired for the night. That, however, is unlikely; since the sun sets there about two hours later than here."

We had, meanwhile, taken our position beside the instrument. Scarcely had he ceased speaking when a voice — that voice associated in my mind since infancy with all that is tender and good and pure — came vibrating over the far-extending wires from that distant island in the Pacific. The tone of anxiety I could read in those dear, familiar accents thrilled me with compunction for what now seemed my sélfish neglect; while, at the same time, I experienced a sort of mysterious awe, as if listening to a voice from beyond the grave. Utis, seeing my agitation, first sent a few words of preparation and explanation, then withdrew.

The allotted quarter of an hour flew all too quickly. The last few words were in my sister's voice, and ceased abruptly in the midst of a sentence, from which I, and correctly as it seems, inferred that the wires had been disconnected. The chief reason, indeed, for the delay of two hours at Ualdoth was, as Utis explained, to enable passengers to communicate with their friends by telephone. To people accustomed to almost instantaneous communication with every part of the world, a three-days' interruption of intercourse was almost as serious a deprivation as to us would be a separation from postal facilities for three months. Here there was no occasion for the passengers to leave the ship. Connection once established with the submarine cable, intercourse with friends could be maintained till the moment when it became necessary to disconnect, on the voyage being resumed.

The four early working-hours of the following morning were devoted by my host and me to the various labors necessary for the maintenance of the garden, and other

surroundings of the house, in their customary high condition of neatness. On my expressing some surprise at the comparative absence of weeds, Utis explained, —

"By care continued through long ages, mankind have succeeded in extirpating the most noxious weeds. Of that you have seen an example in the case of the thistle. It makes an enormous difference in the amount of labor requisite for cultivation."

On a subsequent occasion, when expressing some apprehension in respect to the probable appearance of the mosquito to interfere with our enjoyment of the summer evenings, he had been somewhat amused at the idea. It was much as if some visitor among us from the Orient should take it for granted that fleas and similar insects are as naturally to be expected as denizens of our sleeping apartments, as they are in those of his native land. The appearance of mosquitoes in a district would have been regarded as reflecting quite as great discredit on the population, as would among us the appearance of the above-mentioned denizens in a house.

"We regard them as a not unuseful little pest," said he; "since they indicate the existence of some undesirable sanitary conditions, that must be discovered and put an end to."

On descending to breakfast, I found that Reva had returned home, summoned by her father, who announced the reported approach of a great storm from the West.

"I wish I had known this earlier," remarked Utis. "We need not have worked quite so vigorously as we did, seeing that we have a day of vigorous exertion before us."

It was even so. The storm-signals were out, and every male inhabitant was expected to turn out and aid in saving the splendid crop of wheat with which the district was covered. It was the year following the sheep-pasturing; and, accordingly, the whole land was under wheat. Duly instructed by Utis, I found no difficulty in guiding the machine committed to my care. It was, in fact, as easy to manage as a horse-rake. All that day we labored, with an intermission of an hour in the midst of the day. Little was heard but the few words of direction from the overseers of the work, and the sharp click of the machines that, following in due order, cut, thrashed, and winnowed the grain. This, without being bagged, was conveyed at once to the elevator. Other machines cut up the straw into inch lengths, so as to admit of its being stowed away in less bulk, it being a valued basis for many manufactures.

Ere darkness came on, the land had been stripped of its golden covering as by magic; and all returned home, weary, indeed, but conscious of having performed a good day's work. Little was said during the belated meal, except in reference to the approaching storm, of whose violence accounts were already coming in.

"It is fortunate," said Utis, "that the ship conveying your mother and sister is not in its track. This storm appears to have suddenly originated in the North Pacific, and, from what Olav states of its ravages in the neighborhood where he now is, must be of unusual violence."

In my selfishness, I am afraid I was more concerned by the obstacle the storm opposed to my paying a visit, however brief, to the house of Hulmar Edial. Even tele-

phonic communication with there was temporarily cut off. During such storms as that now approaching, it was considered safest to disconnect, for a while, all the wires entering the house.

We did not, after all, lie in the direct path of the storm. A few miles farther north, almost every tree was prostrated throughout the district; while we escaped with comparatively slight damage, though the storm was supposed to be the severest that had occurred for several generations. This evening is signalized in my memory, however, chiefly by a peculiar adventure that occurred to me.

During the height of the storm, I had occasion to go to my room for a certain book. Just as I closed the door to return, there came a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder that seemed to make the building shake to its foundation. At the same moment the electric light that illumined the corridor gave a fitful flash, then left me in total darkness. Confused, I took the wrong direction, going right on instead of to the left. Before traversing the whole corridor, I knew I had made a mistake.

While pausing, trying to orient myself, by the flash that seemed to issue from it I became aware of a half-open door just facing me. I entered. By looking from the window I might gain some idea of where I was. I found myself in a lofty circular apartment, of fair size, and lighted by a round window in the midst of the vaulted roof. This I could see by the now almost incessant glare of lightning. Ceiling, floor, and walls were cased in marble. Of marble, also, were the rows of carved consoles that occupied the walls from ceiling to floor. On

each console stood an urn of beautiful but severe design. The materials were various: many were of marble of different kinds, the majority of some transparent material. As the thunder rolled above my head, and the lightning-gleam reflected from the polished surfaces revealed the medallions cut in relief, I began to understand, and was filled with a solemn awe.

With some difficulty I found my way back to the parlor, where Utis had just succeeded in restoring the working of the electric light, which appeared to have been paralyzed in some way by the action of the storm. When the ladies had retired, I told Utis of what I had seen. He simply remarked, —

"Though that is called the 'Guest-Chamber,' I ought not to have left you to stumble on it by yourself, and that, too, under such peculiar surroundings. It must have been left open by some chance to-day."

He then proceeded to explain to me their manner of disposing of the dead. For nearly seventy centuries cremation had been practically the only method in use, it having more and more commended itself to the common sense of mankind. "Instead of permitting the remains of our beloved dead to return, as inevitably they must, sooner or later, to their original elements, by a slow and hideous process, we restore by far the greater part to nature by the rapid action of fire, the type of purifying energy. Instead of hiding them away in nooks shunned by all, in recesses where imagination shuns to dwell, we carefully preserve what is practically indestructible of their frames in an honored place in the homes they once loved and brightened. As you must have carried away an un-

favorable impression of the place from the manner of your visit, let us return there."

By this time the storm had ceased, except an occasional subdued rumble in the distance. He led the way in silence to the marble chamber, and turned on the subdued radiance of an electric light.

"Here," said he, "are the ashes of a hundred and twenty generations. We call it the 'Guest-Chamber;' because we enter the house as the guests of our parents, and finally remain here as the guests of our children.

"Each of these urns contains all that remains of a family, — husband and wife, and unmarried children. An occasional second son may be absent, having made himself a home elsewhere; and, of course, all the married daughters of the house, who repose in the guest-chambers of the families into which they married."

I gazed around me with awe. Never had human existence seemed to me so transitory. Yet here the aspect of death was nothing horrible, but something inexpressibly solemn. Near the centre of the floor stood a marble table. Under it was the safe in which were preserved the records of the family, and those portraits already referred to. On the table lay a strongly bound volume.

"With the exception of the last three," continued my host, "all these are your ancestors as well as mine. They are so through Osna Diotha, whose father belonged to a line that has frequently intermarried with our house."

On hearing this I began to examine the portraits on the medallions with even greater interest. The medallions each contained the portrait of husband and wife, always executed during life, and usually soon after their

marriage. Thus, on the urn that Utis, according to custom, had provided for himself some years before, were exquisitely cut portraits of himself and Ulmene. On the reverse were deeply cut their names, the dates of their respective births, that of their marriage: spaces still vacant were destined for the final dates.

"You see," said Utis, pointing with a grave smile to the long series of unoccupied consoles, about half the number, "there is yet room for many generations. With the life-story of each of those who have gone before me, I am fairly familiar. But in certain moods I love to sit here and speculate upon the character and history of those destined to fill these vacant places. Are they as yet mere nothings? or, as the adherents of the *varana* believe, are they already on earth, working through their long-enduring probation? The theory has charms," said he thoughtfully, as we left the apartment; "and I would fain believe it."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ISMAR SEES AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

THE usual sequence of a violent storm, the following morning was all that could be desired, combining, as it were, the charms of spring and summer. The change in myself from the grave mood of the preceding night was equally marked. My heart was filled with an unwonted gladness; all seemed colored with the light of an undying spring; for — all-sufficient reason — was I not again, that morning, within a few hours, to see — her? Utis soon perceived and understood my mood, for had he not also been in Arcadia? He quietly made a suggestion on which I was not slow to act. I telephoned an inquiry to Hulmar whether I might breakfast with him.

"Why need you ask?" was the hearty response. "I missed you greatly last evening; and so did, I think, some one else. Be punctual!"

I very narrowly escaped losing a finger that morning; so that Utis, who had observed the occurrence, laughingly put me out of the workshop.

"Busy yourself for an hour or two in the garden," said he. "You will find plenty to do during that time. Then get ready and go. You are not safe in here."

Never had the face of nature seemed to me so lovely as during that morning ride. The very fields from which their golden mantle had been stripped but the preceding day already showed a tender green among the short stubble. The multitudinous voice of the song-bird was outvied by the singing within my breast. Yet the storm of the preceding evening had not passed without leaving traces. The active *zerdars*, under whose care were the roads, had already swept clear the tracks with their machines; but the broken branches piled at intervals by the wayside, and an occasional uprooted tree, already cut into lengths, gave token of the force of the hurricane.

"I knew it was you were coming," said Reva with a bright smile, when I made my appearance at the breakfast-table in company with her father. He had merely requested her to have breakfast for three. I was satisfied that she was pleased at my arrival, and hoped that her prevision of the fact arose from a half-unconscious wish that it might be so.

The meal passed in comparative silence. I was preoccupied with what I had come prepared to say. Reva, for a like reason probably, was unusually *distraite*.

"Reva," said her father, who had for some time been observing her countenance while she was in a deep revery, "Ziemna was correct in her remark. Your face had just now an expression remarkably similar to that of Ismar. I should hardly have deemed it possible for countenances so dissimilar in feature so greatly to resemble each other in expression. It must arise from some common ancestor in the Diotha line. For you, Ismar," said he, addressing me, "do not at all resemble your father, but greatly the other side of your family."

This remark afforded me an opening of which I at once availed myself. While I spoke, the music of the morning concert was not entirely shut off, but only to such an extent as to reach us in subdued tones. It happened, by a strange coincidence, that the music was that of a celebrated drama founded on the story of Metis, and thus served the more appropriately as a background to my narration. The story of my early love for, engagement to, and breach with, Edith Alston, was listened to with absorbed attention. This was especially the case with Reva, to whom the story, now looked forward to for so many hours, was of special personal interest. Was not this the Edith upon whose personality her imagination had been dwelling since that eventful occasion? As I went on to tell of the strange attraction exercised on me, from the first, by Reva's face, voice, and manner, of my distinct recognition of her, at last, as the exact counterpart of the Edith of my story, Hulmar, too, beginning to see whither all this tended, followed me with eager, almost excited attention. I could well see that he was of my opinion when I finally stated my firm persuasion of the identity of the Reva of the present with the Edith of so long ago.

"I am convinced," was his comment, when I had ended; "and you, Reva?"

"I, too, am convinced," was Reva's reply, uttered in a tone barely audible, almost as if speaking to herself. She then rose, as if about to leave us: it was time for her to go. But taking her stand beside her father, with her hand upon his shoulder, a favorite attitude with her in moments of confidence, she went on, "I must now tell

what I have been trying to tell you since it occurred. At that moment when Ismar seemed to experience some startling recognition in regard to me, I, too, felt a strange conviction come over me, that we had met in some far-distant past, and had enacted an almost similar scene. I thought at the moment it must be "— Here she hesitated, did not complete her sentence, and saying, "It is full time for me to leave," within a minute could be seen careering down the road.

Mindful of our agreement, I had made no offer to accompany her, having received no sign to that effect. It seemed to me also not at all unlikely that she should desire some leisure for reflection upon what she had heard. Nor was my self-restraint unrewarded. After a good morning's work, Hulmar and I were, in due time, summoned to the dining-room. With inexpressible satisfaction, I marked a sprig of eglantine in the bouquet before my place.

She desired to be taken to see Ialma. It may be imagined that I did not take the shortest route thither, nor was there any protest on the part of Reva against this undue lengthening of the way. Her attention was probably too pre-occupied for her to observe which way we were taking. She wanted to hear again all about Edith, and found question after question to put in regard to her. Having once for all accepted the belief that Edith was her former self, it may easily be imagined how interesting to her was every detail I could impart. Much as I had lengthened our route, she seemed greatly surprised when we had reached our destination.

"How quickly we have come! It seems as if I had dozens of questions yet."

She laughingly rejected, however, my offer to turn back, so as to afford time for those remaining dozens of questions. This was but the first of a series of similar delightful excursions. The conversation was not always on the same topic, yet was most frequently suggested by some new question that had occurred to her since our previous meeting. Round Edith Alston and the former Ismar, as centres, Reva learned to group the varied panorama of the social fabric of the nineteenth century, — so far, that is, as was suitable for her to hear, and me to tell. For her unsullied mind, even that vague impression — the shadow cast by certain forms of evil — was non-existent. Extensive as was her reading, her ignorance of the *lonna* character had preserved her from even a suspicion of the darkest side of human history.

Nor was the instruction by any means one-sided. I, too, had much to learn, — much of great practical importance in my new surroundings. In Reva I found an efficient informant on all suitable subjects. Much that I could have learned from Utis or Hulmar, I preferred to learn through Reva: it was so delightful for me thus to learn, and — as she told me with charming ingenuousness — for her to teach. What she did not know when asked, she took care, therefore, to learn from her father, who laughingly compared her to a sister giving instruction to a younger brother, and receiving most benefit herself from the task. Though, meanwhile, not a word was uttered by me that she could hesitate to repeat to her father, with whom, I knew, she was wont to rediscuss the topics discussed by us during our ride; though I never so much as touched her hand, except in the customary courtesy of

assisting her to mount into or alight from the curricle, — I felt that my suit was progressing favorably; that, unconsciously to herself, the dear girl was beginning to find a pleasure in my society such as she had not found, even in that of the brother she loved so well. I was well content to let matters run their course, knowing that nothing was to be gained by precipitancy.

I have dwelt too long and too fondly, perhaps, on this chapter of my experiences. In the estimation of many, my time would have been better spent in giving some account of the legislative and judicial system of that period, than in entering into so many details regarding a single individual, no matter how charming and accomplished. If I have erred in this respect, I can plead illustrious example. I am not the first, as I shall not be the last, for whom the splendor of a pair of bright eyes has outdazzled all a universe besides.

A more serious reason for this abstinence is founded on the following considerations. No system of government works well beyond the extent to which it represents the average moral and intellectual status of the governed. Laws not originating in the wants, and corresponding to the intelligent conviction, of those legislated for, are generally worse than useless. Enforced not at all, or only in show, they serve only to grant a monopoly of certain acts to the unscrupulous. Now, the system of government prevailing among the contemporaries of Utis and Hulmar presupposed a general moral and intellectual status surpassing that now prevailing, to an even greater degree than their knowledge and control of the forces of nature surpassed ours. The great fault with many of our present

institutions is, that they pre-suppose an average citizen much superior in intelligence and public spirit to the really existing average citizen. The machine is too fine for its work. Too many of our laws seem to be the work of well-meaning phrasolators, who waste much ingenuity in framing laws that will enforce themselves. These are the devices of perpetual-motion cranks. Others, again, are the work of knaves, who throw a sop to an indignant public in an enactment they are well aware will prove worthless before the ingenuity of quibbling lawyers and time-serving judges. These are the devices of traitors.

It was about this time that we made an excursion to the Winter Garden, of which I had previously taken only a cursory view. While going through the extensive palm-house, which covered several acres, we came to a comparatively open space. In the midst stood, raised on a suitable base, a mutilated, weathered fragment of reddish granite. The material, the shape, and especially the almost obliterated hieroglyphics, roused in me a vague suspicion. On inquiry, I found that this fragment — about one-third of the lower part — was indeed all that remained of the famous monolith whose third erection I myself had witnessed. I was strangely affected. I could not refrain from passing my hands over the very hieroglyphics I had examined with so much curiosity so many, many years ago. Then I had regarded it with awe as a venerable stranger, a survival from the time when history was not. Now I greeted this, the only stone remaining from the New York of so long ago, the sole surviving object upon which certain eyes had once rested, — I greeted it, and it seemed to me as an old familiar friend.

To Hulmar and Reva, when I explained to them whose bright eyes had once looked on this strange-looking bird, whose soft hands had examined its outline, the fragment was no longer of merely historical interest. To them, listening to my account, it was much as if some one could tell us at the present day of having witnessed the erection of this same monolith on its original site, except that the date was twice as remote.

Reva, having first passed her hands, too, over that place, went away to rejoin some companions. Hulmar, seated on the lower base of the pedestal, narrated to me the story of the obelisk after my times.

"The government of Nuiore," he began, "as organized at the period when this stone crossed the ocean, was most peculiar. Its utter want of sense, and knowledge of human nature as then existent, is so evident, that the intention of its originators became an enigma to succeeding generations. The most plausible explanation, however, is, that they had no intentions, if by that we mean settled principles of action. A set of incompetent bunglers had drifted into a position in which they were able to do much mischief, and did it. The result may be summed up in a few words. The revenues of one of the wealthiest cities of the world were surrendered as a prey to the organized offscourings of Europe.

"The direct contributors to the revenues were made a powerless minority: the tax-spending majority were reckless in lavishing what seemed to cost them nothing. The *régime* of aldermen, as the representatives of the proletariat were called, became too onerous, at last, for even the revenues of Nuiore to sustain. The city became

bankrupt. The city rulers would fain have imitated the course of certain States of that period, whose only use of a fictitious sovereignty was to commit rascally actions with apparent impunity. The city fathers soon found, however, that the city they dishonored did not possess this doubtful privilege. The revenues passed under the control of receivers. The docks, and large slices of the public parks, were sold to the highest bidder. From being the worst, Nuiore became the best-governed, city in Christendom; for the police no longer granted favors to ruffians on the ground of their being heelers of Mike This or Pat That.

"The city fathers, cut off from their former browsing-grounds, began, on one pretext or another, to nibble away what remained of Central Park. A prosperous Western city made a fair bid for the obelisk. The offer for what they called "the owld sthone" was accepted with alacrity. But their innate love of jobbery must find vent, even in the execution of this little scheme for disposing of what was not theirs to dispose of. The job was intrusted to a contractor willing to share with certain of the committee. He was, as might be expected, a bungler: the obelisk, allowed to fall, broke in three pieces. The Western city refused to accept the pieces, which lay where they had fallen. The upper pieces were finally broken up by a thrifty contractor as macadamizing material. This piece would have shared the same fate, had not the board of aldermen, about that time, been legislated out of existence as an antiquated nuisance. Under the new city government, this fragment was re-erected on its former emplacement, with an inscription

to the memory of the public-spirited citizen who had presented it to the city. Finally it was placed here under cover, to preserve it from further injury from the weather."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BOSTON.

The just-related episode in the history of New York contains nothing to surprise an observant mind accustomed to note the present tendency of things in that city. But that Boston, the liberal, the cultured, the nursing mother of American literature, — that Boston should become the focus of Romanism, not for America only, but for the world, — should, in fine, become associated in the minds of men with all now associated with the name of Rome, will, no doubt, overwhelm others with the same incredulous astonishment the story at first evoked in me. But so it was. Driven from Italy, the Papacy found a welcome and a refuge in New England. Boston became, and remained during long ages, the chosen seat of that church of which its founders had a special abhorrence. Yet history shows mutations quite as strange. What similitude can be found between the Rome of Scipio and the Rome of Leo X.? How utterly dissimilar the ideas evoked by that one name at these different epochs! After all, how comparatively slight the change in the case of Boston!

The strange mutation was rendered possible, in both

cases, by similar causes. In accordance with the same economic law by which the baser coin drives out the better, a lower class of labor drives out a superior. Thus the free population of Italy disappeared before the hordes of imported slaves, the superior population of New England before the crowds of imported laborers of an inferior class. In all probability, Papacy could not have developed amid the original population of free Italy: it certainly could never have gained a foot-hold amid the original white population of New England.

All this, and more, I learned during an excursion, in Hulmar's company, to Thiveät (corrupted from Civitas Beata), the later name of Boston. The journey there and back occupied, in all, about five hours. The city itself was as changed in appearance as in name. The old familiar landmarks had disappeared. The bay, the islands, the general outline of the shore, were still recognizable; but all else was strange.

We had taken our stand upon one of the remaining towers of the cathedral, a once magnificent structure, erected on the site now occupied by the State House. Planned to surpass St. Peter's, and requiring for its completion a whole century of energetic effort and unstinted outlay, it had been justly regarded as one of the architectural wonders of the world. Now it was mostly crumbled into ruin. The great tower, constructed of masses of granite rivalling in size those raised by the builders of Egypt, had alone resisted the storms of seventy centuries. Rising in solitary grandeur amid the ruins of its humbler dependencies, it seemed destined to rival the pyramids in duration. Like them, it had already outlived the very

memory of the faith that had moved these masses into position: vanished like their own names was the spiritual domination that the builders had fondly imagined would outlast the granite.

From this lofty position my companion was able to point out to me the ruins of the dungeon-like walls of the Palace of the Inquisition on Governor's Island: the whole surface was so covered with ruined masonry, that it had never been thought worth while to clear it away. On Deer Island, a massive arch alone marked the site of what had once been a famous monastery. On Bunker's Hill rose a slender monolith of granite, on the summit of which I could still distinguish, through my instrument, the remains of what had been a statue, now crumbled down to little more than the feet. This I naturally supposed must have taken the place of the pillar once raised to mark the spot

> "Where Putnam fought, where Warren fell,
> Where drank the soil our heroes' blood."

But no such motives had prompted the erection of this graceful column. The church had regarded as little less than sinful the appropriation of such a site to the memory of uncanonized men, who had fallen, too, in a struggle that approached perilously near the confines of that rebellion which she taught was "as the sin of witchcraft." A monolith surmounted by a statue in honor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception had, accordingly, taken the place of the pillar consecrated by the eloquence of Webster.

I certainly am not conscious of any special ill will

against the adherents or the rites of that "gorgeous superstition," however much some of its tenets may repel my understanding. In certain moods, indeed, its splendid ritual exercises on my mind no slight attraction. But I must acknowledge feeling extremely angry on hearing of this substitution. Reading, and no doubt sympathizing with, my feelings of indignation, Hulmar went on quietly to say, —

"Time, however, has reversed their decree. Few, except antiquaries like myself, have so much as heard of that dogma. But what happened on that hillside is fresh in the memory of every school-child on this continent."

He next pointed out to me a broad *plaza*, surrounded by an apparently well-preserved colonnade. In the midst a fountain of magnificent proportions tossed on high its waters, sparkling in the rays of the summer sun. All this had formed an appurtenance to the papal palace, now entirely vanished, except a small portion converted into a museum and library. Now restored to good-humor by these signal examples of "Time's revenges," I turned to where, embosomed amid secular groves that permitted but glimpses of the stately structure, stood the buildings of the University. This, however, was not the immediate successor, though it was the worthy representative, of the "Fair Harvard" of the nineteenth century. There had been an interregnum of many centuries. During the reign of the church, Harvard had been converted into a Jesuit college, the centre of the order, the chief training-school of its members. Owing to the appropriation of the education fund to other, especially building, purposes, by the church during this period, secular education fell

to a very low ebb indeed. Instead of jokes in reference to his excessive devotion to the goddess "culchaw," the Bostonian was liable to be twitted with a worship of a very different kind.

On our way home, Hulmar recounted to me the steps in the political and intellectual decadence of New England. These were, the accession to political supremacy of an ignorant and superstitious foreign element; the accelerated emigration of the original stock; the establishment of a State church, in fact though not in name, by improving on the example of the Mormon church; decisions by obsequious courts that placed the education fund practically under the control of the priesthood; the removal of the seat of the Papacy to Boston; attainment, by the Jesuits, of a controlling power in many States, by adroit manipulation of parties; rapid decline and ultimate extinction of the Papacy, after its alliance with the invaders during the "Great Invasion."

"You have really worked hard at that lecture of yours," said her father to Reva, a few days after our excursion to Boston. "Let us celebrate its completion by a water-excursion, and pay that long-deferred visit to your uncle Aslan."

Instead of our usual forenoon work, we accordingly set off soon after breakfast for Piescil (Peckskill). We found in readiness the boat engaged by telephone before we left home. This, to me, odd-looking conveyance consisted of two boats connected by a platform with low bulwarks. The motive-power was, of course, electricity. The machinery I had no opportunity of inspecting, it being entirely out of sight: it propelled us, however, through

the water at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Instead of the uncomfortable benches of our present boats, there were neatly upholstered chairs. Each chair was provided with an adjustable awning, and turned freely on a pivot in the deck. The steering and control of the motive-power were effected by means of a simple apparatus similar to the tiller of a curricle.

Hulmar managed the craft, while Reva and I imparted to each other our knowledge in respect to the various points of interest as we passed them. To me, with the exception of the river and the outlines of the hills, some peculiar change seemed to have passed over every thing. Not only were there villages where now there is naught but rock and shaggy wood: the very hills were cultivated to their summits. In the steepest spots were what seemed to be vineyards or orchards. To me it sounded like a joke to find myself obliged to ask the names of those villages that appeared to have sprung up in a night on the bank of the stream so familiar from boyhood.

Reva, again, could not get over her surprise at finding me better acquainted with the river, in certain respects, than herself, able to anticipate and recognize every reach and headland. She laughed at her own attempts to pronounce after me the ancient names, that sounded so uncouth to her ears.

"How lavish of breath you must have been in those old times!" laughed she, after several vain attempts to pronounce after me the name "West Point," with its superabundance of consonants. I was obliged to admit that "Uespa" was both easier to pronounce and more pleasing to the ear. We halted at Uespa for about an hour.

Hulmar, who was somewhat of an antiquarian, wished to avail himself of my knowledge in regard to the position of the forts. Uespa was still the seat of a great school of civil engineering; but, of course, every vestige, and almost the remembrance, of its former warlike purposes had disappeared. Hulmar was pleased to find that my recollections coincided, upon the whole, with his laboriously drawn inferences.

While he left us to make a short call on a professor, Reva and I awaited his return on a spot where the beauty of the view has probably in all ages caused a seat to be placed. Things being viewed from a distance, the prospect up the river towards Newburg, and that city itself, seemed almost unaltered.

Our talk was of many things. We talked of the cadets and their ways, in regard to whom Reva found much to inquire. Next the talk drifted to the many brave men to whom this scene had once been familiar, whose last view of earth had been amid the thunder and tumult of battle. Then Reva begged once more to hear that account of the departure of my uncle Thaddeus at the head of his regiment. She seemed most affected by that final scene of the women falling weeping into each other's arms. She sat silent for a while, looking at the ground before her, then murmured, as if speaking to herself, —

"It was indeed hard to bear. She must have loved him dearly."

My heart leaped wildly at this first, apparently unconscious, utterance by her lips of the word love. Was she beginning to feel that love is something more than friendship? At this moment Hulmar returned; and soon we were on our way to Neuba, as the city was then called.

I must, perforce; pass lightly over the details of our entertainment by Aslan and his charming daughters. We paid, of course, a visit to the local museum, — a spot, it may be mentioned, of world-wide fame. For there, under an immense dome of tinted *ualin*, stood, on its original foundation, the building consecrated by the memory of Washington. In spite of all care, the woodwork had begun to show signs of irreparable decay thousands of years before. But, by the suggestion and under the direction of a famous architect, *facsimiles* of *ualin* had been substituted for the more perishable material. The stonework, down to the smallest fragment, even the original mortar as far as possible, had been replaced with religious care in its former position, so as to preserve, for all time, an edifice consecrated by such memories.

A few miles off stood a monument of venerable antiquity, the third in succession, I was informed, it had been found necessary to raise there at intervals measured by chiliads. This marked the spot where the "Father of Liberty," as he was fondly styled by an admiring posterity, had risen to make that memorable address by which he quelled the treasonable murmurs of a, perhaps not unreasonably, dissatisfied soldiery.

"It was a crisis in which all turned on the character of one man," said Hulmar, as we turned away. "Fortunate it was for mankind, that man was Washington."

CHAPTER XXXV.

REVA'S LECTURE.

THE evening of the day following this excursion was that appointed for the delivery of Reva's lecture. Its theme, that famous thistle, which had thriven wonderfully in the rich soil of its tub, was carried down in the forenoon, and placed on a stand on the platform of the lecture-room. This was in order to afford all an opportunity of closely examining the strange plant, the fame of which had spread far and wide. Though Reva had been careful to snip off every morning all buds that threatened to ripen, the plant still displayed a goodly array of them. Its ultimate fate, whether to be utterly destroyed, or to be spared in order to distribute specimens to be kept, under suitable precautions, by the curators of botanical gardens, was yet to be determined by the council of elders.

Since the attendance promised to be unusually large, it had been resolved to employ the great dining-hall instead of the ordinary lecture-room. As a matter of convenience also, those intending to be present at the lecture, that is, practically all the inhabitants of the district, besides many invited guests, were to dine in the great hall as on the Day of Rest.

During the afternoon I had an opportunity of seeing and taking part in the great game of *dorris*, so popular among the young people of the period. It is difficult to describe clearly, but might be fairly described as a sort of complicated game resembling lawn-tennis. An extensive level space was marked off by white lines into a hundred squares, each about twelve yards square. In each of these a young lady, and her partner assigned for the day, took their stand, to defend it against the pair facing them in the next square. Squares were lost or won, much as a game of tennis among us, by the more or less skilful use of the raquet, the line between the squares taking the place of the net. The defeated players relinquished their square to the victors, who attacked in their turn the next defended square before them; taking care, however, to avoid the risk of capture by separating too far from the rest of their side.

The captains were enabled to distinguish their players, fifty pairs of each, by their colors. The victory depended upon the skill of the captain in disposing his or her best players to the best advantage, and in effecting skilful combinations according to certain rules. One great object for any given pair of players was, to work their way to the farther end of their row. In this case they could be placed by their captain on any unoccupied square where they could do most damage to the enemy. The game, the *zeruan* and their allies against the *vioran* and theirs, was contested with great spirit on both sides. Reva and I had the skill, or good fortune, to capture three squares before being, in our turn, retired, till summoned by our captain to take the place of a pair on our side requiring rest.

Pleasing as was the implied compliment to our skill, I would not unwillingly have remained, for a while longer, a mere spectator of the animated scene. The fair players, with their shortened skirts, moved with the grace and agility of antelopes; while their bright sashes and caps, red for the *zeruan*, blue for the *vioran*, flashed like the wings of bright-hued tropical birds among the more sober tints of the *zerdar* costume. It was plain that the *vioran*, notwithstanding their zeal and activity, and that the best partners had been assigned to them, were overmatched by the greater skill and experience of the *zeruan*, their seniors by a few years.

Reva, who had made the same observation during her enforced inactivity, returned with ardor to the aid of her hard-pressed companions. She was surprised as well as pleased at the skill I showed with the raquet, as she explained to me during a pause in our efforts. This led, on my part, to an exposition of the nature of lawn-tennis. This, again, led me to betray the fact, that, during the past week, I had been preparing for her a surprise in the form of a series of sketches from memory of Edith Alston in various costumes, tennis, yachting, riding. I felt amply rewarded for my labors by the flush of pleased surprise that lighted up the beautiful face, and the thanks expressed in the bright eyes that looked so frankly into mine. But no more was said at the moment, as we were summoned into action.

"Why *did* you speak of those sketches?" said Reva, when next we were at leisure. "I can think of nothing else. If I lose the thread of my discourse to-night," she added, laughing, "I hope you will feel duly repentant."

On my proposal to go for them at once, she assented, after some demur on account of the shortness of the time. But by arranging for a substitute to take my place, and being able to employ a flying speed on the almost deserted roads, I returned, with a few minutes to spare, before the dinner-hour. I found Reva standing amid a group of her fair cousins, who were discussing with animation the late contest. Thanking me with a look, and the customary graceful gesture, for the small portfolio I had delivered as if executing an ordinary commission, she hastened away to examine its contents in private.

After the clearing away of the hall after dinner, and the arrangement of the seats, there was an interlude of music. Then came on the event of the evening. In the opening part of her lecture, Reva treated the scientific and economic aspects of her subject with a clearness and precision that evidently gained the approval of those present specially competent to express an opinion on those points. The most generally interesting part, however, was the second half, as could be seen by the eager attention of the audience. This was an essay upon the character and genius of that ancient people who had adopted the plant before them as their national emblem, — a people that, for their numbers, had played no mean part in the world's history, and round whose rugged land the genius of one of her sons had cast a glamour that had survived the rise and fall of mighty empires.

At intervals, during this part of the lecture, views of the places referred to were exhibited by means of the *varzeo*. By this, as in a magic mirror, we saw displayed

before our eyes distant scenes, not as they had been at some past time, but as they appeared at that moment. The mirror was, in reality, a peculiar metallic screen, to which were transferred, somewhat as sound is by the telephone, the pictures falling upon a suitably prepared screen placed before the scene to be transferred. I saw with astonishment the scene of the battle of Largs bathed in the summer moonlight, that shimmered in the rippled waters of the Clyde, and obscurely revealed the outlines of the isle of Cumbrae. Trees waved in the wind, a ship at anchor rocked in the rising tide, small clouds passing before the moon would temporarily obscure the midnight scene. While the audience gazed in silence on this living picture, Ulmene, at the fine instrument belonging to the hall, softly played an improvisation, introducing such selections from the national airs as her exquisite taste judged appropriate to the scene.

In a similar manner was displayed to our eyes "the castled crag" of Edinburgh, crowned with edifices whose forms were but indistinctly discernible in the moonlight, here much interrupted by flying scud. Glencoe, again, was evidently the focus of a violent storm. Naught could be seen but an occasional glimpse, from amid rolling masses of vapor, of a mountain peak of savage grandeur; while from the organ pealed the wild notes of a Highland pibroch, now heard, probably, for the first time after an interval of thousands of years

In spite of the disadvantages arising in the views of some localities from the untoward state of the weather, a difficulty to which exhibitions with the *varzeo* were liable, Reva had reason to be gratified with the reception

accorded to her lecture. Though Hulmar said nothing, I could well see that he was abundantly satisfied. Well he might be; for, as Ialma told me on our way home, — Reva went home with her father, — the elders asserted it to be the most successful lecture within their recollection.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A KISS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"WHAT shall I say to thank you?" said Reva, when I found her next morning in their garden feeding her gold-fish. "You have been very good to me."

A something in her manner emboldened me to ask, purposely making use of her own expression, —

"Are you yet able to say, what you once gave me some ground to hope for, that we are — very good friends?"

"More than friends, Ismar," said she simply, yet with a certain faltering shyness. "Yes," she continued, answering the glad question she read in my eyes, "I think I really — what they call love you — somewhat at least."

"What makes you believe you begin to love me?" said I, with difficulty repressing any too energetic expression, even in words, of the wild joy I felt, fearing I might scare this shy confidence.

"Many things," replied she, gathering confidence now that the ice was broken, and re-assured by my manner. "I always liked you, as I said before; and, when you told me — that time, I found it pleasant to be loved by

you. But now I begin to find that it is even better to love than to be loved. Besides, yesterday" —

"Well?" said I encouragingly and interrogatively.

"I am almost ashamed to tell it. But, as I was going away with those sketches, I happened to see you, in a mirror, talking gayly with Udene Vadarna. She is very pretty," she continued apologetically, "and, I know, admires you. Then I felt a miserable feeling I had never known before, and knew that I must love you, since I could not bear the thought of your caring too much for another."

In return for this sweet confession, I told how, on almost the same spot, I had become aware of my love on experiencing that same miserable feeling while watching Anvar Siured await her coming forth. This we both, of course, regarded as a remarkable coincidence, and found multitudes of similar confidences to impart. So many, indeed, did we find, that the hours sped on unheeded, till, to Reva's confusion, her father came forth to call us to luncheon, much as Reva had been accustomed to summon himself and me when we had been too engrossed with our task to come forth unwarned. Hulmar had now set vigorously to work to arrange the mass of material with which I had helped to provide him.

Thus, too, the days sped on till there wanted but about ten days till Olav and Ialma's marriage-day. In that first sweet interchange of mutual confidences, Edith Alston had, in sooth, been altogether lost sight of. Happy love is apt to be engrossed with the blissful present. But, during our succeeding talks, Edith formed an apparently exhaustless topic for Reva's questioning.

Now that she had confessed her love, she took endless delight in learning all the circumstances of my engagement to that former self. For so, since recognizing in those sketches Edith's wonderful likeness to herself, she had come more and more to regard her. Seeing the pleasure these had afforded, by her special request, indeed, I had made another sketch representing Edith in a costume she wore on a certain never-to-be-forgotten occasion. With this before us, I had been made to go over the whole story again. Reva had listened somewhat pensively.

"Do you really and truly love Reva as much as you did Edith?" she asked suddenly, at a certain point in my narration.

I protested that the question was altogether absurd, seeing that Edith and Reva were to me one and the same person. She herself laughed at what she termed her foolish question, and begged me to proceed with the narrative of events.

"What!" exclaimed Reva, when a certain particular hitherto omitted had escaped me: "you kissed her every time you called?"

I was then obliged to explain that such was the accorded privilege under the stated circumstances.

"She must indeed have been much more dear to you than I am," exclaimed Reva, with a slight tremor in her voice, "since you have never"— She checked herself, blushing violently, and seemed frightened at the impulsive utterance that had so unwittingly escaped her.

We were standing on the veranda at the time, just about to enter to join Hulmar, who was busily engaged

in his study. What I did was wrong, very wrong, according to the then received standard of propriety; and I knew it. But, carried along by a seemingly incontrollable impulse, I clasped her in my arms, and imprinted, not one kiss, but many, upon those virgin lips. For one blissful moment she yielded to my embrace, then gently, but firmly, disengaged herself, and stood before me pale and agitated.

"O Ismar, what have I done!" she exclaimed, and looked into my face, not reproachfully, but as if for sympathy. "How can I tell this? I, who never expected such a thing could happen, must now meet my father's reproachful eyes. But I must not linger, lest I lose courage altogether."

I was now sobered, and aghast at my own folly, the consequences of which I began to perceive. But I dared not even suggest the keeping of this matter from Hulmar. To do so would be to suggest a serious infraction of Reva's moral code, — would, perhaps, cost me her confidence forever. Girls were trained to regard it as a matter of the highest obligation to conceal from their mothers no dereliction of duty, — no act, indeed, of whose propriety they entertained any doubt. Hulmar had, to a great extent, filled this office of moral director to his daughter. Still pale, but now outwardly calm, Reva entered her father's presence.

"What is the matter, Reva?" inquired he, looking up from his work, and at once struck by her manner.

"Father, I have to confess a great fault; I have allowed Ismar — to kiss me:" the utterance of the last words seemed to cost a great effort, and was accompanied by a deep blush.

At these words the expression of Hulmar's face, as it was turned toward me, became stern, — very stern. But, not giving him time to speak, Reva went on hurriedly, —

"Do not blame him: it was wholly my fault; I — all but asked him."

"Reva," said her father, still very grave, yet apparently relieved, "what is this I hear? Explain."

"I can hardly explain how it happened. But a most foolish idea had taken possession of me. I thought Ismar did not love me as — as he once did when I was Edith. I could not bear the thought: I hardly knew what I was saying."

"Reva," said her father, but much less gravely than before, "you have, indeed, committed a grave fault, and one that would expose you to a severe rebuke from the council of matrons, should it come to their knowledge. They do not know the special reasons that greatly excuse what would otherwise be inexcusable. I do not greatly blame Ismar. How could he be expected to resist such a challenge? I, perhaps, am really more to blame than either of you. Yet, my dear children," he continued, "we must face this fact. You two can never again be trusted together as hitherto. You, Reva, have granted Ismar a privilege due only to a betrothed husband. Are you willing at once to accept him as such?"

Much as it had cost me, I had remained a silent auditor during this scene. For comparatively a stranger, as I was, to the pervading ideas and nicer shades of opinion of the period, what could I say that might not give deep, though unintended, offence? On hearing this demand on the part of her father, Reva raised her eyes

timidly and doubtingly towards mine. So deeply was she humiliated in her self-esteem, that, as she afterwards confided to me, she almost doubted her worthiness. The yearning entreaty she read in my eyes removed her hesitation.

"To-morrow, then," said her father, on receiving her blushing assent, "to-morrow you shall enter the ranks of the *zeruan*. We have said all that is necessary in regard to this matter. It breaks up our pleasant company. Let us enjoy the few hours that remain before our separation."

On the following morning, accordingly, Reva and I entered the second stage of courtship. In the presence of a large company of relatives, — my mother was not present, but sent her heartfelt congratulations, — I placed the betrothal-ring upon the engaged finger of that dear hand, which trembled in mine as I did so, and received from her a ring in return. After receiving the congratulations of those present, I gave the blushing *zerua* the kiss of betrothal, and set out at once on my journey to Salu.

According to the fixed custom of the period, I was now banished from the place of residence of my betrothed for the space of a year. The rest of the world was before me, but from the one spot most dear to me I was debarred inexorably as Adam from paradise. There was but one relaxation from this severe rule. Custom did not forbid our meeting anywhere beyond the bounds of her native district. But this was a privilege dependent entirely upon the judgment of those to whom she owed obedience.

Much as I chafed at first at what I considered as the excessive harshness of this custom, I soon began to ap-

preciate the profound wisdom that had dictated its adoption. Separated in body, we seemed to draw yet nearer in soul. The happiness I now enjoyed in our daily communion of soul with soul, if not so intense as that in her presence, was of a higher order. That mutual interaction of mind on mind, that moulding of character by character, on which Utis had laid so much stress, became to me day by day a matter of happy personal experience. How much we had to say during that happy hour of converse! How rapidly it seemed to flee!

I shall not weary the reader with the details of my life near the great city of Salu, the seat of the great central depository, with its hundred million volumes. It was this drew me there, in order to carry out a plan of investigation already determined on before that act of impulsive folly expelled me prematurely from my paradise. I did not, of course, spend all my time amid the mouldering records of the past. It was necessary, not only from considerations of health, but also from regard to the custom of the period, for me to adopt some regular manual occupation. Not having received the training of a *zerdar*, I had no great choice of active occupations. I accordingly, at the suggestion of Utis, adopted one that not only required no special skill, but also had the advantage of taking me much into the open air, a consideration of some importance, considering the hours I spent in the alcoves of the great depository.

Imagine me, therefore, engaged from four in the morning till nearly eight, in the useful and necessary, but among us somewhat contemned, occupation of setting in order the streets of Salu for the business of the ensuing

day. So far was such an employment from being regarded as derogatory, that this one was specially affected by men of the highest intellectual eminence, whose other pursuits tended to confine them within doors. It was, in fact, through the agency of an eminent scientist, to whom I received a note of introduction from Hulmar, that I obtained a post in the section in which he himself worked during the early morning hours. It must be remembered, too, that the work was done almost entirely by the ingenious machines we merely directed.

Besides these four hours, and the five regularly spent in the library, I found time for many an interesting excursion. At one time I would indulge in a long stretch in my curricle over the extensive prairies that surrounded the city. Again, from the deck of one of the swift electric boats, I would view with admiration the verdant banks of the Mississippi, now an orderly stream, long since broken of its lawless freaks.

Less than a hundred miles away, about an hour's journey by rail, was one of the immense reservoirs that, storing up the superabundant waters of one season, at another gave them forth to maintain the average level of the mighty river. All that the Nile was to Egypt, the "Father of Waters" had become to a region compared with which Egypt was as insignificant in extent as its boasted civilization was inferior to that of the ninety-sixth century. Scattered along its fertilizing banks, and throughout its basin, were numerous and famous cities, that had possessed a name and place during more than double the number of years denoting the present age of Damascus, most venerable of existing cities.

The reservoirs — lakes in extent — were almost covered with a species of floating gardens, or, rather, farms, on which were raised various products requiring abundant moisture. These products were produced in quantities that sounded incredible to me, difficult as it had become to surprise me, and would perhaps raise doubts as to my veracity should I be so incautious as to mention the exact figures as reported to me. By means of a well-devised system of pisciculture, all rivers were well stocked with choice fish; but these reservoirs fairly teemed with them, and supplied a great population with what, eggs excepted, was the only variety of animal food ever indulged in.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN UNFORESEEN DISCOVERY.

How little are we able to foresee the ultimate result of apparently trifling actions! A pebble, a twig, may decide whether a given rain-drop shall reach the ocean through the waters of the Mississippi or of the Oregon. A little sketch had led to my banishment from Reva: an acquaintance, made in the most casual way, led to — Well, that will all come in due time.

Among other pleasant acquaintances made at the house of the scientist already adverted to, was that of an eminent authority on genealogy. A genealogist in that period, it must be well understood, was no blind groper amid the scanty records of a misty past, no framer, to order, of well-paid-for pedigrees. Genealogy was a science. Just as, among us, a scientific botanist can assign a place and name to each individual of the hundreds of thousands of species of plants on the face of the earth; so a genealogist, given the few data that each person was supposed to carry in memory, could assign to that person his exact place in the great family tree of the race.

Each family, at this time, could trace back its descent

from about the middle of the third chiliad; that is, for about sixty centuries. Some could go a few centuries farther back, but none, with any certainty, beyond the beginning of the second chiliad. This chiliad was regarded as the *ultima Thule* of accurate research, a region enveloped in the misleading mists of uncertainty, and beset with the reefs and quicksands of genealogical myth.

Deuro Frilaz was one of those adventurous spirits that sometimes carried research into these misty centuries. Through him I became acquainted with the history of the Diothas, and the difficulty of tracing the line for more than two generations beyond the famous Esna. This was largely owing to the change of name in the female line at every generation before that epoch. I insensibly caught some of my informant's enthusiasm. Guided by his hints as to the proper line of research, I entered upon an investigation for which I possessed peculiar advantages. Favored by a lucky accident, I was so fortunate as to light upon a clew that, carefully followed up, with the aid of Deuro, enabled me to carry back the line of Diotha for nearly two centuries more.

Deuro was delighted. What was far more precious to me, however, was the proud delight expressed by Reva at my success in the solution of a problem that had baffled the zeal and acuteness of so many before me. After giving me an account of a gathering of all the Diothas of the neighborhood at their house, to hear read the phonographic transcript of Deuro's report, she went on to say, —

"Ulmene, Ialma, and I, by the vote of all present,

were appointed a committee to convey to you the thanks of all Diothas for what you have done. Many other things were said, Ismar, that made me both proud and happy."

Thinking Reva was alone, I hereupon sportively suggested how much more agreeable, even, it would be to hear such words of commendation from the lips of the committee in *propriis personis* instead of from the lips of the telephone. I also expressed my readiness to betake myself to any appointed place that would suit the convenience of said committee. I now first became aware, by a sound of soft laughter and some scattered words that reached my ear, that I was in the telephonic presence, not of Reva alone, but of the whole committee. It was Ialma communicated the result of the consultation, in a voice slightly tremulous with amusement: —

"This committee is of opinion, that, though unusual, your request should receive due consideration. Extraordinary merits deserve extraordinary rewards."

Ulmene next spoke: —

"Reva and I cannot make out what plan Ialma has in her head. It may amount to nothing. I am frequently obliged to hold up Reva to her as a pattern of staidness."

After encouragement like this, it may be supposed that such sweetly rewarded researches were prosecuted with renewed ardor. At Hulmar's suggestion, indeed, I now devoted my whole time to the line of research that had proved so successful. After unsatisfactory progress during a few days, I again struck the true lead. Henceforward, day after day, I was able to report to Reva the

discovery of another link in the long line of descent from our times: day after day I was hastening toward the destined end.

A few days after Olav Edial had passed through Salu, on his way to home and happiness, I had advanced so far in my research as to trace the descent of Esna Diotha from the wife of a certain Stewart Estai. The maiden name of the wife was, however, so blurred in the time-eaten record, as to be entirely illegible. Yet that was the important name, the female line alone being the object of my research. As the marriage had taken place at Nuiorc, I had no doubt of being able to find a notice of it in some of the daily papers of that city. The lateness of the hour obliged me, however, to defer till the following day a search that might prove long and tedious.

Scarcely had the doors of the institution been opened next morning, when I was on hand, eager to prosecute my search. With hands trembling with anxiety, I placed in the magnifying apparatus the photographic reduction of the files of "The New-York Quidnunc" for that year. At such speed as I required, the magnified copy sped over the screen, the letters enlarged to a size that admitted of their being read at a distance of several yards.

Ah! here at last is the required date. Let us move more slowly, till we reach the heading "Marriages." Even before I stop the machine, I catch the name Utis. But what is that other name? Can it be possible? Excepting the names, the following is an exact copy of what met my astonished eyes: —

"ESTAI — THIUSEN. — At St. Dunstan's Church, Feb. 9, 1910, by the Rev. Estne Quidam, Stewart Estai to Edith Reva, youngest daughter of Ismar Thiusen."

I was strongly agitated. Could it be possible that — But no. Ismar Thiusen was no uncommon name. In order fully to appreciate my surprise and incredulity, the reader must understand that Hulmar and I had accepted, as the most plausible explanation of the fact that my remembrances of that former existence ended so abruptly, the theory that that former life had ceased then and there, cut off by some sudden accident. But here was I confronted by evidence that seemed to show that I had lived for a quarter of a century, at least, after the date of my supposed decease. If this were indeed the case, my marriage had most probably taken place in this same church, for reasons well known to me. As for the date, the marriage of this youngest daughter afforded room for a fair guess, within narrow limits.

Overwhelmed by the possibility thus presented to my contemplation, I sat for some time irresolute. Would it not be better to leave the matter in doubt? But no! any certainty was preferable to this suspense. No longer with eager hope, but filled with a stubborn desire to learn the exact truth, I prosecuted my now distasteful task. Soon, too soon, I found what I sought. Yes: on a certain date in the year 1883, Ismar Thiusen married Edith Mary, only daughter of Ruthven Alston, of ——. The peculiarity of the names left no room for doubt. I was the ancestor of Reva Diotha.

I sat down, and tried to face my position, but in vain: my thoughts were in a whirl. Deuro found me sitting there. Shocked at my appearance, he earnestly expostulated with me on my excessive ardor in research. I did not feel in condition to argue the matter: so, though it

was yet comparatively early in the morning, I left the building, and hastened out into the open air.

About two-hours' distance by rail, eastward from Salu, was a spot to which I had for some time been intending to make a pilgrimage. It was a spot hallowed by lofty memories. There had been fought the great and terrible contest that proved the turning-point in the hitherto resistless career of the great invader known as the last of the despots.

Once seated in the car, and speeding thither at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, or so, I found myself able to reflect, with some degree of calmness, upon the strange position in which I found myself. Yet, in the midst of my distress, only too well founded as I regarded it, I was fully conscious of the grotesque element in the situation. Was ever mortal involved in such a case as mine? I was not only deeply, irretrievably in love with my own descendant in the three hundred and thirty-first degree, — for such was the exact number of generations from Edith to Reva, — but had also the assurance of that love being fully returned.

But, argued I to myself, as soon as the first feeling of unreasoning consternation had passed, if I am the ancestor of Reva, am I not also my own ancestor? Am I not the ancestor of all the Diothas? At this thought, a thrill of pardonable pride passed through my bosom, as I thought of that noble line, renowned in every department of literature and art, and pre-eminently endowed with every womanly grace.

"A man may not marry his granddaughter," says the canon law. But what about his descendant in the three-

hundredth degree, and more? Was I not, to all intents and purposes, as regards that law, an entirely different person from that Ismar Thiusen whose very dust had long since vanished from the earth? As much so, indeed, as Reva was a different person from Edith Alston.

If, again, as I had every reason to believe, it was the re-embodied spirit of Edith that animated Reva, had I not an indefeasible claim upon her who, according to the testimony of those time-eaten records, had been my wife? As this consideration occurred to me, it seemed conclusive. I could have cried aloud for joy. The question was settled as regarded my own doubts. What but a short time before had filled me with dismay, now, regarded from another point of view, afforded a subject for the most pleasing reflections. I almost longed for the time when it would be my privilege to reveal to her the pleasing fact that she —

At this thought all my uneasiness returned in full force. How would Reva regard the matter? The reasoning that appeared so conclusive to me might prove far from convincing to her. After debating the subject for some time with myself, I finally resolved to lay the whole matter before Hulmar, and abide by his decision. Such confidence had I in his judgment, that, even should it prove adverse to my dearest hopes, — which I little feared, for had I not common sense and justice on my side? — I would submit as to the decree of conscience. As for Reva, I knew that she, too, would accept his decision as final.

Evening was approaching when I re-entered Salu, in a very different state of mind from that with which I had left it. At my quarters I found a message awaiting me,

to the effect that a telephone-call had sounded for me some hours before. On learning of my absence, the caller had requested the placing of a *diuba*. This useful piece of apparatus consisted of an ingeniously contrived sealed case, containing a phonographic registering apparatus, to which any private or confidential message might be safely confided. On breaking the seal, and setting the apparatus in motion, I first listened to a brief message from Hulmar. He gently reproached me with my excessive devotion to research. Deuro, it seems, had communicated with him soon after my departure.

"No discoveries, however interesting," he concluded, "could compensate for injury to your health. I will not say more on that subject at present, however. Reva has a message that will effectually prevent any danger from that source for the present."

Hulmar had, seemingly, not communicated to Reva the alarming message he had received. Her tones breathed only joyous anticipation.

"Ialma has at last revealed the plan she would not that day reveal to Ulmene and me. You would never guess how good she has been. She put off her wedding-day for a week — you remember how it surprised us all — entirely on our account, — yes, yours and mine. With Olav's consent, — what a good brother he is, and how glad I am he likes you! — Ialma has arranged to have her wedding at Falo (the later name of Buffalo), so that you may be present. I had resigned myself not to see you for a whole year, yet thought myself happy. But now" —

Then followed some directions and explanations. In the first place, I was to leave Salu that same evening, so

as to join Olav next morning at a small village in the neighborhood of Falo. There was no time to be lost. I telephoned at once to Resval, for so my friend the scientist was called, to explain the cause of my departure, and beg him to provide a substitute for me in the duties I had undertaken. The ideas of the period exacted extreme regard for engagements of every kind, so that I was not without uneasiness as to my ability to get away at such short notice. But, says one of the wisest of men, "All mankind loves a lover,"—a truth that will ever hold more true as love becomes more sacred.

"Such a summons as yours goes before every thing," was the reply that came sounding over the wires. "Some one shall be found to take your place. Viana says she will do so herself if no other arrangement can be made."

Though Viana, his lovely and accomplished wife, said this mainly in jest, I felt not the slightest doubt that she would make good her word should needful occasion arise. This matter satisfactorily arranged, I found, that, by using the utmost despatch, I could leave by the swift night-train for the East.

That I succeeded in doing so was due in a large measure to the considerate forethought of the kind Viana. At her suggestion, a young *zerdar* I had met at her house called for me in his curricle, in order to convey me to the immense station across the river, at some distance from my quarters. This friend in need seemed well acquainted with the purpose of my sudden departure, and offered his congratulations upon what appeared to him a most enviable piece of good fortune. He, poor fellow, had yet full six months to wait before he could visit that spot, some

lonely island in the Indian Ocean, to him the dearest upon earth.

I found time, before the train left, to send on a few words announcing my departure, promising to send more by *diuba*. Scarcely was the train in motion, when I proceeded to carry this promise into effect. In the special compartment provided for the purpose, I confided to the faithful *diuba* all I wished to say. There was plenty of time, since we did not halt for the first hundred miles. The case being confided by me to the proper agent, was put off at this station, where they knew what was to be done.

As the train moved off, I pleased myself with the idea that my message was already transmitted to the recording instrument in Hulmar's study, — might possibly be already sounding in the ears for which it was intended. On the *diuba*, in fact, being placed in connection with the proper wire, the message within was almost instantaneously transmitted to the phonographic sheet always set in readiness to receive it. The message could then be listened to, much as we read a letter. The unimpaired eyesight, as well as the extraordinary fineness of ear, I found universally prevalent among these people, were both attributable, in a great measure, to the extent to which the ear had superseded and lightened the labors of the eye. All correspondence, and much the greater part of literary labor, were done by voice and ear. The finest literature, moreover, was scarcely ever read from books. It was committed to long phonographic sheets. Placed in the instrument, these reproduced, with fit utterance, the grand or beautiful thoughts the world will not let die, in the

very voice and accent of the great masters of vocal expression. The effective rendering of the finest passages of literature had become a branch of the fine arts. To this, those possessing the requisite natural endowments devoted themselves with an ardor commensurate with the reputation to be acquired by a noble rendering of a well-known passage, a fame second only, and sometimes not second, to that of the author interpreted. Such a rendering of a favorite author could, according to the mood of the hearer, be listened to reclining, or walking about the apartment, or, best of all, while engaged in some mechanical employment that leaves the mind free.

At the next station I was not disappointed in my expectation. A *diuba* addressed to me was placed on the train. Retired to the appropriate compartment, I drank in with greedy ears the tones that reached them with the cadence of sweetest music. Utis, Ulmene, and Ialma had already gone to Falo that afternoon. Reva and her father were to follow next morning.

"Ere this time to-morrow, Ialma and Olav shall have met, and — we too," was added in a soft whisper, that had all the sweetness of a kiss.

By this time to-morrow! Ah me!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ESPOUSALS.

Of most of the events of the following forenoon I have but an indistinct recollection. In company with Olav, I made several calls in Falo, during which I might have made some interesting observations, had my mind not been so pre-occupied. Ialma and her party were at the home of her uncle, situated, as I was informed, on some part of what is now called Grand Island.

We were not to present ourselves there before the middle of the afternoon. Notwithstanding our various occupations, the hours seemed to me to pass with exasperating slowness. As for Olav, I was amazed at his calm. After a year's absence, within a short half-hour's journey of his bride, by not a word or look did he betray impatience at the barriers that custom placed in the way of their immediate meeting.

I well knew, however, that his was not the calm of indifference. During our brief intercourse in Salu, I had found occasion to speak of Ialma. In spite of his habitual self-control, Olav could not conceal the pleasure caused him by my frankly expressed, almost enthusiastic admiration of the warm-hearted girl, so beautiful, yet even

more lovely in character than in person. An unworthy jealousy could not coexist with the perfect love and trust that existed between these two, — a love and trust the growth of years of intimate mental fellowship.

At last the hour came. On one of those electric boats I had first seen in use on the Hudson, Olav and I sped up the river towards Grand Isle. He seemed to know the exact spot to which to steer. There, on that smooth lawn extending to the water's edge, is a group, from among whom I can already distinguish one, to my eyes, specially graceful form. We land. Ialma and Reva alone came down to meet us. Reva seemed, what I had deemed impossible, to have grown even more beautiful than before. The scarcely more than two weeks of my absence had added a more womanly grace to her girlish beauty. Besides some other slight tokens that to the experienced eye proclaimed the *zerua*, she now wore her beautiful locks permanently braided in the style that once proved so distracting to my attention. She approached with shy confidence, to receive the salute I was now privileged to give, and said, as pleased she read the admiration in my eyes, —

"Do you think me improved? Ialma tells me so every day." Then, in response to my earnest affirmation that I had not thought it possible, but it was even so, —

"Ah! you do not know how it pleases me to be able to please you!"

All this passed as we followed the other pair toward the group awaiting us on the lawn. In thus affording me an opportunity of expressing the admiration I evidently felt, Reva was but conforming to an established

and graceful custom. To remark, unasked, upon the personal appearance of any of the fair sex, was regarded as a breach of good manners. They were, however, privileged to ask such an opinion, on occasion; and their doing so was justly regarded as a mark of peculiar favor and confidence. Assured of their position, and confident in their beauty, they did not fear such misconstruction as their less-favored ancestresses of the present.

When the others entered the house, we did not follow,—were, in all probability, not expected to do so. Were not the minutes of this unforeseen break in our separation few and precious? We took several turns round the lawn, always intending to enter the house when next we approached it, yet always calling to mind some important nothing, the saying of which necessitated still another turn. We had in this way reached the foot of the lawn for the third time, and stood a moment to enjoy the cooling breeze from the river.

"It must be pleasant out in the stream," said Reva, regarding somewhat wistfully the boat in which I and Olav had come.

"If you are not sure that we may go," suggested I, "why not inquire?"

Away hastened Reva without further discussion, while I remained to make ready the boat. A slight change in her attire, and the bright-hued afghans, of which I made haste to relieve her when she re-appeared at the door, rendered unnecessary any formal announcement of the result of her mission.

"Ulmene says we have ample time to go round the island. Her last injunctions are, not to take cold, and not to be late for dinner."

Seated beside me, — for the one seat in the boat resembled that of a curricle, — Reva mapped out for me the proceedings of the evening and morning. Shortly after dinner and the signing of the civil contract, Olav and I should return to Falo. In the forenoon of the following day would take place, in Falo, the religious ceremony that should give the final sanction to the union of the pair so long united in heart and feeling. Of this ceremony, so beautiful and impressive as described to me, I reluctantly refrain from giving any account, adhering to my set purpose of avoiding those topics in regard to which, the more earnest the interest, the wider the divergence of belief and observance.

Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded pair would return to the villa on Grand Isle, which had been placed for a week unreservedly at their disposal. Here they could enjoy undisturbed seclusion till they saw fit to set out on their long wedding journey. The extent of their proposed itinerary almost took away my breath. It included every spot, in every quarter of the globe, visited by Olav during his *zerdarship*. But, as I reflected, much ground could be passed over in three months, with the means of travel at their disposal.

If either indulged in any day-dream of that future happy journey awaiting us also, nothing was said on the subject. The present was too happy for our thoughts to wander far ahead. Enveloped in the blissful consciousness of each other's presence and sympathy, surrounded by beauty, we glide swiftly and noiselessly amid scenes that seem taken from the landscapes of a glorified Claude Lorraine. The rays of the westering August sun were

already entangled amid the tops of the lofty trees, whose lengthened shadows they cast, now upon the swift current, now on the smooth lawns that extended before the ancient mansions thickly scattered along the banks of the stream. Beautified by the labors of the many generations whose homes these mansions had been, Grand Isle presented a scene of fairy-like beauty, far unlike the unkempt ruggedness that at present there meets the traveller's eye.

We had turned the southern extremity of the isle. We had for some time been sitting in blissful silence, — the silence of utter content.

"Ismar," said Reva at last, "I am almost afraid of this happiness. It seems too great for this earth. How could we be more happy? where could we see scenes more beautiful than these?"

I, too, had to acknowledge a similar feeling, one of awed wonder as it were, at the completeness of our happiness. So rare are the gleams of perfect sunshine on the pathway of life, that we are almost afraid to enjoy the unwonted splendor; as in certain climes a sunrise of unsullied brightness is regarded as the sure precursor of a stormy day.

This passing mood may have been partly influenced by the increasing volume of sound that betokened our approach toward the grandest spectacle on our continent. A change of wind, indeed, was now causing the muffled thunder of the falls to reach our ears in one continuous though distant roar, fit herald of our passage from the beautiful to the sublime.

As we approached the northern extremity of the island,

the current became ever swifter. It was, accordingly, with some relief, that, following the directions conspicuously displayed at certain places, I found myself in comparatively still water near the apex of the island. Here a broad stairway of marble led up to a spacious colonnade situated in the northern extremity of a public garden. This spot was, especially toward sunset, a favorite resort whence to view the splendid effects of light upon the towering masses of vapor that marked the spot where the mighty river plunged into the abyss. In the course of restless ages, the waters had hollowed out their bed, till, at the time now referred to, the plunge was taken at the spot where the river takes a sudden bend from west to north. This circumstance afforded a facility now unknown for viewing the falls, or fall, since there was no longer a break in their continuity. From the western bank the spectator could see the whole mass of waters precipitate itself in one mighty concave into the yawning gulf before his feet.

After learning the bearings and distances, I was somewhat doubtful of our ability to reach this spot in the time at our disposal, even for a fugitive glance. The look of disappointment in Reva's eyes, when I expressed this opinion, put all hesitation to flight; and soon we were steering for the western shore.

"I had set my heart greatly on standing here in your company," said Reva, as we stood together before the wondrous spectacle, to her altogether new, to me, some way, strangely familiar. "This will be a moment to think of during the long interval before we can have such another day."

We could remain but a few minutes. During these, however, Reva found opportunity to telephone home our whereabouts in case we should be late. On the course I was now obliged to adopt, so as to save time, the rapidly descending sun shone full in our faces. It was probably for that reason that I did not observe what, observed sooner, might yet have afforded us a chance. It was Reva first observed it. She had been turning, at intervals, to view the splendid spectacle behind us; while I was obliged to keep my eyes ahead.

"Ismar," she almost whispered, "is the current too much for us? We seem to be making scarcely any headway."

At this time we were perhaps a mile north of Grand Isle. Even when I saw for myself that Reva's observation was correct, I was not so much startled as surprised. The current must be indeed strong to nearly neutralize the speed of a boat able to make fifteen miles an hour in still water. Turning out of this current would cause some slight delay, that was all.

I accordingly slightly altered our course, and was now for the first time really alarmed. The boat seemed to have hardly steerage-way. Hastily I examined the gauge that served to indicate the amount of available electric force in the reservoir. With difficulty I repressed a groan. The gauge indicated almost zero. The stored-up energy had been dissipated during the long courses made by the boat that day, mostly at a high rate of speed. One more experienced in the use of such machines would have thought of this, and seen to the reservoir being recharged. What was I but an ignorant savage, was my bitter reflec-

tion, unfit to be trusted with the appliances of a superior civilization?

Reva, too, had read the terrible indication, and apprehended its full significance. The noble girl grew pale, but quailed not. Neither spoke. It was no time for words. There seemed but one chance left, — to turn the boat, and trust that our small remnant of motive-power would enable us to keep a course oblique to the current, so as to reach the shore somewhere above the falls.

I headed for the eastern shore, as the nearer, and also because I had noticed that the current on the eastern side of Grand Isle was much less rapid than that on the western side. For a time it seemed as if this plan would succeed. We reached within little more than a quarter of a mile of the shore. But at the same moment our remnant of motive-power became exhausted; and, seized by a powerful eddy, we were swept out to near the middle of the river, this time more than a mile farther down. We were now utterly helpless. Even the power of steering had ceased with the exhaustion of the motive-power.

I looked around to see whence aid could come, and waved a scarf at the end of a rod. Its being so near the dinner-hour, made it a bad hour of the day for us. Had our plight been perceived in time, efficient aid might possibly have reached us. As it was, I saw more than one boat dart forth, in eager answer to my signals of distress. One boat especially, boldly and skilfully steered, was headed so as to cut our course. Beside the steerer sat a female form, with garments fluttering in the wind caused by their rapid motion. We watched them, helpless to further their efforts even by changing the course

of our boat. I did what I could by trailing one of the afghans over the stern.

"I am afraid it is all of no use," said Reva calmly, after attentively watching them for some time. "They cannot reach us before we pass those rocks."

"And then?" said I.

"Then, Ismar, we are beyond human aid."

We sat for some time after this in silence, I holding her unresisting hand in mine. We passed the fatal rocks, beyond which the waters seemed to slope with a frightful declivity toward the abyss beyond. As we did so, the boat that had come so daringly to our rescue, now scarcely a quarter of a mile off, turned rapidly in its course, and none too soon. The steersman's companion, a young and beautiful girl, after returning Reva's mute gesture of thanks and farewell, buried her face in her hands, and seemed to weep.

Nor was she our only sympathizer. All around we could see people gathering to the shores, — such news spreads, even now, with wonderful rapidity. Some stood in silent horror; some covered their faces with their hands; a few, with upraised hands, seemed to implore the mercy of Heaven. All this, and much more, I took in at a glance, — the blue and almost cloudless sky; the green woods gently waving in the same wind that rippled the surface of the water under the rays of the setting sun, even the rainbow-tinted vapor that overhung the abyss, and was now viewed by us from where none had returned to tell the tale.

"This, then, is death," said I, after we had passed the rocks. Oh, with what regretful yearning did I gaze

at the young and beautiful life beside me! how bitterly did I feel my impotence to save!

"Yes," said Reva, seeming to read my thought. "But you have done all you can." Here she took my hand in hers, and caressed it with a gesture that almost unmanned me, so forcibly did it remind me of that father whose grief I dared not think of. "One heedless request of mine has brought us both to this. Are you willing to grant me one more?"

"Can you doubt it?" was my almost reproachful response. "But what now lies in my power to grant?"

"You can give me the privilege to call you husband before I die."

I understood at once. In presence of a great danger to one or both, a betrothed pair might, in this way, anticipate the usual date for their union. All that was necessary was, to make the customary change of rings, in the presence of witnesses. Reva rose, and, turning toward the nearer shore, made gestures as if changing her ring. Those on shore showed their comprehension by raising their right hands in solemn attestation.

Pronouncing the customary formula, I changed the ring from the finger where I had so lately placed it, to that where its presence proclaimed her a wedded wife. She performed a like office for me. At this moment the sun went down, and ceased to illumine with a mocking splendor the mists that rose from the awful gulf, which we were now nearing with a frightful velocity.

"Kiss me, my dear husband," she said, received from my lips the sacred title of wife, gave me one more look of unutterable love, then closed her eyes, and nestled

closely to my side, within my encircling arm. A very slight trembling of her slender frame, a somewhat tightened clasp of my hand, alone gave token of her consciousness of our swiftly approaching doom. I kept my eyes fixed upon her face. I really dared no longer look before, lest I might see the horrible abyss just beneath us. I saw her lips move. The awful thunders that seemed to rush to meet us obliged me to place my ear close to her lips.

"God is good," were the words I faintly distinguished. "We shall m——"

At this moment the boat seemed to give a wild leap into the air: then followed a horrible sensation of falling from a great height, amid a deafening roar, as of a universe crashing into ruin; then oblivion.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE LETTER.

It was with a sort of confused surprise, that, on recovering the consciousness of existence, I found myself alive at all. Instead, too, of battling for life amid a chaos of whirling waters, I found myself seated in a commodious arm-chair, in a dimly lighted apartment. With difficulty I rallied my scattered thoughts so far as to recognize the fact that I was in my own room.

An equally self-evident fact was, that some one had entered the room since I had fallen asleep, and had remained, too, for some time. The flickering wood-fire had been recently replenished with fuel. A strong scent of fragrant Havanas, a pile of white ash in the ash-receiver, indicated how the visitor, whoever he was, had passed his time. My eyes next lighted upon a letter lying beside the lamp, and, as I found, addressed to myself in a well-known handwriting. In some surprise I tore open the envelope, my wonder increasing as I read. It ran as follows: —

"My dear ——, — As you are fast asleep, and seem likely to remain so during the time I can remain here, I must needs put into writing what I came here to say. I was at your door punctual

to the time mentioned in my note. Receiving no answer to my knocking, I supposed you were out. But on entering, with the intention of awaiting your return, I found you fast asleep, — so fast indeed, that I had not the heart to disturb you. I was in the less haste to do so, perhaps, from the fact that what I had to say was not without its embarrassments.

"While I sat smoking, and patiently awaiting your awakening, an idea occurred to me, for which you will possibly not thank me. You remember our visit to Dr. K——'s, and our long discussion thereafter anent the experiments we had just witnessed. It was your idea, remember, that the scientific possibilities of mesmerism were still undeveloped, chiefly owing to the difficulty of inducing suitable subjects to submit to experiment under proper conditions. My contention was, that we can expect from a bottle only what was put into it. You replied, that not only was my argument utterly refuted by the facts, even as regards the contents of a bottle, but that also no just comparison can be instituted between the inert passivity of such a recipient and the wonderful combining power, the almost creative energy, of the human brain.

"Lo, here lay before me the proper subject! and that, too, under apparently the most favorable conditions, as laid down by yourself. For obvious reasons, I could not first seek your consent to the projected experiment; since thus one of the most important conditions would at once be spoiled. If I have been too hasty in taking your assent for granted, I hereby give you full permission to try the like experiment on myself, should opportunity present itself. *Fiat experimentum*, etc.

"Thus far, all has succeeded admirably. I had only to give your thoughts the desired direction, having purposely chosen a subject on which you are prone to speculate. From what I have been able to extract from you, — though I refrain from much questioning, as it seems in some way to disturb you, — you appear to be passing through strange experiences, of which I claim, and hope some day to receive, a full and particular recital. If what you are passing through seemed to cause you any distress, I would at once put an end to the experiment. But, as the contrary

appears to be the case, I will allow the experiment to run to its natural conclusion, — the more so since thus you will retain a perfect recollection of every incident in your novel experience.

"Now to business. What brought me here was not, as you, no doubt, hoped, to announce your definite acceptance as a member of the Weissnichtwohin expedition. It was rather for the purpose of affording you what I expect will prove an irresistible reason for staying at home. I came, in fact, to set in action a counter-attraction that will, I have little doubt, far outweigh all the fascinations of even troglodytic archæology.

"You are perhaps not aware — indeed, I am pretty certain that you are not — that I, too, have the privilege of being numbered among the acquaintance of Miss Edith Alston. Yes, even that same Miss Alston in regard to whom I have heard so much within these few days past. Why I now, for the first time, inform you of the fact, was originally a matter of pure accident, — you happened to mention the name first: then intervened other reasons you will presently be in a position to appreciate.

"In the last letter I addressed to you in Rome, I alluded, half in jest, to a possible change in my condition in the near future. My uncle, as you know, has been to me like a father. There exists between us a genuine liking, in spite of considerable divergence in our views of life. On my return from what he was pleased to call my 'last wild-goose chase,' he earnestly remonstrated with me on what he termed my waste of life's opportunities. If I would only settle down, he would provide handsomely the means of doing so. He had, in fact, already looked out a wife for me.

"'A splendid girl!' said he, with an enthusiasm in him quite unusual. 'Had I met with such a one in my time, Ute, I should now have, probably, other foolish young people to worry about besides a scientific nephew.'

"The dear old boy had actually been so attentive to the 'splendid girl' at Newport and Saratoga, as to give rise to a foolish rumor, that seems to have reached your ears almost as soon as you landed. Well, to please my uncle, I sought the acquaintance of Miss Alston, but presently found myself only too anxious to improve that acquaintance in order to please myself.

"I had heard nothing of your engagement, etc. I was far away at the time, beyond the reach of letters or rumors. When the name that since has come to represent to my thoughts all that is lovely and noble was first uttered in my hearing, it awoke in me no associations of any kind. But such were not long in being formed. My uncle was surprised as well as gratified by the suddenness with which I developed a 'practical interest in life,' as he called it.

"For Edith Alston's sake there is nothing I could not have resolved to do or become: there is no drudgery, however distasteful, to which I would not have submitted. At her behest I would have waded into the slough of New-York politics, — yea, have consented to herd with aldermen, like our quixotic friend R——. Faugh! To keep pigs from the garden may be an occupation useful and even necessary, but can hardly be either agreeable or elevating. Better have the garden fenced, or the pigs abolished, my earnest friend. Yet, at her behest, I, too, might have joined you in your bootless and thankless task.

"Much has been said and written about 'the ennobling influence of woman.' The *per contra* of that claim might afford an interesting subject for speculation. Could we but read the inner history of many a stunted life, how many an aspiring soul would we find has been compelled to forsake the path of the gods, the pursuit of truth for its own sake, lured from that path by the *ignis fatuus* of a pair of bright eyes, thenceforth to be weighed down to earth by petty cares! A woman's influence, in fact, is as the woman is. Yet there are wiseacres would debar her from all share in man's higher intellectual activities. O fools and blind, not to see that woman's share in moulding the destinies of mankind has increased, is increasing, will increase, till she attain the perfect equality that is her due!

"Noble as is her character, I almost tremble to think how great influence, for good or evil, one woman could have exercised upon me had she but so willed. Not that I can for a moment imagine an influence consciously exercised by her for evil. The influences I feared were those with which I should necessarily surround myself by acceding to my uncle's desire that I should

re-enter the career I formerly abandoned in disgust. I have been trying to persuade myself of late, and had almost succeeded in so doing, that I could walk firmly on the slippery path where so many have stumbled before me; that I need never descend — like H—— and F—— to become, for pay, the accomplice after the fact of the cowardly assassin, the hired tool and ally of the thief or swindler, bribed by a share of the plunder.

"You see, my dear fellow, I am now trying to persuade myself that what has happened is all for the best. In the presence of unattainable grapes, how apt we are to seek comfort in the assurance that they would most assuredly have proved unwholesome! You may imagine how sore I feel when I write such stuff as this. The tumble, though not unforeseen, is none the less severe. I still feel somewhat stunned, and inclined to talk incoherently. Yet I do not regret this new experience. It is worth some suffering to have known a really noble woman. It has revealed to me a previously unsuspected world of possibilities and ideals. I shall get over this in time. Other fellows have; and so, no doubt, shall I, though at present it seems impossible, — nay, scarcely desirable. I am not such a fool as to suppose that there are not others similar, at least, to Edith Alston. I have to thank her for opening my eyes to that divine possibility. Perhaps, when I return cured, I may, by diligent search — But enough of this.

"When, a few days ago, you mentioned to me, for the first time, Miss Alston's name, and made me a confidant of your troubles, you little suspected how closely the matter concerned your auditor. Had you not been so completely absorbed in the contemplation of your own griefs, you could hardly have failed to remark the disturbance, or, rather, consternation, awakened in me by what I so unexpectedly heard.

"After you left, I tried to face the situation squarely. Could I, or ought I, to withdraw without a struggle? No: I was too far gone for that. Besides, was it not possible that — The possibility suggested was sweet indeed, but soon grew faint in the cool light of sober reflection. The Edith Alston known to me was not the one to plight her troth without giving her heart, nor, having given it, readily to forget. It was due, however, both to myself and to her, that I should know this for certain.

"Her temporary absence from the city till to-day put it out of my power to bring the matter at once to a decision. What I suffered during this period of suspense makes my present condition tolerable by comparison. It is but a few hours since I obtained the desired interview, and received the answer I had come to regard as almost certain. Though gently and courteously expressed, I felt that from that decision there was no appeal. I came away admiring more than ever, but convinced that what I so ardently longed for, her love, cannot be mine. Yours it is still, I firmly believe. Why I believe so, I cannot say. There are beliefs that are not the less strong because resting on evidence rather felt than perceived.

"You are sleeping soundly and peacefully, so I will not disturb you to say good-by. Besides, have I not said all I have to say, — perhaps more? I cannot remain longer, since this very evening I must leave to join the other members of the expedition at N——. You need not write till you hear of the safe arrival of the party at Weissnichtwo. Don't be shy about sending cards. By that time my cure will be fairly begun — I may as well begin it now. I leave you here a sprig of eglantine, of which I managed surreptitiously to possess myself to-day. I need not say for whose sake I would fain have retained it. I leave it for you, with my best wishes. It is not easy to do, but it is best so. *Vive et vale.*

U. E."

CHAPTER XL.

CONCLUSION.

THERE remains little more to tell. The sprig of eglantine proved of good omen on this occasion also. I went, made due acknowledgment of my fault, was met halfway by the dearest and noblest of girls. Our present happiness is but enhanced by the remembrance of that period of estrangement and separation, which really taught us how deeply and truly we prized what seemed irrevocably lost. Before news can reach us from Weissnichtwo, I hope to have in readiness, for instant despatch, the cards to which my friend alluded, to announce what will then be an event in the past. Nor will this formal announcement be all. Edith has promised to write. We often speak of him. She acknowledges the high esteem in which she held him.

"I almost regretted," said she playfully, "that I had no heart to give him. But that, you know, was long since bestowed elsewhere."

On one subject, however, I have not yet ventured to open my mind. Warned by my experience with Réva, I am shy of awaking the jealousy that seems latent in the most perfect of the sex. Yet how often does some word

or gesture of hers recall, with all the vividness of actuality, a tender memory of that fair vision, of whom I feel the more disinclined to make mention as yet, from the fact that I am even now not quite able to convince myself of her non-existence! The events and personages of that strange experience have still for me a reality not surpassed by that of this actual existence. At times, indeed, I find myself inclined to doubt whether this is not the phantasmal and that the real, wondering whether I may not awake to find myself lying in the swinging cot in the house of Utis, looking toward the strangely divided dial above the door, to mark the hour, and think, with a thrill of inward joy, that, ere the hand had advanced over three of those spaces, I should again be basking in the sunshine of a certain presence, once more have heard the pleasant morning greeting uttered by a certain voice.

At times, too, there recurs to me, with somewhat bewildering effect, vague reminiscences of a peculiar transcendental philosophy, of which Hulmar had afforded me occasional glimpses. Though, at the time, the main effect of what I heard of this speculation was to produce in me a feeling of vertigo, I now greatly regret the slight interest I then took in what would now prove so interesting. What material it would afford for a lecture before that summer gathering of deep and earnest thinkers, who seek relaxation from graver pursuits in a graceful toying with such airy themes as *The Thinkableness of the Unthinkable!* Even as it is, might not my subject prove as attractive in its way as Reva's thistle? The idea smiles upon me, and perhaps — But I must first find what

Edith will say. Has not the wisdom of the ages settled that a man can become great or famous only by his wife's permission?

According to the view of things above adverted to, the different stages in the history of our race are not successive only, but are also co-existent and co-extensive with each other. Just as in a given block of marble, there is contained, not one only, but every possible statue, though, of the whole number, only one at a time can be made evident to our senses; so, in a given region of space, any number of worlds can co-exist, each with its own population conscious of only that world, or set of phenomena, to which their *ego* is attuned. Impenetrability, resistance, etc., are thus but relative properties, effective only among the correlated set of phenomena that constitutes a given world. As the sound-waves from an orchestra freely intersect, and yet retain their integrity; so the phenomena of these various co-existent worlds occupy the same space without interference, — without, indeed, the dwellers in the one so much as suspecting the presence around them of beings conversant with infinitely diversified systems of phenomena.

I should not like Edith, without due preliminary explanation, to become aware of the strange imaginings that pass at times through my mind, even when happy by her side. This is especially the case when I listen to certain music of hers, — music to which I was always highly susceptible, and which now sounds like a re-echo of the divine harmonies once heard in the house of Utis. Is it not possible, I sometimes muse, that that wild plunge over the edge of the cataract was, after all, a

reality? May not, at this moment, the story of Reva and Ismar, — of Reva the beautiful, the gifted, whose songs with their strange archaic melodies had in one short month reached the ears of a listening world, — of Ismar, so strangely familiar with the ways and lore of a long-forgotten past, — may not their story be the theme of sympathizing comment in the communings of many a loving pair, — have already taken its place as an item in the stock of romantic incident that forms, in every age, the favorite theme of poetry and art? While we are thus mourned, perhaps sung, in that world whence we so suddenly passed, may it not be that our spirits, for some fault or imperfection that rendered us unfit for the companionship of the comparatively pure spirits inhabiting that world, — may they not, I would think, have been relegated to this earlier and barbarous period, hence again to struggle upward to a higher plane?

So strong a hold have these fancies taken upon me, that at times I feel seriously alarmed, and heartily wish my friend had not taken me for the subject of his experiment. It is not only the confusing effect produced by the intercalation into my consciousness of a whole series of scenes and events, so lifelike as with difficulty to be distinguished from reality. By a sort of spiritual "transfusion of blood" I find myself permeated, as it were, with many of those peculiar notions of E——'s which I used most vigorously to combat. I can imagine the smile with which, in his distant exile, he will read of the march he stole on me when, in my helpless sleep, he inoculated me with his social and political heresies, which I must get rid of as soon as possible if I am to pursue my profession with any comfort or success.

Even during his college career, E—— was regarded as somewhat crotchety, though undeniably brilliant. But, during his two-years' stay at a German university, he found time to take on board a whole cargo of new crotchets. He did not return an admirer of the *rococo* in art or government, a disciple of the dyspeptic philosophy, or imbued with the conviction that the highest aim of man is a thorough acquaintance with the uses of the Latin dative. What he had seen of the workings of paternal government had but confirmed his sturdy republicanism. He returned, moreover, thoroughly imbued with this one conviction, that whatever position the American people is destined to take in the history of literature, art, or science, its immediate mission is to demonstrate to mankind the splendid possibilities of popular institutions. The nations of the Old World, handicapped by their burden of hoary prejudices and abuses, reasonably look to us to lead the way in the path so courageously entered upon about a century ago. Placed thus in the van of progress, on a path made smooth for us by the courage and devotion of others, ours will be the shame if we fail to rise to the occasion.

All this is reasonable enough. His strangest crotchet is, the strong hostility he has conceived against the legal profession. Yet he had prepared himself for that profession by an unusually thorough course of training. Soon after his return he entered, as junior partner, the well-known legal firm of Star & Dash. Within a few months, however, he suddenly withdrew. What the occasion was, he did not feel at liberty to explain, even to me. Star, the senior partner, with whom I have some acquaintance, said, when referring to the matter, —

"I can't, of course, explain the matter more precisely just now. The case, in regard to which our little difference of opinion arose, is still for trial. His objection, you will find, was utterly absurd. If all were to stick at such trifles, the profession would" — Here the old gentleman shook his head, and seemed lost in contemplation of the unwonted mental vista thus suggested.

"E —— has some means of his own, hasn't he?" resumed the old lawyer after a pause.

"He has, — not a large fortune," replied I, "but amply sufficient for his wants."

"Ah, there's the rub!" exclaimed the old gentleman in a tone of vexation. "If you could only persuade him to invest that money in some wild-cat mine, or get him engaged to a Fifth-Avenue belle, you would really be doing him a friendly turn."

"How so?" said I.

"Why, then, of course, he would be obliged to give up those high-strung notions that now render him unavailable for the profession. If either of these things happen to him, let me know. I am speaking seriously. I shall be glad to have him back, and will let him pick his cases. Now, don't forget."

E——, however, did not accept the olive-branch thus extended. It was, indeed, during the conversation in this connection, that he fairly startled me by the energy with which he unbosomed himself of the long-pent-up bitterness he had nursed for some time past.

"It is no rashly adopted notion," said he. "For months past it has been more and more borne in on me, that, in its present developments, the legal profession is

the pest of our social system, the chief danger to our institutions. Is it not a fact that we are the most lawyer-ridden community on the face of the earth? When our fathers, carefully shutting the door on kingcraft and priestcraft, made law supreme, was it their intention that this should mean the supremacy of petty quibblers and unscrupulous shysters?

"While denouncing the faults of a class," he continued, "you must not suppose that I arraign every individual of that class. For, leaving ourselves out of the question, can I forget that Lincoln and Garfield were lawyers and politicians as well as Charles Guiteau and Starrut Blatherskyte. We have a right, however, to judge a class, not by the practice of the exceptional few, but by the standard of ethics avowed and acted upon by the many.

"The dangerous element in our midst may be roughly classified as follows: First and most numerous, though not most dangerous, are the predatory classes proper, from the tramp, just hovering on the verge of crime, to the millionnaire swindler, able to repay with four-figure checks the advice that enables him to rob with impunity. Next come lawyers, the efficient allies of the preceding class, which, without their aid, would cease to exist, or would become, at least, greatly diminished in numbers. As the feudal tyrant jealously protected the game, to him both a pleasure and a profit, though a destructive nuisance to the luckless husbandman; so the legal fraternity watchfully guard the interests of the class with whose existence their own is so closely involved. Last come the professional politicians, a hybrid class that combines,

in varying proportions, the characteristics of both the foregoing classes.

"Of all these, the lawyer class is by far the most pernicious. As a class they foster crime and fraud, both by their active opposition to the enactment of effectually deterrent laws, but chiefly by holding out the prospect of almost certain escape through the wide meshes of such inadequate laws as do exist. They swarm in our legislatures, where their influence on law-making is purely mischievous. To them we owe that wonderful style of oratory known as 'congressional,' that unique combination of inflated verbiage with appeals to the lowest considerations of self-interest and prejudice. While they might have as audience the most numerous and most generally intelligent people ever addressed by an orator, most of them seem unable to rise above the impression that they are still haranguing the twelve prize-imbeciles of the neighborhood, assembled in the district court-house.

"In no other country has the judiciary been intrusted with such important functions as in this, in none has the legal profession been so sure an avenue to distinction; yet in none are the laws so clumsily constructed, in none are they so feebly enforced. Are not our courts a by-word throughout Christendom? Is there any country in Europe, Turkey perhaps excepted, where life and property are so feebly protected by the law as among us? Has it not come to this, that the foulest and most cowardly assassin feels confident of impunity, provided he is able to retain the services of one of those convenient accessories after the fact, who hire themselves out, not to commit murder indeed, but to further the assassin's

escape, — a safer as well as more lucrative business than that of the hired bravo, and, at the same time, — as posterity will read with wondering incredulity, — perfectly respectable? . . . Mark my words: if society continues thus to shirk one of its most imperative duties, individuals will re-assert the dormant right of blood-revenge; the time will come when the male relatives of the murdered will live in disgrace as long as the assassin breathes."

As my friend uttered these words, his eyes flashed indignant fire; and I well knew that he was thinking of a specially atrocious miscarriage of justice that had recently occurred. There was, of course, no use in arguing with him while in such a mood. I said merely, —

"My dear fellow, your liver must be in a terrible condition. You must really take something."

"On the contrary," returned he with a laugh, "it is I have made you take something; and it has done me an immense deal of good."

Such is the eccentric friend whose happiness Edith and I are plotting. From some words that fell from her the other day, I know she is planning which of her uncle S——'s pretty daughters is to be the future Mrs. E——. Who knows? It seems to me quite possible, that the yet unsuspecting Mabel, Edith's prettiest cousin, and resembling her in many ways, is destined to become my friend's wife, and the mother of that Estai who, as I read in the great library at Salu, is to become my son-in-law in the year of grace 1910.

Be that as it may, I am sufficiently happy in the present to be willing to let the future take care of itself. For it

must not be imagined, that my occasional indulgence in such fanciful speculations as those before mentioned arises from any useless repining after that more perfect existence of which I caught some glimpses. Is not the Edith-Reva of the present what the Reva-Edith of that existence would have been, — the sum and centre of my hopes and wishes?

Some predictions tend to bring about their own fulfilment. On my assurance that the request had an adequate reason, afterwards to be explained, Edith consented to change the date first mentioned to one slightly earlier, — the same, indeed, I had seen in that time-stained chronicle in the library at Salu. The appearance of this little story may be accepted as a certain sign that the event whose announcement I then read with such mingled emotions has actually taken place. For, in her hands, soon after we start on our journey, I intend to place the first completed copy of the story in which her name so frequently recurs. She, if possible, shall be the first to read the tale as one of the reading public. We shall visit together the site of that gently sloping lawn, on the shores of Grand Isle, where I caught my last glimpse of Olav, Hulmar, and Utis, of Ialma and Ulmene. Together we shall stand on the spot whence, as the sun went down, the awe-stricken multitude witnessed the strange espousals of the fated pair, as they rushed to their doom over the verge of the mist-covered abyss.